The Saturday Evening
POST
March 21, 1959 — 15¢

MAR 1 7 '59

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

CREDO OF A STORYTELLER
BY
SOMERSET MAUGHAM

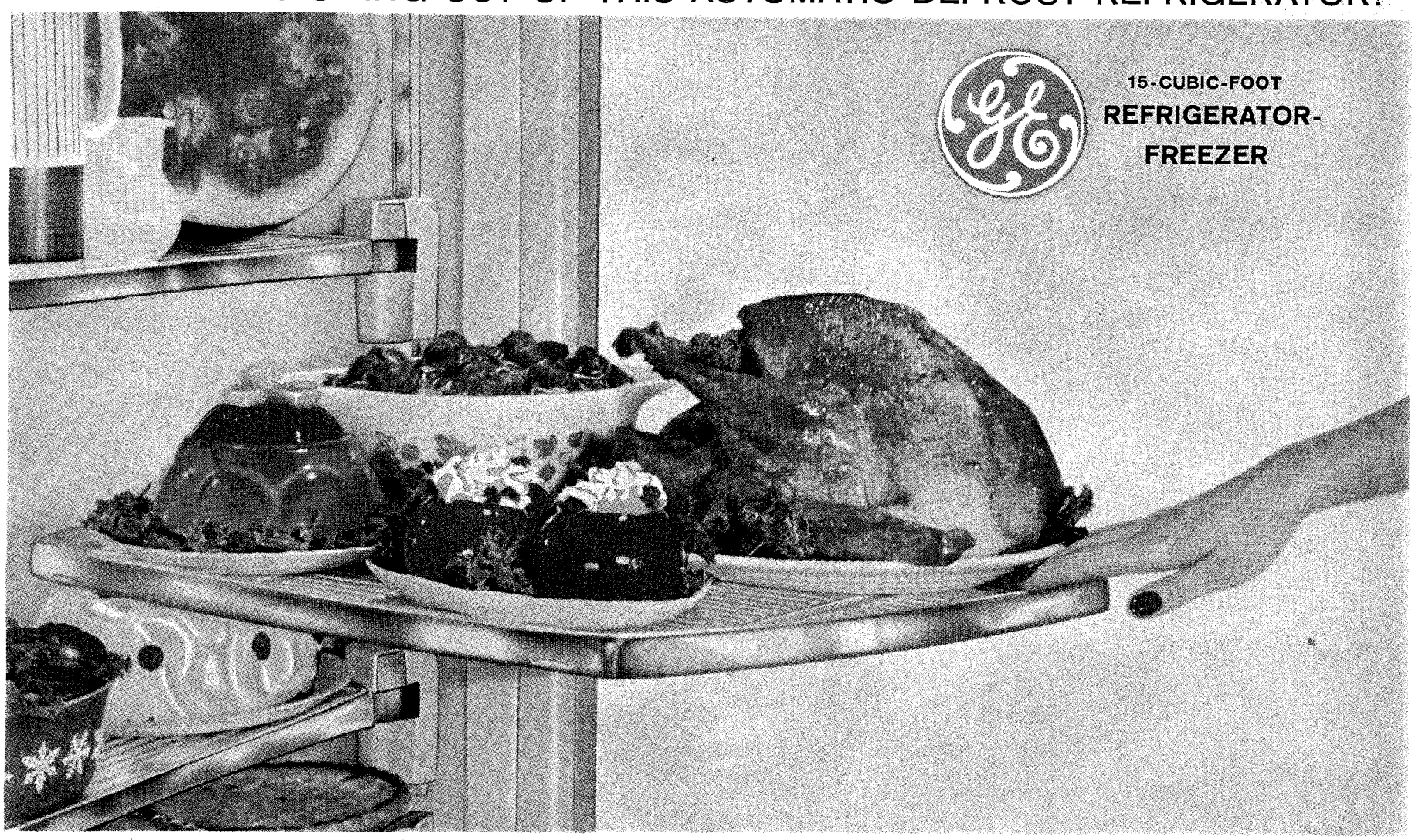
The Rascals Who Impersonate Me
BY PHILIP WYLIE

MY ROAD TO CRIME
BY
A YOUNG HOODLUM

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE
COLL
BEREA OHIO 25-59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW SHELVES SWING OUT OF THIS AUTOMATIC DEFROST REFRIGERATOR!



New Swing-Out Shelves...

bring all your food in full view—within easy reach—in the new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

THESE new General Electric Shelves swing all the way out of the new Automatic Defrost Refrigerator—smoothly and easily.

Every item of food is in front of you, within reach of your hand. No fumbling to get at things. And you never have to worry about "forgotten" foods at the back of any shelf.

For extra space between shelves, you can adjust the shelves—up or down. You can even take the shelves out completely to clean the inside of the refrigerator or the shelves.

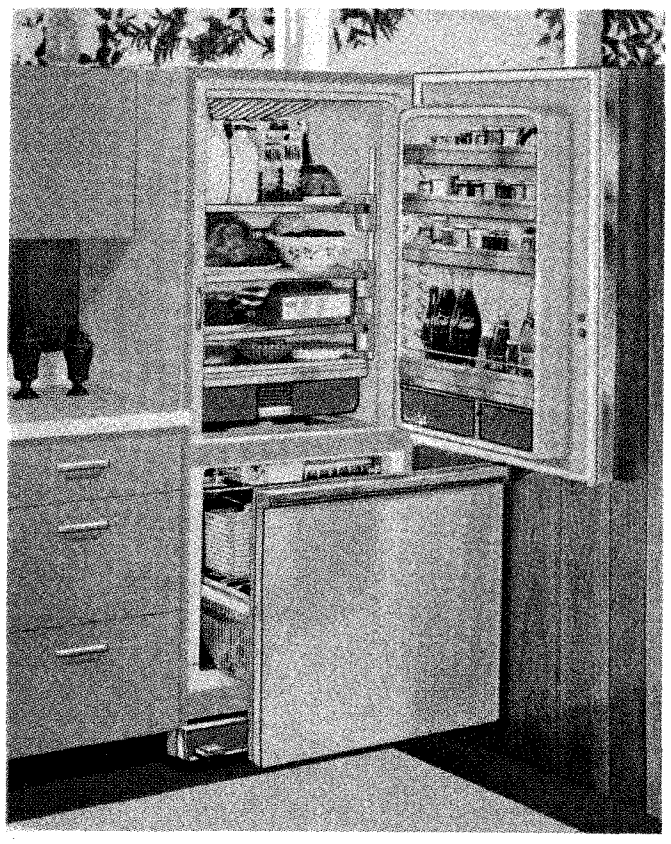
Why not try G-E Swing-Out Shelves yourself and see how really convenient they are.

You'll find them in the new Straight-Line General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers at your General Electric dealer's.

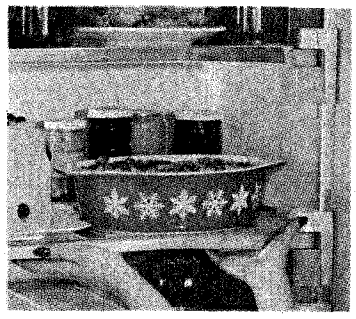
Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

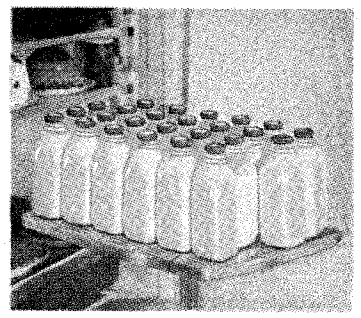
GENERAL ELECTRIC



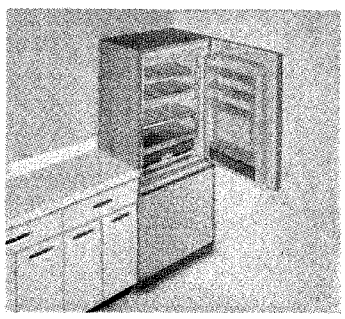
Newest Straight-Line G-E Refrigerator also has Automatic Defrosting in the refrigerator, big Roll-Out Freezer, no coils on back, Swing-Out Vegetable Bins, Mix-or-Match colors. In 15- and 13-cu.-ft. sizes, and in 12-cu.-ft. model with freezer at top.



Adjustable—up or down! Press button, slide shelf up or down. You can arrange loading so that bottles, for example, are on bottom shelf where you can reach them easily.

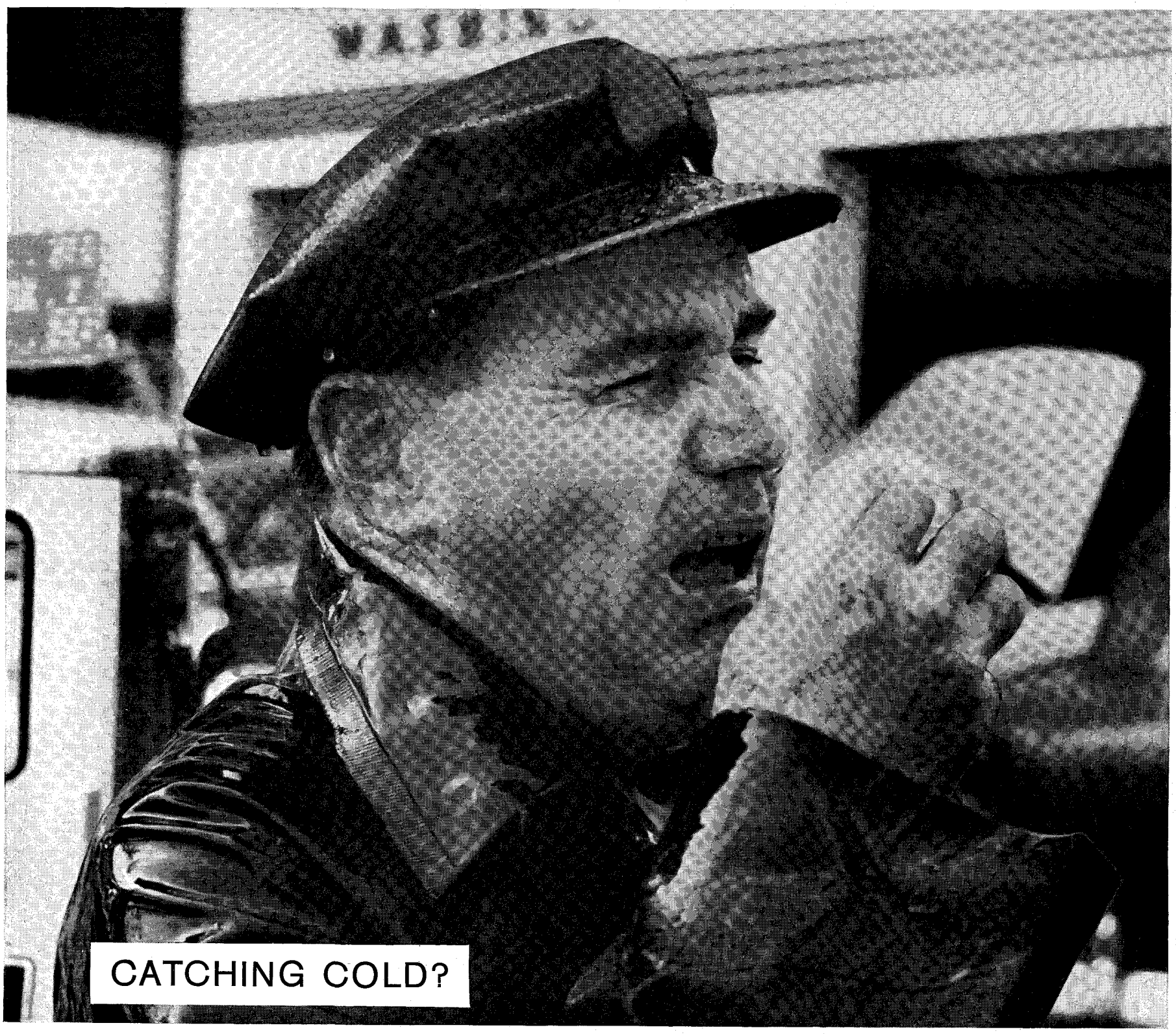


Shelves are so sturdy! Can easily hold this shelf-load of bottles. They're tested to support over 150 pounds—more than you'll ever need to put on a shelf.



Fits flush into corner with no wasted space at sides for door clearance. No coils on back . . . and no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Relieve painful cold miseries with Bufferin®; gives faster pain relief without stomach upset!

Don't add an upset stomach to your cold woes. When taken as directed, Bufferin won't upset the stomach *even in repeated doses.*

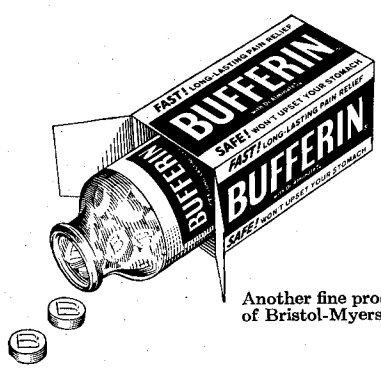
You see, like Bufferin, most pain remedies rely on aspirin to relieve pain. But aspirin by itself is acid, *acetylsalicylic acid.* It can increase stomach acidity, make you feel queasy and sick.

Only Bufferin contains Di-Alminate*. It's an exclusive combination of highly effective anti-acids that protects against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with other leading pain remedies.

Then, too, Bufferin acts to relieve pain twice as fast as aspirin for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream—where it *must* go to relieve pain—with incredible speed.

Use Bufferin for painful cold miseries, headaches and muscular aches with confidence. Contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine. Rest in bed and drink lots of liquids during your cold!

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

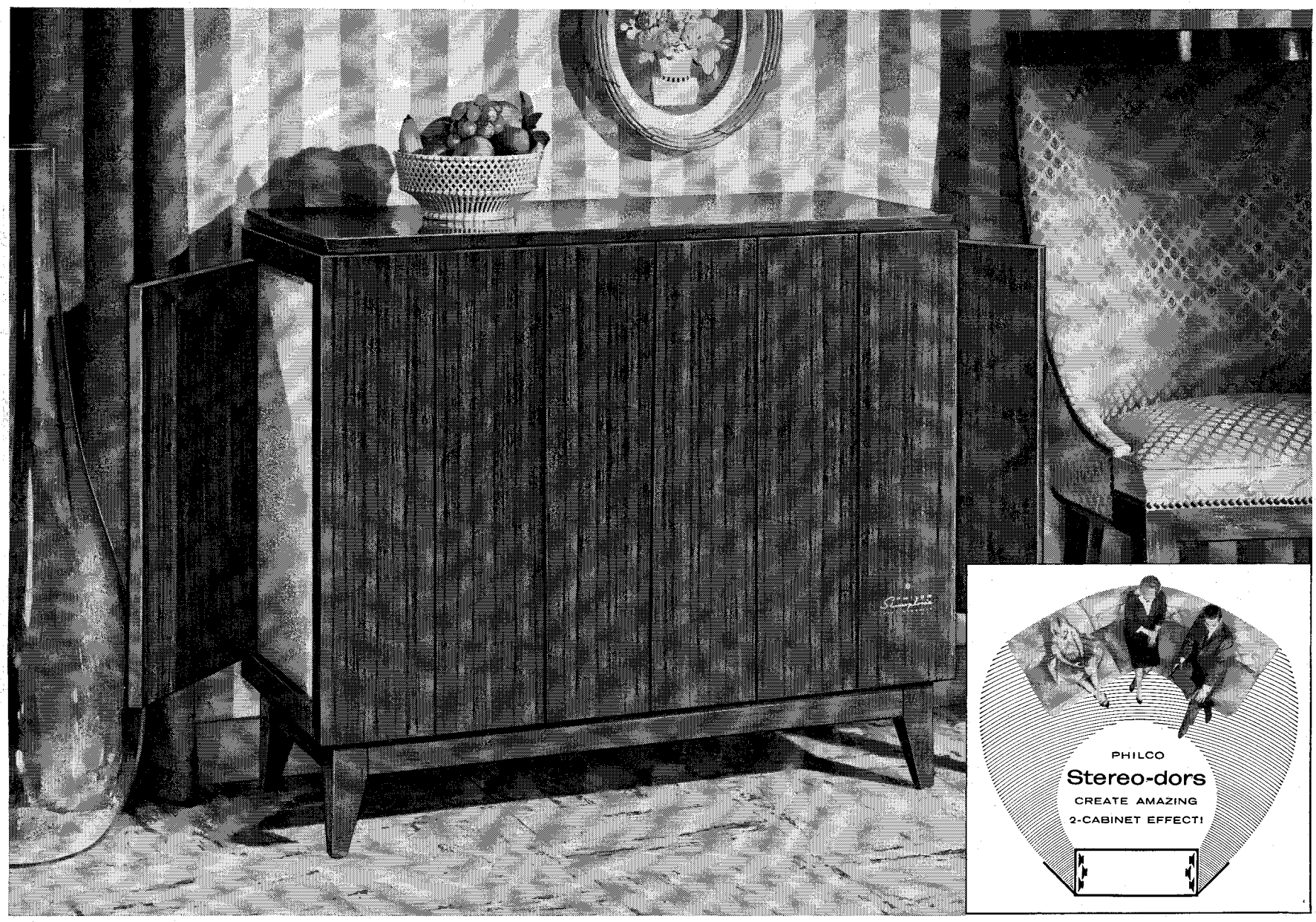


Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions, even faster for many others!

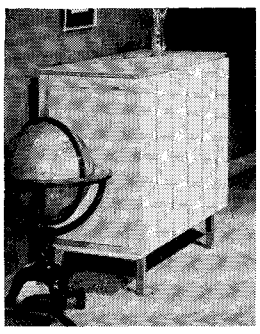
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wide-Angle Stereo in one space-saver cabinet!



MODEL 1710, AVAILABLE IN FINELY CRAFTED MAHOGANY, BLOND OR FRUITWOOD.

Now enjoy genuine stereophonic sound without re-arranging your living-room furniture!

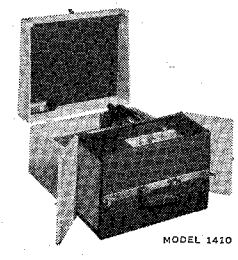


Has the thought of having your living room crammed with extra furniture kept you from enjoying stereo? It needn't any longer—because Philco's space-saving new design lets stereo blend right into your present furniture arrangement. Philco Wide-Angle Stereo actually takes up less space than many conventional non-stereophonic high fidelity instruments!

Adjustable Stereo-dors aim the sound wherever you want it—for Philco Wide-Angle Stereo brings you exciting new flexibility. With just a touch of your finger, Philco Stereo-dors can be adjusted to create stereo realism in any sized room—so all the family and guests can enjoy it!

And Philco Wide-Angle Stereo is genuine high fidelity stereophonic sound. It's always crisp and distinct, never "muffled" or run together as it is in many single-cabinet stereo units. High-frequency sound travels in a straight line—and Philco Stereo-dors reflect it smoothly and easily with absolutely no sacrifice in tone quality.

Treat your family to the very finest in home entertainment, new Wide-Angle Stereo by Philco.



MODEL 1410

Wide-Angle Stereo in compact, lightweight, portable case.

• *Tune in "Meet Me in St. Louis"—CBS, Sunday night, April 26—the most exciting musical TV spectacular of the year!*

PHILCO

QUALITY FIRST!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan, Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage.

IN THIS ISSUE

March 21, 1959 *Vol. 231, No. 38*

4 Short Stories

Land Quarrel . . . . . *Brian Cleeve* 26
The Nesting Instinct . . . . . *D. K. Findlay* 30
The Mysterious Mourners . . . . . *Robert Standish* 32
Ride With Death . . . . . *Don Murray* 37

8 Articles

My Road to Crime (First of three articles)
By a Young Hoodlum, as told to Helen Parkhurst 23
Our Fight Against TV Taboos . . . *Mildred F. Alberg, as told to Stanley Frank* 28
The Rascals Who Impersonate Me . . . . . *Philip Wylie* 31
The Atom Town Wants to be Free . . . . . *John Bird* 34
The Russians Go for Broke . . . . . *Demaree Bess* 36
Adventures of the Mind, 23: Credo of a Storyteller . . . *W. Somerset Maugham* 38
The Face of America: Swift and Close . . . *Photograph by Harry Burns* 40
D Day, Part II: The British Air Drop . . . . . *David Howarth* 42

2 Serials

Comanche Captives (Second of seven parts) . . . . . *Will Cook* 44
The Cardiff Giant Affair (Conclusion) . . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 49

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . . 52, 57, 64, 73, 87, 108, 125
Hazel 126
Keeping Posted 128

THE COVER

One of the salesladies is rejoicing, "Ah, monsieur must have designed it just for you!" So is the other saleslady. If both clients succumb to this routine, let's hope they depart without discovering that monsieur evidently had both of them on his mind, and that they don't wind up in the same parade on Easter morning. If that multiple hat strikes you as a weirdy, blame it on Constantin Alajálov, eminent designer of millinery and Post covers. Originally he decided on a fairly sane little cloche constructed of flaming blooms and emerald foliage. But then, suffering an attack of pernicious creativity, he enlarged it into a leaning tower, stuck on a what-is-it flower, and added vines to flap in the breeze. Creation, like strong drink, can run away with a man.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1959 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47–59 or May 23, 1959; 23–60 or December 3, 1960.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Bountiful indeed is the picturization of the famed story "Green Mansions", a best-seller in nine languages which now promises to become one of the screen's memorable achievements. It tells the story of Rima, the girl of strange beauty and Abel, the adventurer . . . who met and loved in a jungle Eden where menace lurked amid the orchids.

Determined to turn the W. H. Hudson story into visual and musical sorcery,

M-G-M trekked a troupe 25,000 miles to pierce the luxuriant jungles of Venezuela. They enlisted the musical genius of Brazilian composer Villa-Lobos and the ritual choreography of Katherine Dunham. No wonder the screen sends out a kaleidoscope of magnificent sights, mystery and mood.

Audrey Hepburn, as if born for the role of Rima, captures all the fragile loveliness of the exquisite, untouched girl of the forest. And Anthony Perkins is equally right as the adventurous and romantic Abel who finds his life's most amazing experience in the jungle.

With him, you go into a virginal jungle paradise. You share his excitement as he discovers Rima, a stranger to civilization. And in this dreamlike Eden he pursues her, tasting sweet, wild, tumultuous love. But evil, lurking in every Eden, here takes the shape of superstitious savages, circling the young lovers with hate and violence.

Characterizations you'll remember are Lee J. Cobb as the sinister Nufflo, Sessue Hayakawa as the native chief and Henry Silva as the vengeful warrior.

For this entertainment wrought in dazzling Metrocolor and CinemaScope, credit Mel Ferrer, director, and Edmund Grainger, producer. An exceptional script was contributed by Dorothy Kingsley.

"Green Mansions," story of perfect love, is a perfect movie for everyone who has ever been or ever will be touched by the excitement of love. It's a motion picture for everyone's "must-see" list.

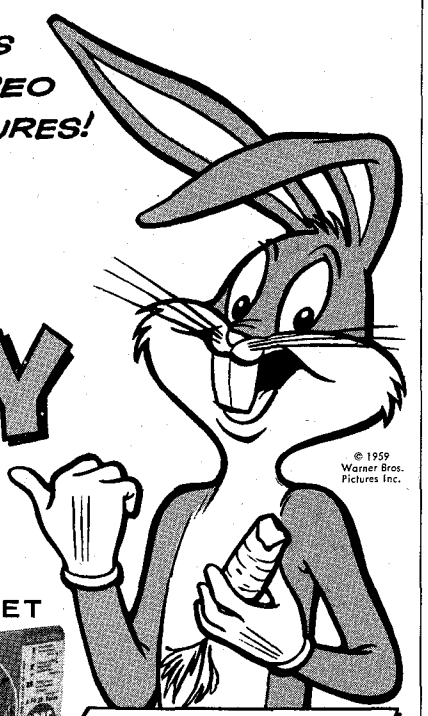
© 1959 Loew's, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEY, DOC! LOOK WHO'S STARRING IN STEREO FULL-COLOR PICTURES!

BUGS BUNNY

IN A BRAND NEW VIEW-MASTER® STEREO PICTURE GIFT SET



$2.50 View-Master Stereo Viewer

Plus

45c Reel of 7 Bugs Bunny Stereo Pictures

Plus

$1.25 21 Extra Stereo Color Pictures (3 Reels)

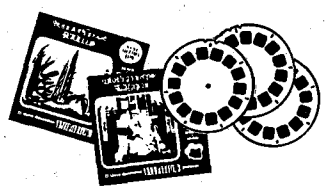
A $4.20 Value

$2.95

Wonderful new idea for Easter and Birthday Gifts! A delightful picture story starring Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd . . . comes complete with stereo Viewer and 21-picture View-Master Treasury for hours of "living stereo" entertainment.

AND LOOK! MORE "HAPPY EASTER" GIFTS FROM VIEW-MASTER

NEW SUBJECTS

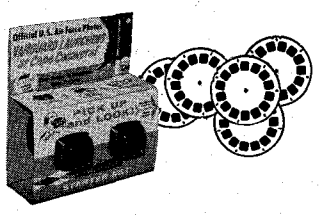


Each Packet holds 21 "living stereo" pictures, on three View-Master Reels

$1.25

Walt Disney's lovely *Sleeping Beauty*. *Lassie and Timmy* in a happy adventure. *Aesop's Fables* told charmingly in stereo. Real *Moon Rockets and Guided Missiles*. Cowboy pals *Wild Bill Hickok & Jingles*.

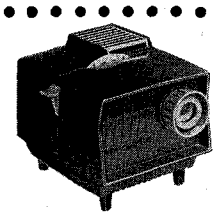
STEREO SETS



Each holds Title Reel, Stereo Viewer & the 21-picture "View-Master Treasury"

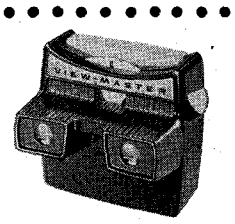
$2.95

Each set a $4.20 value, gift-priced! Choose from favorite subjects for all the family... *Lassie, Three Little Pigs, Robin Hood, Brussels World's Fair* and *Vanguard Launching*. Title Reel is in the Viewer . . . ready to see!



View-Master Projectors

To project View-Master pictures for family viewing, children's shows. Priced from $7.95 to $19.95. Shown: handsome new Standard Projector $9.95



View-Master Viewers

Favorites the world over for viewing pictures in "living stereo". Sturdy, easy to operate, priced from $2.50 to $6.95. Shown: new Lighted Viewer, priced at only..... $3.95

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

SAWYERS

®SAWYER'S INC., Portland 7, Oregon

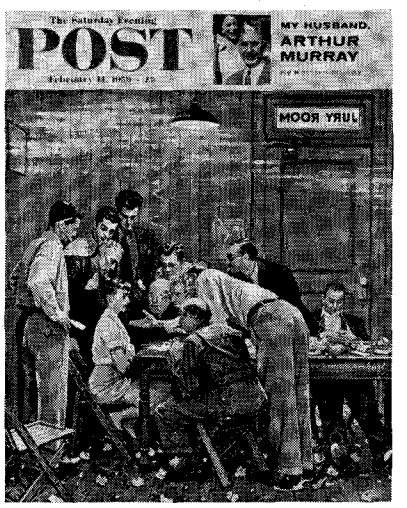
VIEW-MASTER

at your favorite photo, drug, gift or department store.

Ask your dealer for a free list of picture subjects

Letters

The Stubborn Sex



Dear Sirs:

And she's probably right.

ANNA MAY WILSON
Winnetka, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your cover . . . confirms my personal feelings of six years' criminal and civil-trial practice. I always strike women from my jury panels if at all possible. I feel that women on a jury make up their minds early in the trial and no amount of evidence to the contrary will change them.

PAUL R. SHY
Attorney at Law
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Thank Heaven there is at least one state (Mississippi) where criminals, the feeble-minded and women are barred from jury duty.

NAME WITHHELD
Natchez, Miss.

● *Make that "at least three states"—Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Possibly Lloyd's of London can give you the odds on any jury being composed of one woman, just one married man and ten bachelors.

H. C. VERMILYEA
Eau Claire, Wis.

The Right to Strike

Dear Sirs:

Your Feb. 7 editorial IT'S TIME TO STOP CODDLING UNIONS; THEY'RE ON TOP NOW! is a masterpiece. It is indeed gratifying to have one national publication with guts enough to say what the average businessman thinks, but is scared to say for fear of reprisals.

FRED HANSON
Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The honest trade-union movement—which your editorial, in effect, says does not exist—is anxious and willing to be scrutinized because we believe the facts will show that we are operating in the interest of not only the workers but of the nation. . . .

In Russia, as you know, the right to protest by strike action is denied. Some may call this freedom to work, but, to me, it would seem to be more of a freedom to be a slave.

GEORGE SCRIVEN
United Rubber, Cork, Linoleum and Plastic Workers of America
Akron, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

If by our usual process we cannot, or will not, create the needed courts, procedures and powers to settle industrial differences by civilized means, then, as a people, we are sadly wanting in those qualities that justify national existence, and our end is approaching.

LEROY S. FOLTZ
East Lansing, Mich.

Gin and Meatballs

Dear Sirs:

Referring to Irving R. Levine's delightful article, I SETTLED MY BRIDE IN Moscow [Feb. 7]:

I would like to venture a translation of the questionable items in Nancy Levine's Copenhagen catalogue. "Hulstkamp's Oude," as any Hollander can tell her, is a well-known brand of gin. The "jars" are the famous stone crocks in which Dutch gin is generally bottled, although at $.85 each they must be tiny, one-drink crocks. The mysterious meatball-size, tasteless chunks labeled "*Boiler i Carry med Riz*" I believe to be a product prepared with curry and rice.

J. ANKERSMIT
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is not *Boiler i Carry med Riz* but *Boller i Karri med Ris*—or meatballs in curry with rice.

GUNNEL L. H. HUNT
Boynton Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I am rather amazed by the catalogue price of $.85 per jar, one jar being one liter or a little bit more than two pints. We in Holland pay two dollars per liter. Do those firms in Copenhagen get our precious gin tax- or customs-free?

HENRI MARTENS
Lisse, Holland

● *Yes, but they operate in Copenhagen's free port and do most of their business with diplomats who have customs privileges.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Does Mr. Levine mean to imply that Russians do not conjugate verbs? He writes of a teacher of Russian who "devoted less time to declining Russian verbs than to. . . ."

ROBERT S. MILLER
Burlington, Vt.

● *Our error. Even the Russians haven't discovered a way to decline verbs.* —*ED.*

Boom!

Dear Sirs:

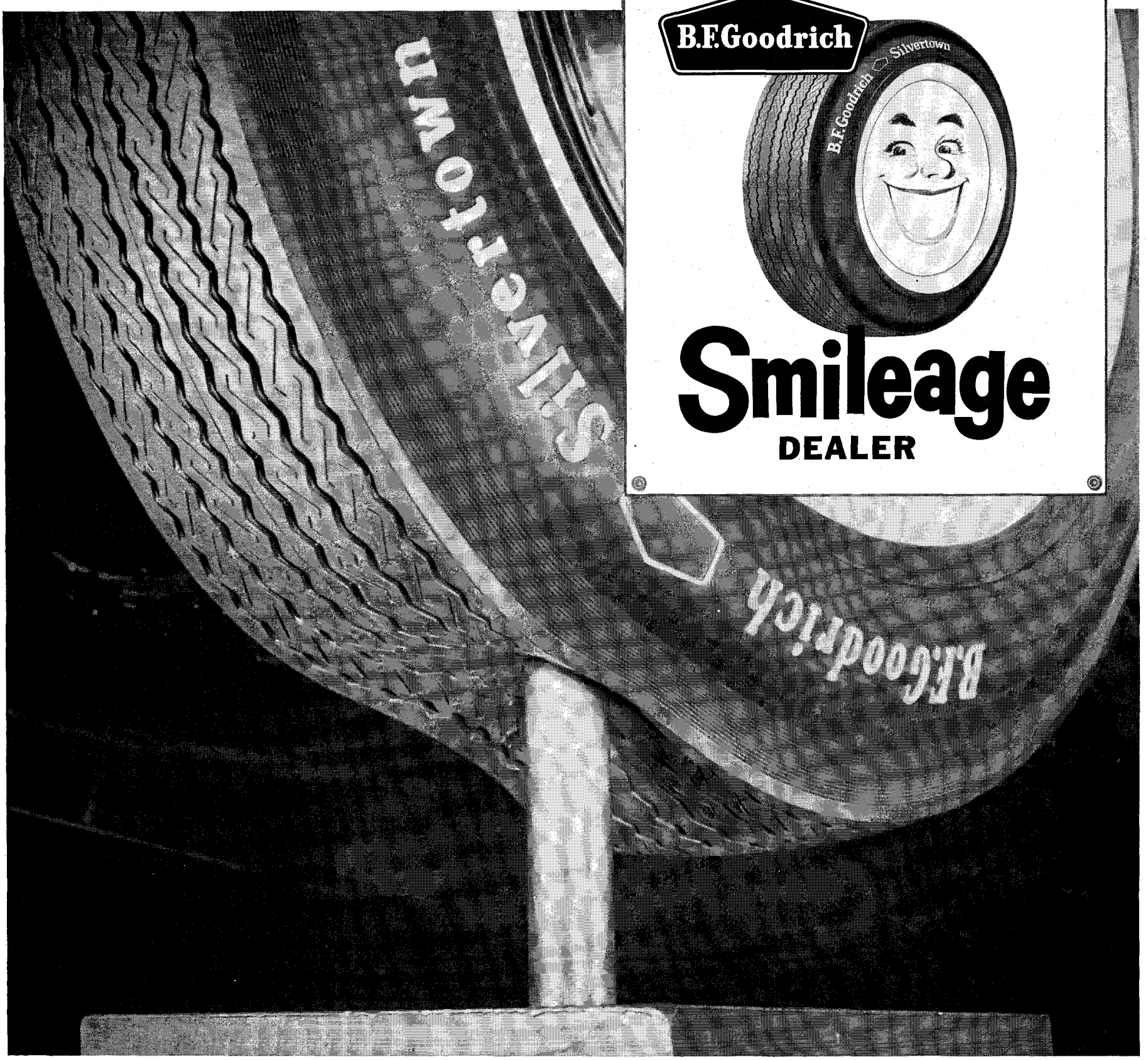
I have just finished reading TALES OF THE CANNON HUNTERS by Ashley Halsey, Jr., [Feb. 14] and was most interested in his account of the 1855 expedition of Captain Haller against the Yakima Indians, wherein the captain lost one of the taxpayers' cannons. It is quite possible that I can shed some light on its ultimate fate.

In the 1920's I lived in Ellensburg, Washington, which lies north of the Yakima Indian Reservation, on a direct line of retreat . . . which the 4th U. S. Infantry must have been following. We had a favorite swimming hole in a creek near the old wagon road. . . . One day my two brothers and I, with the help of

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stop at the sign of the Smiling Tire



Ouch! This 6″ stob tests tire strength. Bruising impact—but no tire failure! Assures greater safety when you drive over curbs, chuckholes, railroad tracks.

Relax! Drive worry-free on B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns. They're lab-tested, road-tested, time-tested. We do the worrying for you! So have fun. Enjoy trouble-free mileage on the quality tires chosen for new cars year after year. Get top value, get Smileage! 4 tires, $4 down!

B. F. Goodrich Smileage dealers are listed in the Yellow Pages. ©The B. F. Goodrich Company

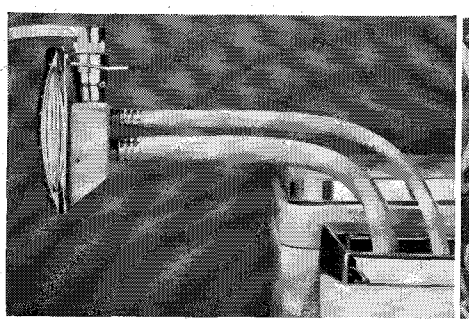
B.F.Goodrich *Smileage dealers*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

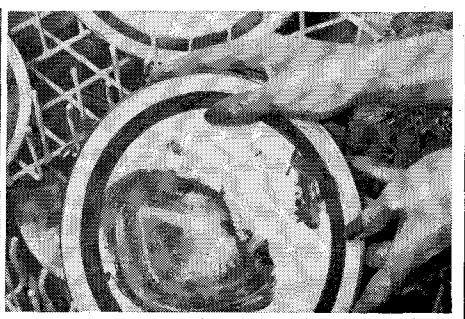
Roll dishpan drudgery out of your life!

New G-E Mobile-Maid® Dishwasher goes to work the day you get it!

Found: up to one extra hour every day when you own this full-size, fully automatic dishwasher. Needs no installation. Washes, rinses, dries service for 10. No messy hand-rinsing or scraping! Easily rolls from table to sink to storage place. Textolite® top gives added work space. Built-in undercounter models available. See it at your G-E dealer's. General Electric Company, Dishwasher and Disposall Dept., Louisville 1, Kentucky.



No installation! Unicouple snaps on faucet adaptor for water and drain connections . . . hose stores in front panel. Retractable electric cord plugs into standard outlet. . . stores in back panel.



No messy hand-rinsing! Fabulous Flushaway Drain does it for you . . . automatically. Just remove large food scraps. Soft food particles are liquefied and flushed away—*before* washing begins.

Every year more people choose G-E Dishwashers than any other make!

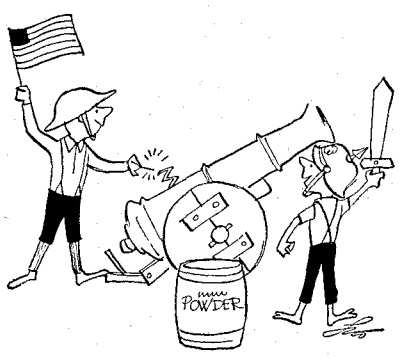
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

some friends and a horse, decided to enlarge the hole by hauling out several large boulders. . . . When we attached a rope to the most offensive boulder and let Old Dobbin haul it out, we were quite surprised to see that it was an old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon. . . .

It took most of the summer to get it in firing order. At that time, about 1923 or 1924, they were building a new road between Yakima and Ellensburg, and I am sure that the taxpayers did not mind the indirect appropriation of blasting powder which they made to our cause. The cannon behaved beautifully and sent terror through the countryside for miles around. . . .

We brought this old cannon out of hiding each summer at Fourth of July until 1927, when we ran out of black



powder and substituted some white powder brought home from National Guard camp by my older brother. Alas, it was not intended for use in muzzle-loaders. Leery of its possibilities, we tried the first shot in an abandoned gravel pit, using a length of dynamite fuse in the touch hole. Fortunately, no one was killed or even hurt. But it is possible that a few pieces of the cannon are still headed in the general direction of Mars. The mothers for miles around heaved a sigh of relief at this welcome news.

DON SLOAN
Klamath Falls, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Ashley Halsey, Jr., told in the first paragraph about two frogmen wearing oxygen tanks being towed 180 feet under water on a sea sled.

If the two divers had in truth been wearing oxygen tanks they would not only have popped to the surface "battered and bruised," but dead.

That frogmen wear oxygen tanks is a popular misconception. They wear compressed-air cylinders which contain pure, fresh air. A diver breathing oxygen is limited to a depth of thirty-three feet because inhaling oxygen at any greater depth produces toxic effects.

ELIZABETH HARRINGTON
Mercer Island, Wash.

Sergeant Raftery and the Horse Thieves

Dear Sirs:

THE HORSE THIEVES OF BALLYSAGGERT [by Brian Cleeve, Feb. 7] . . . warmed the very cockles of me heart.

LELAND S. CURLEY
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It requires considerable mental scratching around to remember when I've read a more delightful story. . . .

Sure, and it deserves to be put in an anthology.

TED COTE
Sutton, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

I find it altogether worthwhile and charming.

LAURENE STEVEN
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Fiction is beautiful and worth reading only when it bears a semblance to reality. . . .

As a native-born Irishman I am very much inclined to surmise that Brian Cleeve is either a "narro-back" [Irish immigrant's son] or a Jackian [city slicker] of some European city.

CHARLES BYRNE
New York, N.Y.

● *Author Cleeve is a loyal son of Dublin.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

In defense of the Raftery clan I'd like to point out that Sergeant R. is not necessarily a typical representative of our group. Anthony Raftery, a Gaelic poet who flourished some 150 years ago, not only punished his share of poteen but was probably the only blind horse thief in the history of Ireland, and certainly the only one to celebrate his transgressions in poetry.

GERALD RAFTERY
Elizabeth, N.J.

Taking Sides

Dear Sirs:

Glen Pritchard's got a problem. [See his Feb. 14 poem below.]

CLOSET, SHARED

Our closet's a problem,
you'll have to agree;
She takes what she needs;
what's left is for me.

So have I.

BED, SHARED

Sleepless nights I must endure.
The reason's plain to see:
Hubby takes the middle,
and leaves the sides for me.

DOROTHY HARTING
Greenfield, Ind.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23–Hans Knopf. • 26, 27–Ben Stahl. • 28–Ormond Gigli. • 29–NBC; Carl Byoir and Associates; NBC. • 30–Morgan Kane. • 31–Carroll Seghers II; United Press International. • 32, 33–Ken Riley. • 34, 35–Bill Shrout. • 36–Sovfoto. • 37–Bernard D'Andrea. • 39–Karsh. • 40, 41–Harry Burns-Grumman Aircraft. • 42–Camera Press. • 43–Map by Center Studio; two from Camera Press-Pix; Camera Press. 44, 45–Harold von Schmidt. • 49–Sam Bates. • 91–Tom Blau. • 128–Robert Conant; anonymous; Ormond Gigli.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...AND THIS MORNING IT BROUGHT HOME THE GROCERIES

Routine household chores or a family celebration—it makes no difference to the versatile Plymouth station wagon. This combination of brawn and beauty is the biggest wagon in Plymouth's field, with 95 cubic feet of cargo room.

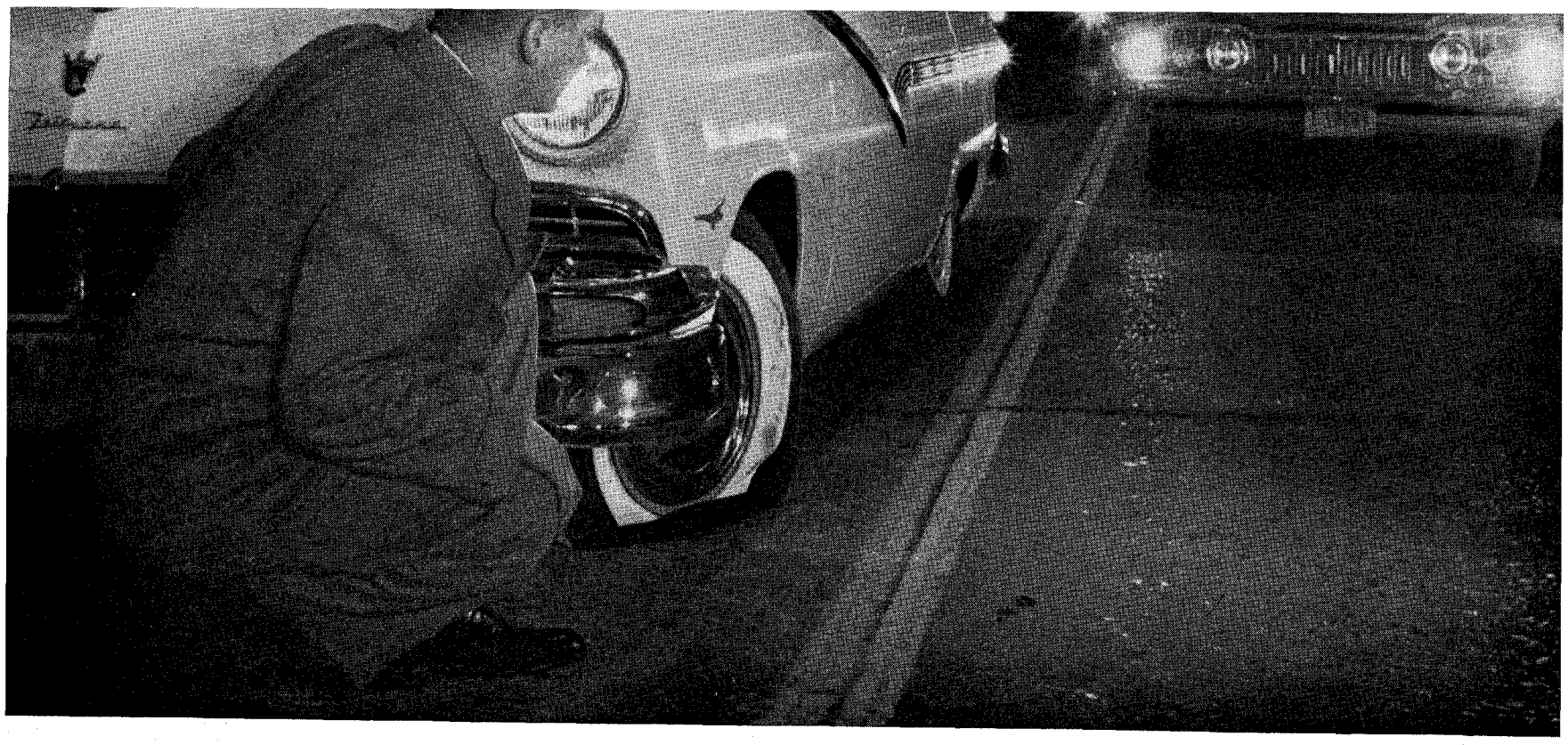
It has the longest floor space in its field with tailgate up. The longest wheelbase (122 inches). The most front headroom and legroom. Nine-passenger models offer a roomy rear-facing third seat; all models feature a roll-down rear window. No wonder Plymouth wagons are more popular than ever!

Drive this glamorous beauty and see for yourself. Discover Plymouth's luxurious Torsion-Aire Ride (no extra cost). And its exciting options, like new Swivel Seats and the sensational New Golden Commando 395, biggest V-8 engine in the low-price field. See your dealer. Take Plymouth's convincing "Two-Mile Try-Out"—today!

Plymouth

today's best buy...tomorrow's best trade

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you need new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord!

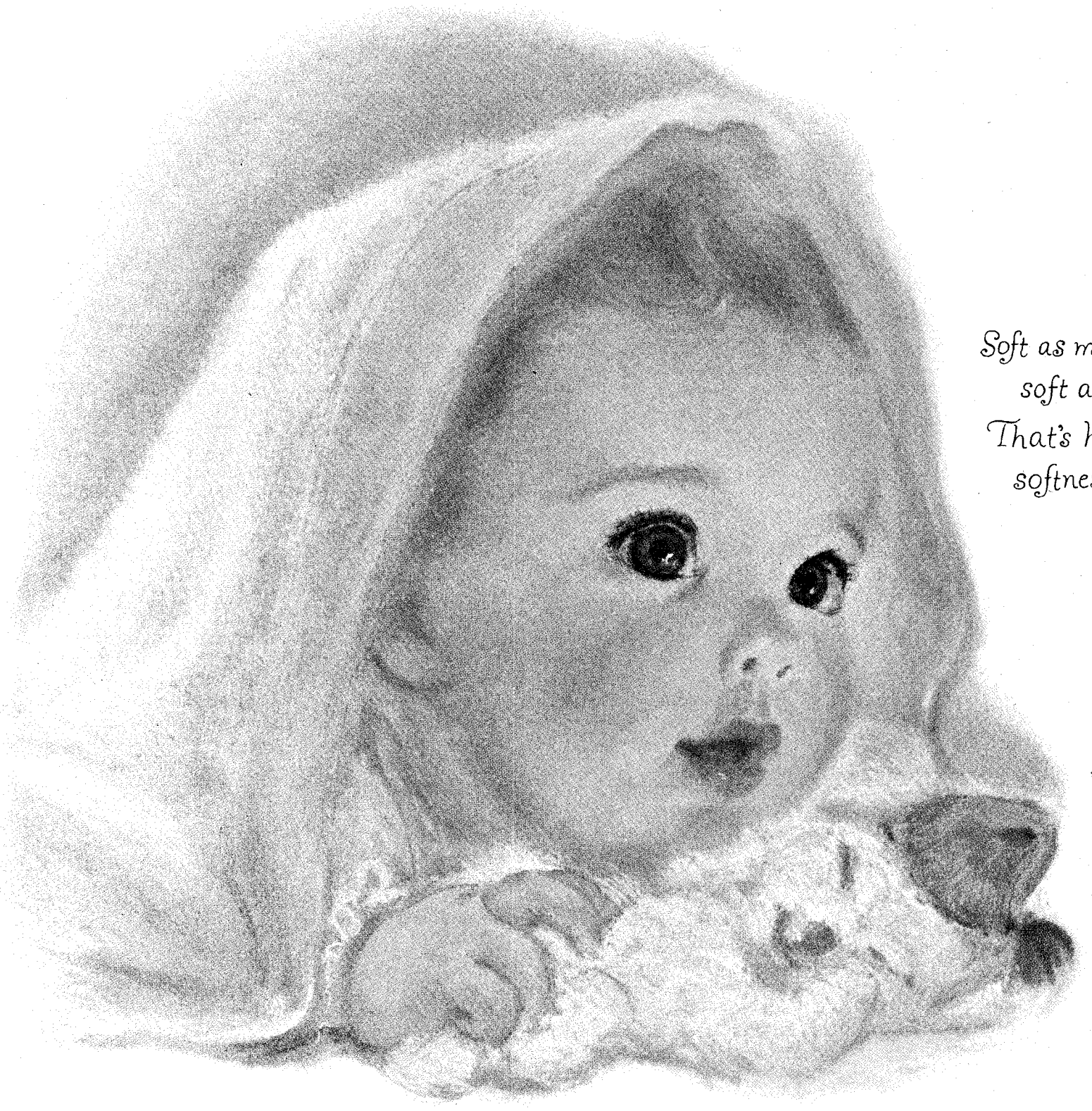
THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.
Enjoy the "DU PONT SHOW OF THE MONTH" on CBS-TV

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

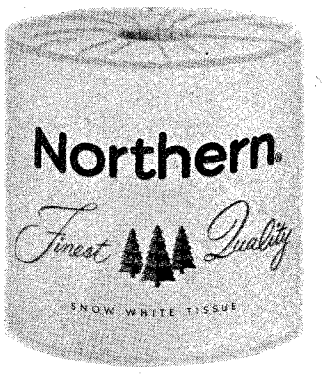
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

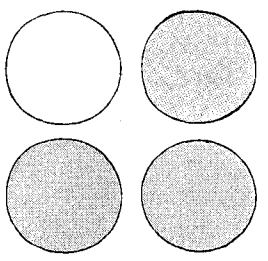


Soft as my blanket
soft as me
That's how soft
softness can be

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is
made with fluff
Nothing else
is soft enough





In fresh, clean colors—too

Another fine product of American Can Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

There are Times When a "Flexible" Foreign Policy Won't Do!

What, if anything, will the new Congress do to change our current policy on Germany? The new chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Fulbright, is a believer in "gradual adjustment with the Russians," a pious hope which appears to ignore Soviet lack of interest in adjustment, gradual or otherwise. Sen. Mike Mansfield appears to think that East and West Germany could agree to a co-operative administration of Berlin which the U.S.S.R. and the West could accept.

Fortunately for the country, the State Department's use of the blow-by-blow account of the attack by Soviet fighter planes on an unarmed American transport has, for the moment at least, cooled off talk about "flexibility" and the "thaw in United States-Soviet relations."

The callousness of the Soviet official attitude on that outrageous episode ought to convince even the most gullible believers in the "thaw" that there are times when the only thing to do is what Mr. Dulles, with great courage in the face of pain and anxiety, had been doing—stand firm. The abandonment of Germany to the Communists would mean an irretrievable defeat for the Free World. Those who futilely sought to push Mr. Dulles toward a more "dynamic" policy forget a truth which was stated recently in The New Leader by Bertram D. Wolfe, long-time student of Communist policy. Mr. Wolfe declares:

"No matter what Eisenhower says or does . . . no matter how well the tourist behaves when he goes to the Soviet Union for his three weeks—we will still be Enemy Number One. Whether our working class is prosperous, or hungry and jobless, or jobless and not hungry, we will still be Enemy Number One. . . . Whether we pull out of Berlin or Quemoy or do not pull out of Berlin or Quemoy, we cannot disengage ourselves from this enemy. If we disengage ourselves, we leave another strip to be occupied, a new place from which battle will begin."

In short, we have to stand by our guns. There is no guaranty that we have the patience for this assignment. De Tocqueville, the great French critic of early American democracy, wasn't sure. In his Democracy in America he wrote, as quoted by William Henry Chamberlin in The Freeman:

"Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which a democracy possesses; and they require, on the contrary, the perfect use of those faculties in which it is deficient. . . . A democracy is unable to regulate the details of an undertaking, to persevere in a design and to work out its execution in the presence of serious obstacles. It cannot combine its measures with secrecy, and it will not await their consequences with patience."

This characteristic of democratic societies makes it difficult for politicians to resist proposals based on popular wishes rather than on stern realities. However, Iran remains unterrified by Soviet threats; Turkey is unmoved by them; France and West Germany, without atomic weapons, refuse to cringe before the Communists; in Asia, South Korea and Formosa hold the line. It ought not to be impossible for the powerful U.S.A. to maintain an equal calm before Soviet bluster, thus proving that De Tocqueville underestimated the ability of at least one democracy to diagnose its dangers and to persist in policies which have some chance of dispelling them.

The Military Pay Act Does Injustice to Retired Servicemen

The recommendation by a committee, headed by Ralph J. Cordiner, which was assigned by the Defense Department to investigate service pay, was that pay for naval, military and air men who have earned their retirement should be geared to the current pay which is received in active service. In other words, if the pay for an admiral or an Army sergeant on active duty is increased 10 per cent, his pay after he retires will be increased by 10 per cent. Up to this point, this is how service retirement has been handled for many years, and that is how it is treated in the Military Pay Act of 1958, as to those retired after its effective date, June 1, 1958.

However, in the bill passed at the last session of Congress, this relationship between active-duty pay and retired pay is, with certain exceptions, not applied to men already retired. They were given a flat 6 per cent increase across the board. This results in all sorts of anomalies, including one mentioned by the Washington Star in which a major general who retired a few months before the bill became law received approximately $1900 a year less than an officer of equal rank who retired after the effective date.

A difference between military retired pay and civilian retired pay, which stays put no matter what happens to the pay of active workers, is that the retired military man is not really retired at all. He is still subject to the Uniform Code of Military Justice; he is subject to recall in emergency or at the pleasure of the Defense Department. Thus it is logical that his pay on the retired list should be geared to his pay when on active duty. But the central reason is that pay in the armed services is generally less than for the same grade of ability in civilian life, and some added compensation at retirement is fair and just.

It seems to us that restoration by the new Congress of the traditional relationship between the pay of active-service officers and men and the pay of retired military personnel would pay dividends in several respects. In the first place, of course, it would correct an injustice to the officers and enlisted men already retired, who are certainly hit as hard by inflationary prices as will be the men to be retired later. But the change could also have an important effect on the ability of the services to persuade men to make military service a permanent career.

Party Fund Raising Ought to Start With the Grass Roots

Recently, at Des Moines, the Republican National Committee endorsed a plan presented by its chairman, Meade Alcorn, designed to put political activity on a continuous, all-year-round basis. The question that immediately arose was: Where could the party find the money needed?

Mr. Alcorn suggested encouraging small, regular contributions by party members, payable in the form of dues by as many Republicans as possible. This suggestion, which is substantially the same as one made by Paul Jones in a recent issue of Human Events, could be the key to a revitalized party, Republican or Democratic. National publicity and advertising, featuring statements by distinguished leaders, can help; but nothing can replace the work of the individual solicitor. The labors of various union groups in behalf of the Democrats have proved that point.

In party work, this means that more incentive and more recognition must be given the precinct leader, the indispensable sergeant of the political army. He's the man who pounds the pavements and rings the doorbells, who checks registrations and gets out the vote, who keeps party spirit alive or lets it wither. He is also the ideal block captain for political fund raising, for he really knows his people.

The potential in an organization like the Republican Party, with active committees in existence for more than 100 years at the neighborhood, ward, city, county, state and national levels, is enormous. Given a cause they believe in, the more than 25,000,000 adults who regularly support the ticket need give no more than one dollar every six months to meet any possible budget for every campaign in the country.

It is important that the dues be small and painless. A hundred men who give $1000 each represent only 100 votes. If the same sum is made up of one-dollar bills from 100,000 contributors, you have broadened the base of party interest and enthusiasm much more than a thousand-fold.

The contributions individually may be tiny, just as a single ballot is a small matter. But the cumulative effect can be all-powerful. And a system of modest dues for party purposes would do much to clear up the murky atmosphere that now surrounds political financing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KENTILE ASPHALT TILE

ON TODAY'S SMARTEST FLOORS

AT LAST! THE BEAUTIFUL LOOK OF WOOD IN THRIFTY ASPHALT TILE

Colors shown: Natural shades of Maple and Cherry in a delightful random effect. Black KenCove® Wall Base is easy to clean. Remember, too: It costs less to have tile installed than flooring in rolls.

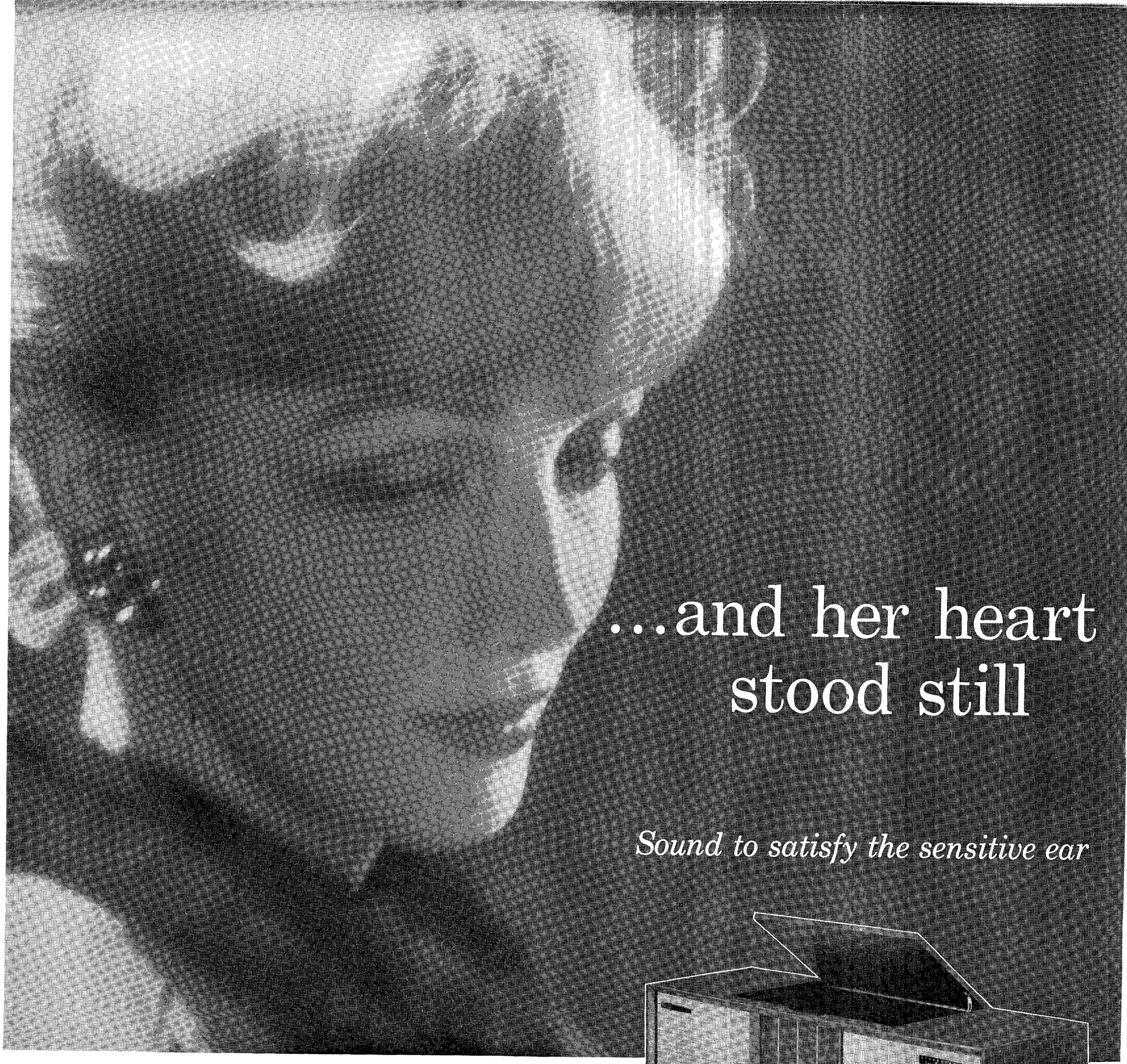
ONLY FROM KENTILE®! WOODGRAIN®—the floor with all the shading and glow of wood in a tile that's as durable as it's low-priced. Warm, neutral shades go with any interior. Smoother surface makes it easy to clean—keep clean. Can be installed everywhere indoors—even in basement playrooms.

SAVE MONEY! Install this tile floor yourself. It's easy! Get the genuine. Look for the Kentile name on every carton.

YOUR KENTILE DEALER is listed under FLOORS in the Yellow Pages. Kentile Floors are available in Asphalt Tile, Solid Vinyl, Crystalite™ Vinyl, Vinyl Asbestos, Rubber, and Cork. Over 200 Decorator Colors. ©1959, Kentile, Inc.

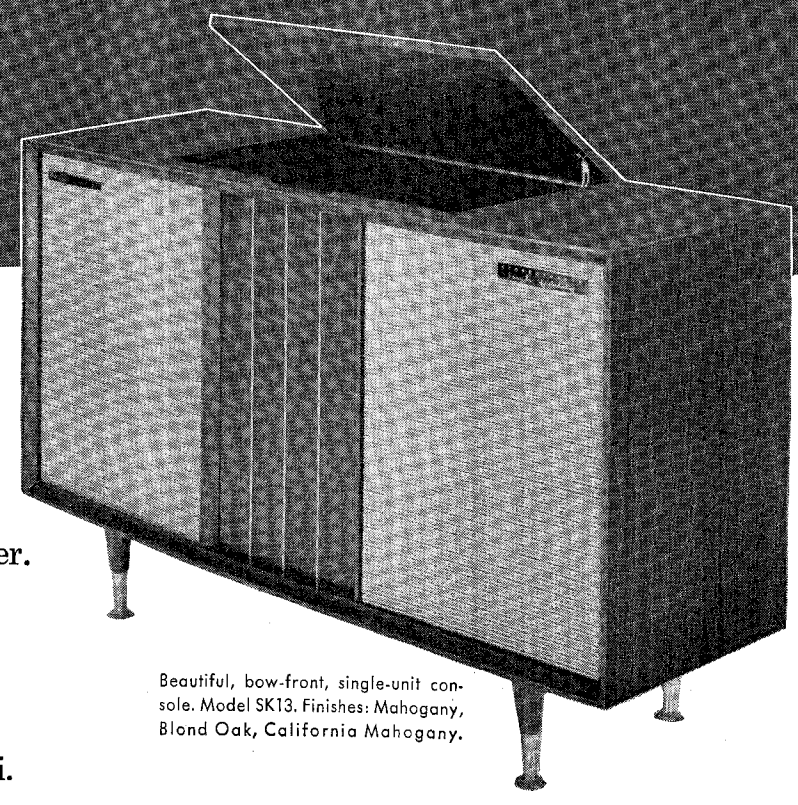
YOU PAY NO MORE FOR A KENTILE FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sound to satisfy the sensitive ear

Motorola Stereo High Fidelity . . . with electronically matched and balanced components that let you hear every last note that's on the record . . . *exactly as recorded*. 40 watts of power (20 for each channel) drive 6 Golden Voice* Speakers, give you superb stereo high fidelity reproduction . . . at concert-hall volume, or quiet library whisper. A 4-speed Automatic Changer plays every record you now own, as well as the new Stereo records. And Motorola's *single* Balance Control equalizes sound levels in both sets of speakers for perfect stereo effect. More to enjoy with Motorola, America's No. 1 best-selling Stereo Hi-Fi.



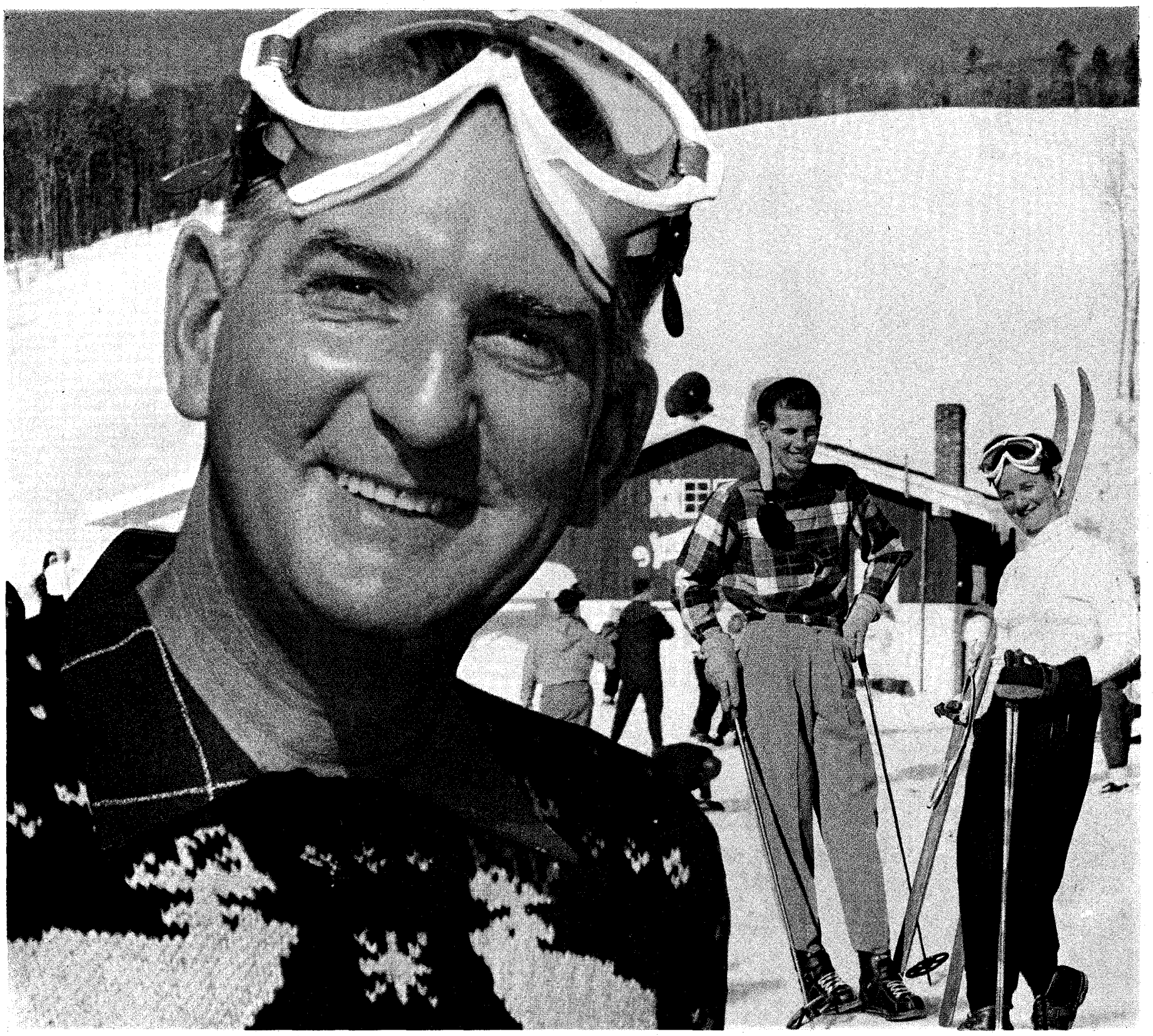
Beautiful, bow-front, single-unit console. Model SK13. Finishes: Mahogany, Blond Oak, California Mahogany.

More to enjoy **MOTOROLA**® *Stereo Hi-Fi*

*TRADEMARK OF MOTOROLA, INC. SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

World's Largest Exclusive Electronics Manufacturer

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE CHANDLER FAMILY OF MAYNARD, MASS., WHO HAVE BOUGHT FOUR CARS ON THE GMAC PLAN. ENJOY THEIR FAVORITE PASTIME, SKIING AT STOWE, VERMONT

Like millions of other car buyers, the Chandlers have learned—

IT PAYS TO FINANCE WHERE YOU BUY

WHY?

First of all, it's most **convenient** and **practical.** You take care of everything in one place—with your dealer. Second, no one is more interested in **satisfying** you during **every phase** of your purchase and ownership.

Your General Motors dealer who uses GMAC can finance your **car**, your **car insurance** premiums and **creditor life insurance** for your family's added protection—all on terms to **fit your budget** and at reasonable cost.

You can rely on your dealer and GMAC for **considerate treatment** if your circumstances change. Should you move, GMAC can transfer your account to any one of nearly **300 offices** in the U. S. and Canada. If you need major **repairs, tires or parts,** GMAC credit facilities are available to you as a valued customer.

Since **1919,** practical people like the Chandlers have used **the GMAC Plan** offered by General Motors dealers to buy more than **40,000,000 cars.** So finance where you buy — on the GMAC Plan!

GMAC
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
TIME PAYMENT PLAN

WISE CAR BUYERS KNOW...
The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can — then pay the balance as soon as you can.

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

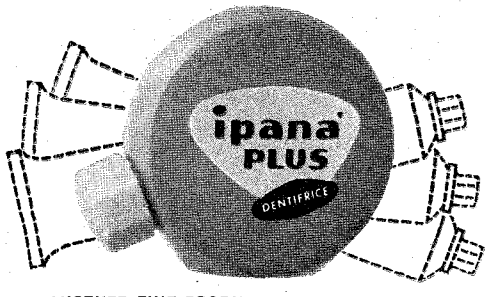
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before you wrestle with another tube...

COMPARE!

...and compare when you brush!

Most people who compared Ipana Plus® to their regular tooth paste said their teeth felt cleaner, breath fresher. Ipana Plus has a special flowing formula that deep-penetrates decay traps between teeth . . . has twice the decay-germ killing power of any leading tooth paste. Compare . . . and you'll choose Ipana Plus! Special sale—now only 99¢!



Bigger value than three 53¢ tubes.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avis
RENT-a-CAR

CALL ON AVIS . . . COUNT ON SERVICE

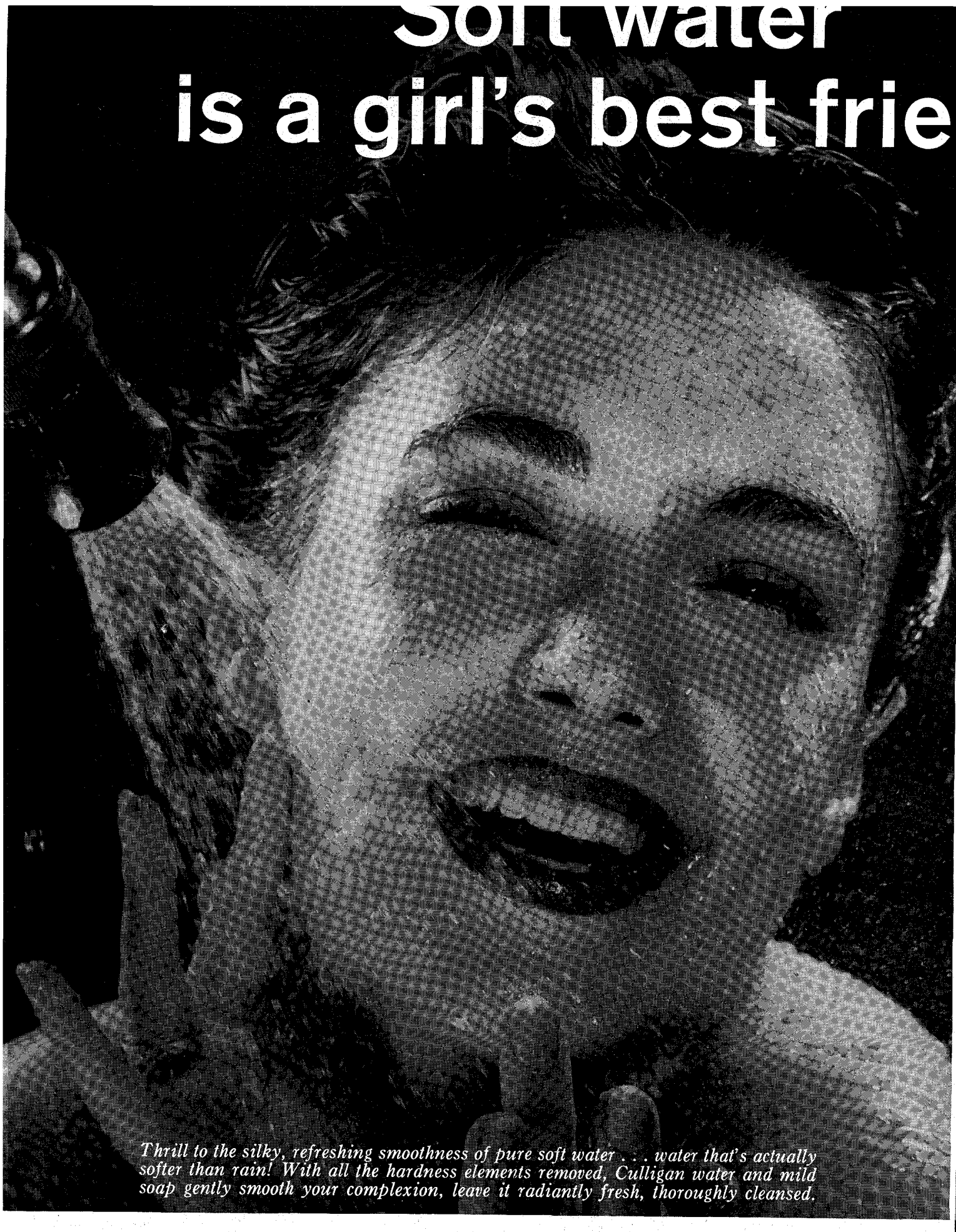
FOR MEN WHO LIKE TO FEEL EXPECTED!

Wherever you go . . . around the world . . . dependable service awaits you at the Avis Sign! Isn't it nice to know you were expected? No red tape. No waiting. It makes you glad you came, to have a courteous attendant show you to the car that waits for you! The sparkle of the new Ford (or make or model of your choice) adds to the feeling of being "met by a friend." Only Avis offers so much in so many places around the world! It only takes a moment to let Avis know you're coming. Check with your nearest Avis Office, if you have the time, before you leave! We'll be expecting you!

Avis invites you to charge Avis Rent-a-Car services with your Avis, American Express, or Diners' Club cards. Sheraton Hotel, air, rail and other accredited charge cards are also honored. Avis Inc., 18 Irvington St., Boston 16, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soft water is a girl's best friend



Thrill to the silky, refreshing smoothness of pure soft water . . . water that's actually softer than rain! With all the hardness elements removed, Culligan water and mild soap gently smooth your complexion, leave it radiantly fresh, thoroughly cleansed.

You'll be amazed at the new look new feel of your hair after you very first soft water shampoo.

It's the water *that does the was ing, and Culligan assures bett laundering results every time!*

Dishes done in filtered soft wat have a like-new sparkle . . . a your hands stay soft and whi

Culligan®

SOFT WATER

WIN AN IMPORTED RENAULT CAR! SEE YOUR CULLIGAN DEALER

Culligan, Inc. and its franchised dealers • Home office Northbrook, Illinois

Culligan franchises are available in some communities. Write for details.

Call Culligan for unlimited soft water . . . automatically!

Culligan Soft Water Service—compact unit is owned and exchanged periodically by your Culligan dealer. Or, call for Culligan Automatic Service. Unit regenerates itself automatically; no softener exchanges, no equipment to buy. **Culligan Automatic Home-owned Model**—own it yourself; easy budget terms! Fully automatic. Famous Culligan written Guarantee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST and ONLY

ELECTRIC SHAVER THAT *Automatically* ADJUSTS TO YOUR FACE AND BEARD

Automatic
SELF-ADJUSTING
ROLLERS*

. . . ADJUST UP AND DOWN WITH SPRING ACTION—*AS YOU SHAVE*—TO COMPENSATE FOR ALL TYPES OF WHISKERS, ALL TYPES OF SKIN AREAS. THESE NEW EXCLUSIVE SELF-ADJUSTING ROLLERS WITH SUNBEAM'S TRIPLE-TWIN SHAVING HEAD GIVE CLOSER, SMOOTHER, FASTER SHAVES THAN EVER BEFORE.

For the Toughest beard and the Tenderest skin

NEW

Sunbeam Rollmaster
SHAVER

Smooth Rollmaster Rollers* automatically self-adjust to every beard area—self-adjust to every skin area

Automatically self-adjusts to contour of chin to give close, clean shave.

Automatically self-adjusts in shaving tender upper lip area.

Automatically self-adjusts for close shave in tender skin areas.

This Sunbeam Rollmaster Electric Shaver is the newest and finest in multiple-head electric shaving. Exclusive Self-Adjusting Rollers,* with floating suspension, respond automatically to shaving pressure. Rollers have exclusive smooth rolling edges. All these exclusive features and Sunbeam's Triple-Twin Shaving Head have been originated and perfected by Sunbeam research and development. For the *finest shaves of all* get the new Sunbeam Rollmaster Shaver with exclusive Self-Adjusting Rollers.

Low price—only $24.95.

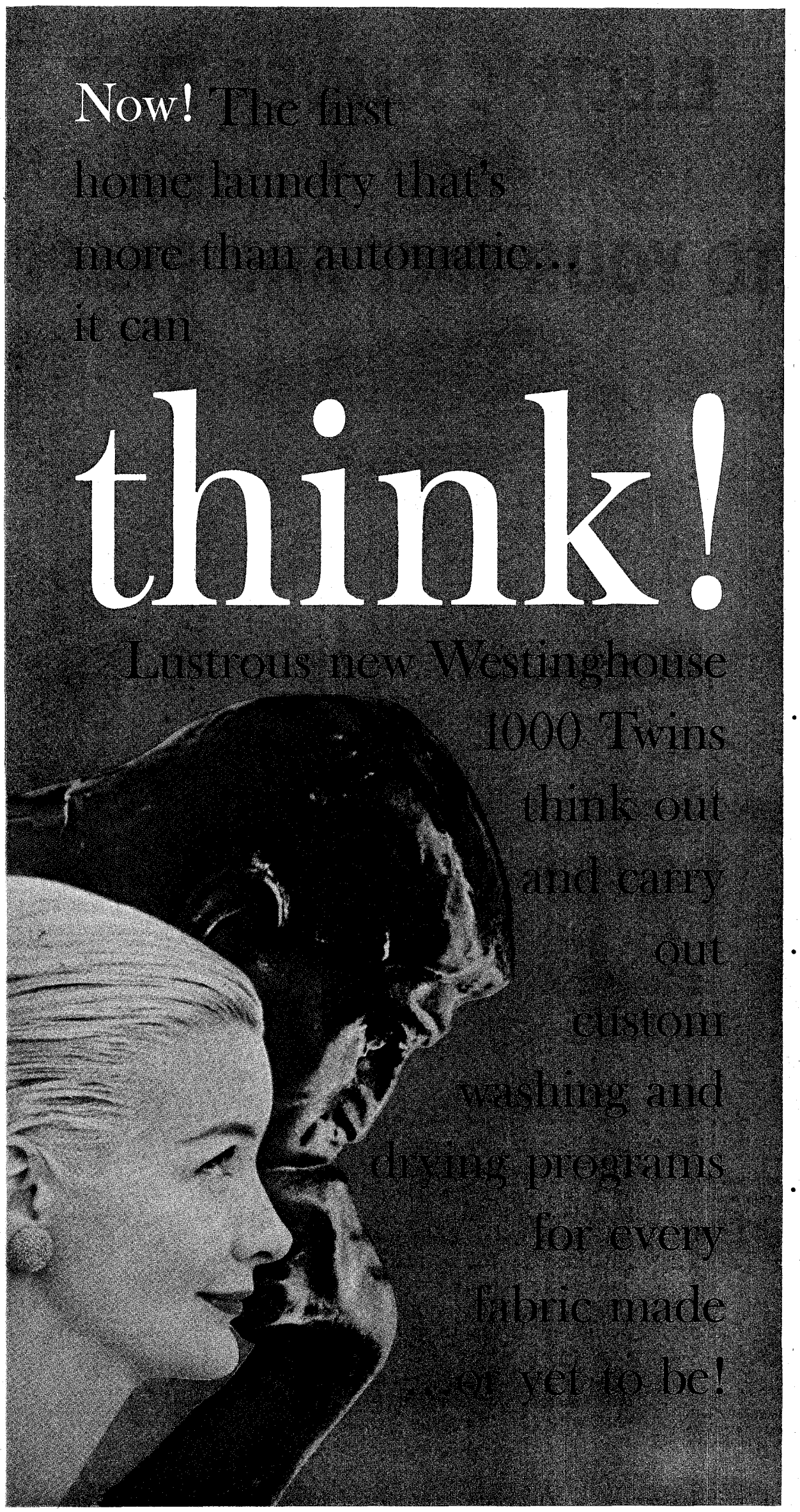
SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill. • CANADA, Toronto 18

Suggested Retail Price

Sunbeam **The Best Electric Shavers Made**

©S.C. ®SUNBEAM

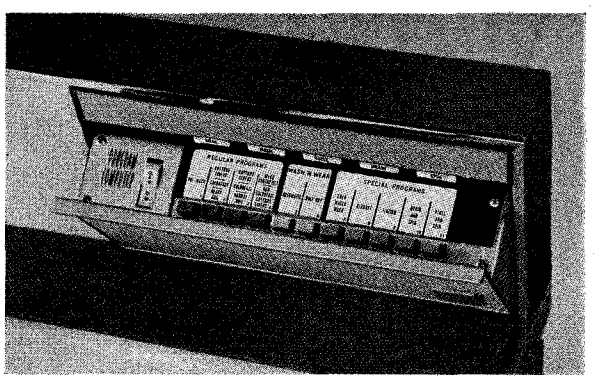
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New

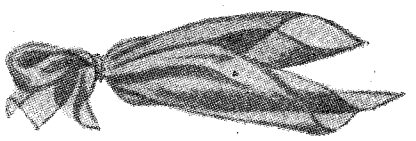
program computer

All you do is push ONE button . . . and Program Computer thinks out and carries out exactly the right program for the fabric you want to wash. Your choice of 8 custom programs, plus three extra programs for added flexibility. Program Computer on matching electric dryer provides custom drying for every fabric.



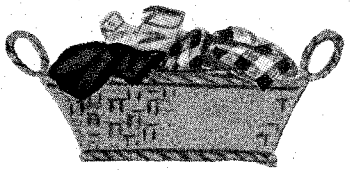
silks and synthetics

Trust your most precious lingerie to this Laundromat. You'll never wash by hand again when you see how carefully Laundromat treats your loveliest things.



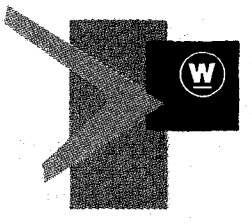
cottons

Two separate programs—one for normal soil, and one for heavy soil. Treats your everyday linens with respect—gets them cleaner than ever, yet they last longer.



See the Westinghouse 1000 Laundromat and beautiful matching Electric Dryer now at leading appliance stores.

LAUNDROMAT IS A WESTINGHOUSE REGISTERED TRADEMARK



YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT

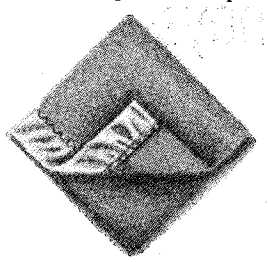
WATCH "WESTINGHOUS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Westinghouse 1000

blankets

Special program soaks without agitation, "felting," stretching, so even electric blankets keep their shape.



woolens

Special cold water wash program lets you use new cold water detergents to wash even delicate woolens.

wash 'n wear

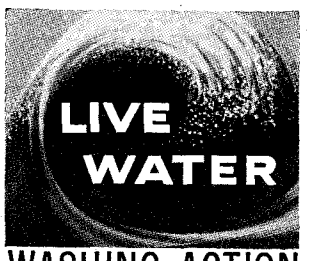
Special washing for this important category. Cold water rinses keep garments wrinkle-free.

drip-dry

This program skips the spin—eases out most of final rinse water to make clothes easier to handle.

tinting

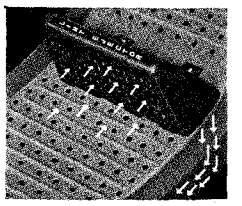
Automatically, easily with professional results! Laundromat cleans itself completely—you can wash white or colored clothes, any clothes in the next load.



WASHING ACTION

Cleanest way yet! Multi-speed Revolving Agitator lifts, dips, plunges clothes through lively, surging water to get them snowy, sparkling clean. More care than ever! That's why you can trust your most delicate fabrics to it.

Automatic Lint Ejector sweeps all lint and scum down the drain. No traps or filters to clean.



Westinghouse

LUCILLE BALL-DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS-TV MONDAYS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

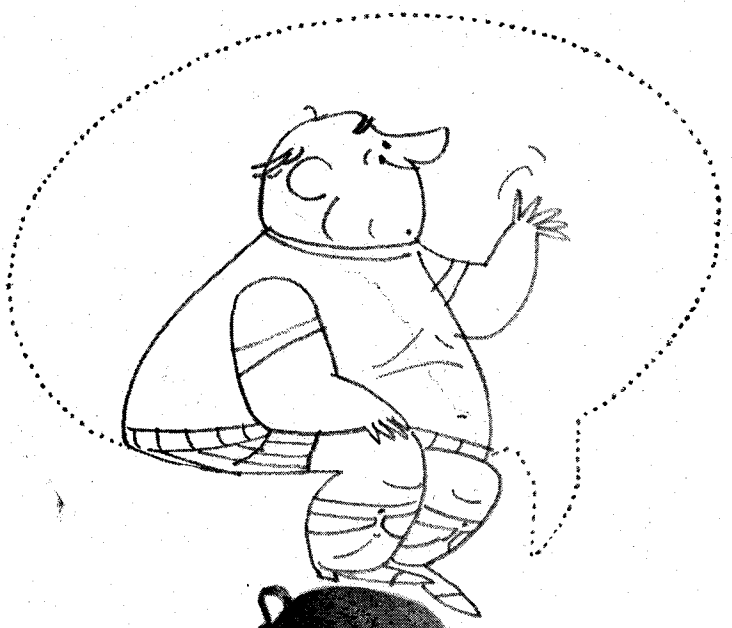
Two kinds of husbands...one kind of underwear

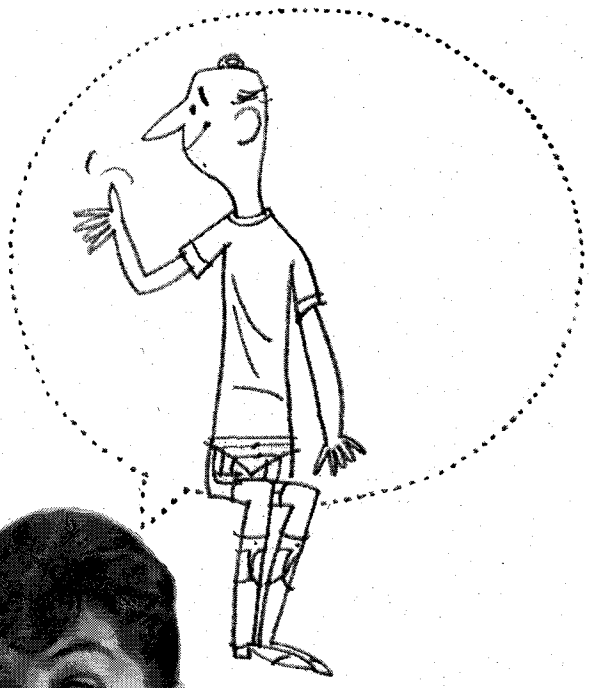
Husbands come in all shapes and sizes. So does Hanes underwear. Leave it to the shopping-wise wife to select the right Hanes for her husband. One glance at the bias-cut says these shorts will g-i-v-e when he stoops or stretches. Seamless, full-cut seat tells her the shorts never bind when he sits. Always comfortable. Assorted sizes, for men $1; for boys 75¢.

HANES

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N.C. • Scandinavian: Aktiebolaget Melka, Göteborg, Sweden • Australian: La Mode Industries, Pty. Ltd., Fitzroy • New Zealand: Soma-President Textiles Ltd., Wellington

underwear for men and boys





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's the
AMERICAN
LOOK!

FLORSHEIM

Tobacco Brown

THE DEEP, DARK SHADE
THAT GOES WELL
WITH ALMOST EVERYTHING

Shoe color begins with the leather. The better the leather, the richer the shade. And because Florsheim uses only the finest calfskin—so rich in texture you can "see" into it—Tobacco Brown has a quality look that can't be copied. Best of all, this deep, dark, handsome shade goes well with almost *everything!* That's part of the "American Look"—*style* that makes sense, *quality* you can see!

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Illustrated: Tobacco Brown *in textured calf*

Upper left, the Kenmoor, *31650; mocc-front blucher*
Upper right, the Kenmoor, *31649; straight tip blucher*
Center, the Monitor, *31010; mocc-front slip-on*

Florsheim Shoes start at $19.95

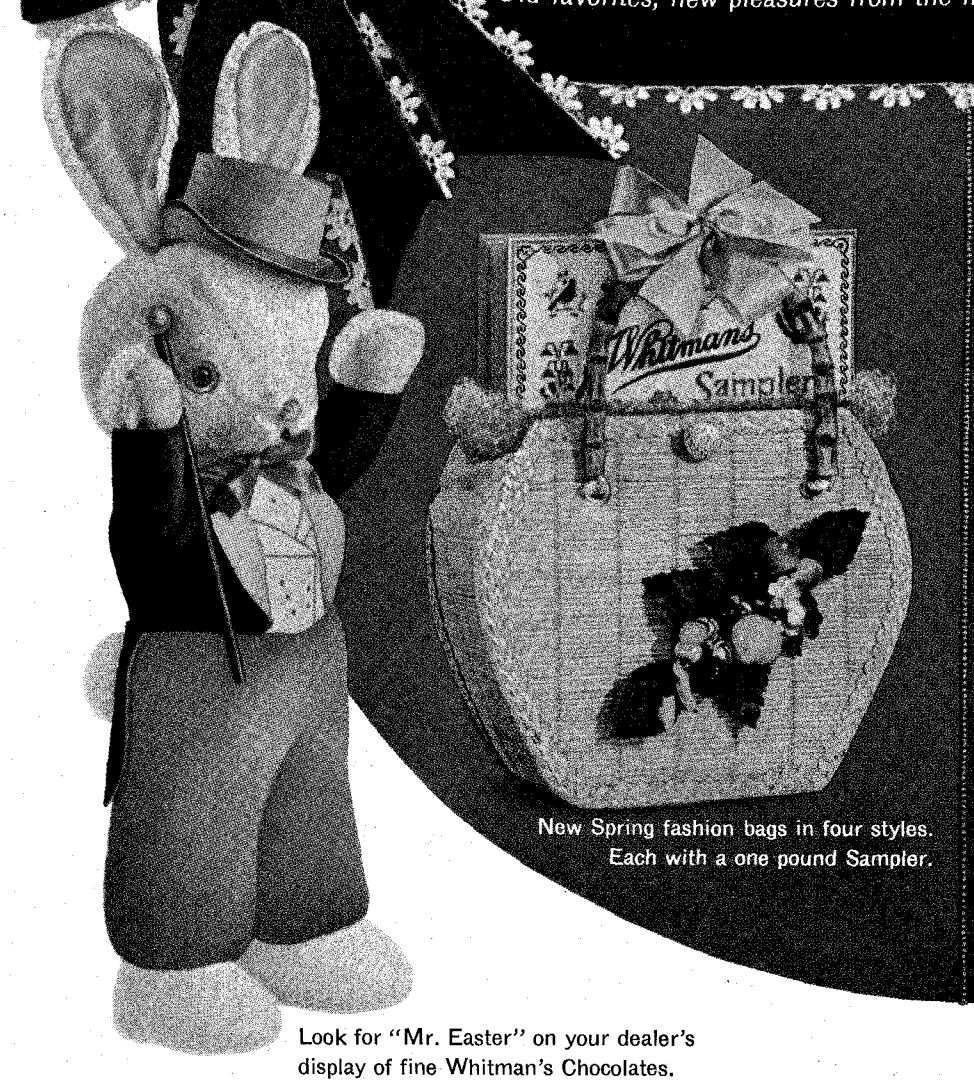
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The famous Sampler in Easter wrapping in one, two, three, and five pound assortments.

THE VERY BEST AT EASTER...

Old favorites, new pleasures from the makers of the world's finest candy Whitman's Chocolates



New Spring fashion bags in four styles. Each with a one pound Sampler.

The Junior Miss and Perky Miss—each filled with a delicious Easter assortment.

Look for "Mr. Easter" on your dealer's display of fine Whitman's Chocolates.

© 1959 STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST

MY ROAD TO CRIME

BY A YOUNG HOODLUM

as told to HELEN PARKHURST

©1959 by Helen Parkhurst

Helen Parkhurst

In 1947, Helen Parkhurst, eminent educator, began the most remarkable adventure of her long career. Seeking material for a book on New York's slum conditions, she started to record on tape the story of a juvenile delinquent that ran for a dozen years. Later she became associated with William J. Kaland, a radio producer. With Mr. Kaland's help, the tapes were edited in such a way that the delinquent's story was told only in his own words and, in many cases, as it was actually happening. The youngster was twelve when it began, and his story runs straight through adolescence and into adulthood. Today, at twenty-four, Miss Parkhurst's "Tony" (he has been given a fictitious name to protect him and others in the story) has a long career of crime behind him—shakedowns, vandalism, robbery, mugging, beatings, dope pushing—and has served a term in prison. Psychiatrists who have studied his record say it covers almost every aspect of juvenile delinquency.

Here, in articles prepared by Roul Tunley from the tapes, Tony tells what he felt like as he hurried from crime to crime, and how he finally managed to shake the awful burden of the past. In the telling, he frequently puts the finger on the causes of delinquency everywhere.

His story will be heard—during the week beginning March twenty-third—on a series of radio broadcasts produced by Mr. Kaland for the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, and will also be the basis of a book by Helen Parkhurst and Christine Hotchkiss, shortly to be published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc., New York.

THE EDITORS

BEGINNING ON THE NEXT PAGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY ROAD TO CRIME

PART ONE

(In the life of every young hoodlum comes the moment when he takes the first giant step—into the world of delinquency. For Tony, a tall, thin, high-strung boy with large, dark eyes, that moment came when he was almost twelve. It was his graduation from grammar school, a day that he'd expected to be "the biggest day of my life.")

"We'd been practicing for days, all the boys and girls going to the assembly hall for it. They'd play the song, and you'd have to stand up. Then they'd give you a dummy diploma and you'd say 'Thank you' to the teacher. We were told all the boys must look alike—blue suit, red tie and white shirt. Every time I went home I reminded my mother and father I needed that suit.

"Finally, the night before [graduation] I knew they weren't going to get it for me. So what did my mother do? She took a pair of pants and ironed them. She bought a new pair of suspenders and gave me a black bow tie with a rubber band on it. She gave me a plaid shirt. When we lined up by classes in the yard, I felt like an outcast. As a matter of fact, I got in a fight with a boy who made fun of my suspenders and shirt. I belted him one, and the teacher in charge of the yard put me in a corner, and she said I couldn't go to the assembly because I wasn't dressed right. I figured my mother would come and that they'd *have* to put me in the assembly. But my mother didn't come. It bothered me so much it put a picture in my brain.

"I'll never forget it. I'll never forget how I looked to the other kids. And I'll never forget how the teacher told me I couldn't go to the assembly. I had to stay downstairs with the janitor because all the teachers were upstairs."

(Tony tried to run away, but the janitor stopped him and bought him a bottle of soda. "Don't be crazy," the man told him. "That's why I'm a janitor today, because I used to be like you. That's why I'm cleaning buildings." But Tony said he was "in no mood to listen to that guy either.")

"I didn't want to listen. All I knew was I wanted to be in that assembly. He said, 'They'll probably call you and you'll still get your diploma.' I waited, but they didn't call me. The teacher gave it to me in the hall, when everything was all over. To me, the diploma was no good. I tore it up.

"That night I didn't care for nothin'. All I knew was I wanted to get even with somebody. I was afraid of my mother and father, but the school seemed like a perfect target. So I broke into the school. All I had to do was break a window.

"I was so hurt, I killed everything. I took fish out of the bowl and banged them against the wall. I broke the piano. I took paint. Some classes had paint where they were painting bookshelves yellow. I painted all the blackboards yellow, ripped up my teacher's records and wrote my name all over the school because I didn't care if they caught me. And I felt better when I walked out of there. I felt like I'd evened the score."

(The school acted promptly. They notified the police juvenile squad, and Tony was picked up. He was taken to Youth House, a detention home for children. It was his first brush with the law, and to him, the arrest had a big advantage.)

"Now that they'd put me in jail, I knew my mother would have to come and see me. *Now people will pay attention*, I said to myself. And she came, and she was crying. I told her, 'You should have bought me that suit.' She said, 'What are you talking about a suit for? We've got to get you out of here.'"

(Tony had been trying to get his mother's attention as long as he could remember. He was born of Italian parents in one of the slum blocks of New York City's Upper East Side, his father being a petty gangster. After a stormy marriage of three years, the father packed up and left, flinging a flatiron at his wife in a parting gesture. Tony was a year old. His mother remarried and, when she was about to have another child, she put Tony in an orphanage for several years. Eventually she had him come home, but she remained embittered against her first husband; and the young Tony, who had the looks and mannerisms of his father, irritated her whenever he misbehaved.)

"When I was nine or ten years old, I slept in a room where I could hear my mother talking with her lady friends in the kitchen. If I'd done something I shouldn't in school, she'd say. 'He's just like his father. He can't get along.' And her friends would say, 'Like father, like son.' Everything I did reminded my mother of my father—the way I wore the belt on my first pair of long pants, for one thing. When I was playing downstairs, I unloosed the buckle just the way my dad did, although I'd never seen him. My mother said, 'Look at Tony! He leaves his belt open. He gives me the same trouble his father gave me!'

"That made me curious about my father, and I began to ask people what he was like. From my aunt I learned a lot of things about him. She told me that once, when I'd just been born, that he'd called her and said he'd bought a carriage for me but was embarrassed to wheel it home. Would she pick it up in front of a store and push it home? She was so excited that he'd done something good for a change that she rushed down to the front of the store, took the carriage he indicated and wheeled it to our house."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Later Tony's aunt learned the truth. His father had stolen the carriage, and was afraid that if someone had seen him wheeling it home, he'd have been caught.

When Tony had first gone off to school, he was shocked to learn that his stepfather was not his real father.)

"I hated that word 'stepfather.' I almost hit a teacher once for saying it. Lots of times I used to pretend my stepfather was my real father. But whenever I got into trouble, whenever I flew an airplane around the classroom or something, my mother would say, 'You can't do anything with Tony. He's bad, just like his father.' I used to be punished by being made to stay home while my sister and stepbrother went to the movies."

(As a matter of fact, Tony was being punished when his family would not get him that blue suit for graduation. And as a result, he spent three weeks in Youth House for wrecking the school. He received lots of attention—from his mother and stepfather, as well as from the authorities. He began to feel as though "somebody was interested in me." He determined to be a good student. He went off to another school and was put in a class for problem children, but soon found that his past wasn't easy to shake off. As a result of his stay in Youth House, he had to carry a yellow card.)

"This here card ruined me. Every forty-five minutes we went to a new classroom and met all kinds of teachers. Since I was new in the school, I had to show the card to every teacher I met. The first thing they'd ask me was, 'Did you play hooky? Is that why you got the card?' Sometimes I said, 'Yeah,' and after a while I said, 'It's none of your business.' Since I had a yellow card, every time anything happened in class I'd get the rap for it. The teacher was supposed to sign my card after every class, but I soon developed the trick of signing my own card. I'd put the teacher's name down and put an 'A' after it.

"Every week I had to show the card to the parole officer. He gave me the feeling he wasn't taking no water from nobody. When he found out I was signing the cards, he gave me a kick and a couple of good smacks in the mouth.

"That made me mad. So I went back to school and started shaking down the kids. It happened first during cracker call. The milk you got was free, but the crackers cost a penny apiece. The teacher would take the box from row to row, and if you wanted five crackers, you gave her a nickel. A lot of times I'd wanted a cracker, but I didn't have any money. And I used to hate my family for not giving me any, and I'd hate the other kids that had the crackers. So finally I watched to see which one had the most change on him, and if I thought I could take him with my hands, that's what I'd do. Or I'd rob a pen in the classroom, and sell it to another kid for a nickel or a dime. When cracker call came the next day, I wanted to be able to buy three or four crackers. That's all I cared about."

(Tony lasted at that school only a few months. From there he was sent to Public School 37, another school for problem children, on 87th Street. It was known as the "crime school." Now it's called the School of Opportunity.)

"I wasn't in there more than an hour when the teacher called me in front of the room and told me to empty my pockets. I had three dollars in change. She took half the money and gave it to the Red Cross and kept the rest except for a nickel, which she gave back. She said that boys in that school weren't allowed to carry that much money around, and that if we had money like that, we must have stolen it.

"One of the things I didn't like about that school was that they locked the doors. Once you got in, you couldn't get out again until three o'clock. Then they'd give you a cardboard ticket, and you had to give it to the man in the subway so you could get a free ride home. The teachers there liked to show discipline, and they used their hands a lot. You couldn't fool around in that school. You'd get smacked right in the mouth.

"The next time I got in trouble and was sent to Youth House I was twelve. I robbed candy bars on the subway. You know those stands? We used to wait until the train was just about to pull out. Then we'd grab a whole box of candy and run on the train. A few months later I was sent to Youth House again for robbing a bike. Then again for playing hooky.

"Finally, they took me out of the school on Eighty-seventh Street and sent me to the School of Machines and Metals. That's a trade school. I was getting older then and a little more particular about my appearance. I liked to wear a white shirt, but we were supposed to take it off during the time we worked on the machines. But me, figuring I looked so great in a white shirt, I didn't want to take it off. So one day the teacher figured: *The only way I'll straighten this guy out is to teach him a lesson.* He gave me the job of oiling all the machines and told me to leave my white shirt on. I got oil all over the sleeves and cuffs. I blew my top about that and broke a machine. They put me in Youth House again."

(After his sixth visit to Youth House, plus a stay in a Catholic correctional institution, Warwick, Tony decided he'd had enough of school. He decided to quit. The truant officer didn't bother him, and his family didn't protest very

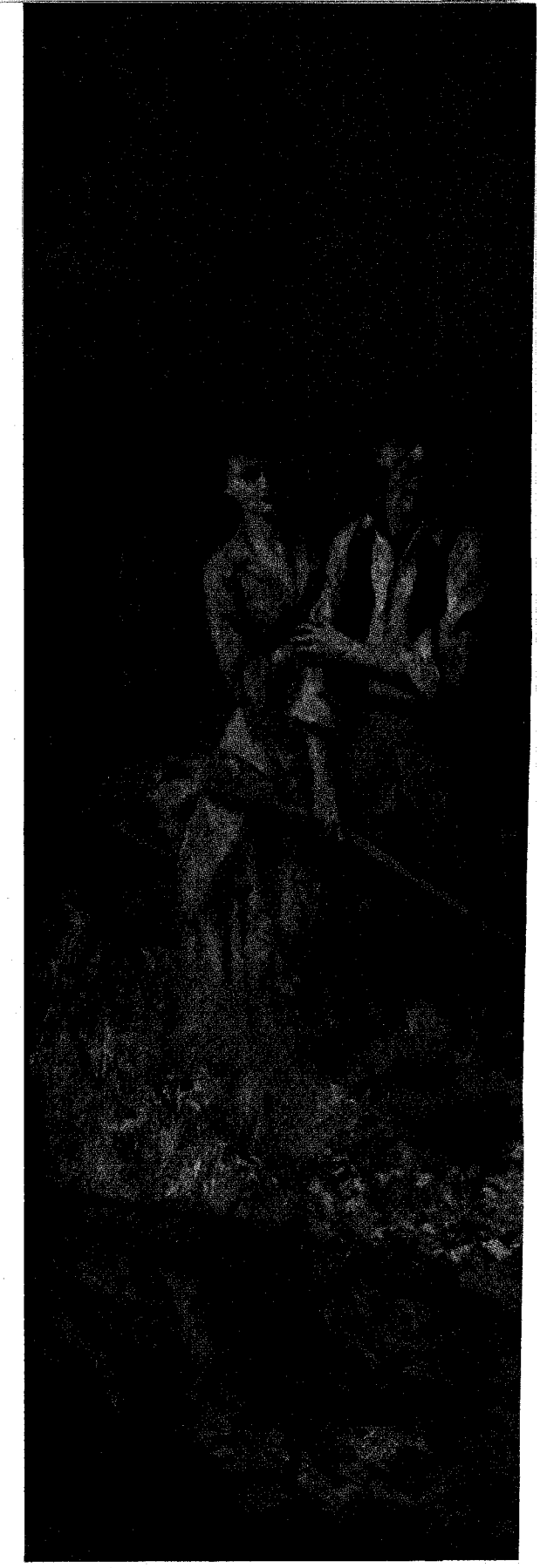
Continued on Page 99

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The boy issued the challenge.
Now he had to fight the man.

Land Quarrel

By BRIAN CLEEVE



Illustrated by Ben Stahl

I loved him first because of his mother. I'm an old man now, and I suppose it sounds pretty foolish for me to be talking about love. It sounded pretty foolish even then, which is why I never talked to anyone about it till now, she being the daughter of Andries van der Huys, and me being what I am still, just a squatter, a bywoner on the van der Huys land. And I was even poorer then than I am now. Not a pair of boots to take me to Nagmaal (the church festival). Not a shilling piece to buy salt or tobacco half the time. Poorer even than the Kaffirs themselves. All I had was a white skin, and a man's heart, and the right to squat and work on a few bare acres that old Andries wanted for nothing else. In return for this right I worked some days of the month for him.

That way I saw her often. Leonie van der Huys. And I loved her. I'd have laid down my heart on the stones to soften them for her foot. Did I say it was a man's heart? I wonder if it really is. Because a man's heart should be all courage, and I had scarcely the courage to look into her eyes, let alone tell her that I loved her, that I worshiped even the least movement of her hand, the sound of her breathing. Although sometimes I'd almost think that she knew. A way she had of looking at me when we might be together for a moment. Not quite smiling, and yet with the hint of a smile behind the cool green eyes. As if there was a little imp of devilment hiding there, looking only for the least excuse to break bounds. And if I'd had courage I'd have given it the excuse. But I was afraid. Of her. Of losing even the friendliness that I had. And above all of her father. I thought of his eyes like cold fire when he was angry. Of his fist that could stun a bullock by hitting it between the eyes. Of his sjambok that could cut through a man's cloth coat like a razor and lay his skin open in raw red welts of blood. And the heart would turn to water in me cold as sweat in the wind. How could she love a bywoner? How could she love me? And so I never told her, and one day she was gone. Down to Capetown to the great world. A year later she was married.

"Never mention her name on this land again," old Andries said to me that morning that we heard the news. And his eyes were like gray stones in his head. He's a big man. The biggest man I've ever seen, and you see giants in our part of the Transvaal. Bigger even than Gerhardus, his son. But that day he looked almost small, and broken. She had married an outlander, a wastrel from Europe with neither name nor money.

I suppose five times in five years letters came from her. Always asking for money. And I think old Andries sent it to her. But it did no good. Her husband must have been like a sponge for money. And then word came that she was dead, and that her one child was on its way to us with a colored nurse girl from the Cape. The father? God knows. Back to where he came from, I suppose.

That was how Lennie came to the farm. And as he grew, I saw his mother in him. He'd turn his head, and I'd see the flash of gold as she turned hers in the sun. Dark red-gold her hair was, like a cap of fire. And he had her way of laughing, soft and deep, like a little fall of water in a hollow cave. Green eyes crinkling at the corners, and a mouth to charm the stars out of the sky. What a pity, such beauty to die like that in the Cape in a dirty room. I didn't like to think of it. And when Lennie would beg me: "Tell me a story of my mother," I'd tell him of when she was little.

"Just like Marijke there," I'd say, because usually Marijke du Toit, the daughter of another bywoner on the farm, would be standing a little way off from us, staring at Lennie, her hands twisted in her rag of a pink skirt.

"Come and sit with us," he'd say to her, as if he were King Solomon inviting the Queen of Sheba to his dinner table. And she'd come and sit, spreading her skirt over her brown, dirty knees, as if it were velvet. Because it wasn't fear or shame of her poverty that kept her standing off from Lennie until he invited her close. Only her sense of what was fitting, and she scarcely ten years old. And there the three of us would sit, myself already growing old and ugly, and the two children, Lennie's head gold as the sun, Marijke's dark as the hidden moon, and her eyes the violet color of the sky at night.

We had a favorite place for sitting. The farmland stretches down a great series of natural terraces, facing east, from the flat ridge top that is the edge of the High Veld, almost

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lennie moved in and struck so quickly that it seemed like a shimmer of the moonlight.

down to the hot green lands of the Low Veld where they grow bananas and pineapples, and a man sweats in his skin at night. And the very topmost land of all the farm is a long, sloping ledge, like a giant step cut out of the mountainside. The back of it is bare rock with a row of shallow caves scooped out of the cliff face by water, long, long ago, where the Bushmen used to live and paint their pictures on the rock. And in front of this cliff face the terrace is maybe half a mile long by a quarter mile broad, looking out over the Low Veld and the blue shadowy hills and forests to the faraway ocean and Delagoa Bay. We would sit there, out of the way of old Andries or Gerhardus finding us, and I would tell Lennie and Marijke about Lennie's mother when she was a child and a young woman and my heart lay silent at her feet. Although of course I didn't mention that.

Their favorite story was about the horse that the Portuguese trader brought for sale one day, and that no one on the farm could ride. Old Andries was too heavy, and everyone else was afraid.

"Even Gerhardus?" Lennie would say with his eyes wide. Gerhardus is his uncle, the son of old Andries' second marriage, and only ten years older than Lennie. But where Lennie is all his mother, like fire and gold, Gerhardus is made out of his father's flesh, like rock and timber. You'd think it was old Andries become young again to see him walking, the shoulders bowed with their own weight, the beard black after a day without shaving, the way Andries used to be when I was a boy. And yet you'd only need to look into his eyes to know that he was a different man. The same strength. Maybe even the same courage. Which was as far as a child like Lennie could see. But inside, quite different. Cold and leaden as a tradesman, where the old man was like a king. All the fire and gold the old man had to give had been given to his daughter. Gerhardus had inherited only the lead and iron. Ride that horse? Maybe, if there had been a gain in it. But for its own sake, as Leonie did? Never.

"Who can tell?" I'd say. "But in those days he was smaller even than you are now."

I could see it still. The wide, yellow plain down by the donga, where the farm grows level. The little dark Portuguese man with his bowed legs (Continued on Page 68)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author (center), with set designer Warren Clymer (left) and associate producer, Robert Hartung, inspects one of the scenes of her recent show, Berkeley Square.

Our Fight Against TV Taboos

The producer of a TV dramatic show tells of her struggle to present "forbidden" subjects despite warnings that culture is box-office poison. Sometimes she wins—and sometimes she loses.

By MILDRED F. ALBERG as told to Stanley Frank

George Bernard Shaw, the theater's most adroit lampooner of hypocrisy, would have been convulsed had he lived six years longer to see the predicament he caused on a Hallmark Hall of Fame telecast celebrating his centennial in 1956. We were presenting his Man and Superman, a comedy dealing with a confirmed bachelor's futile efforts to escape a girl determined to marry him. When the victim suspects he is trapped, he delivers a blistering tirade against the girl's mother.

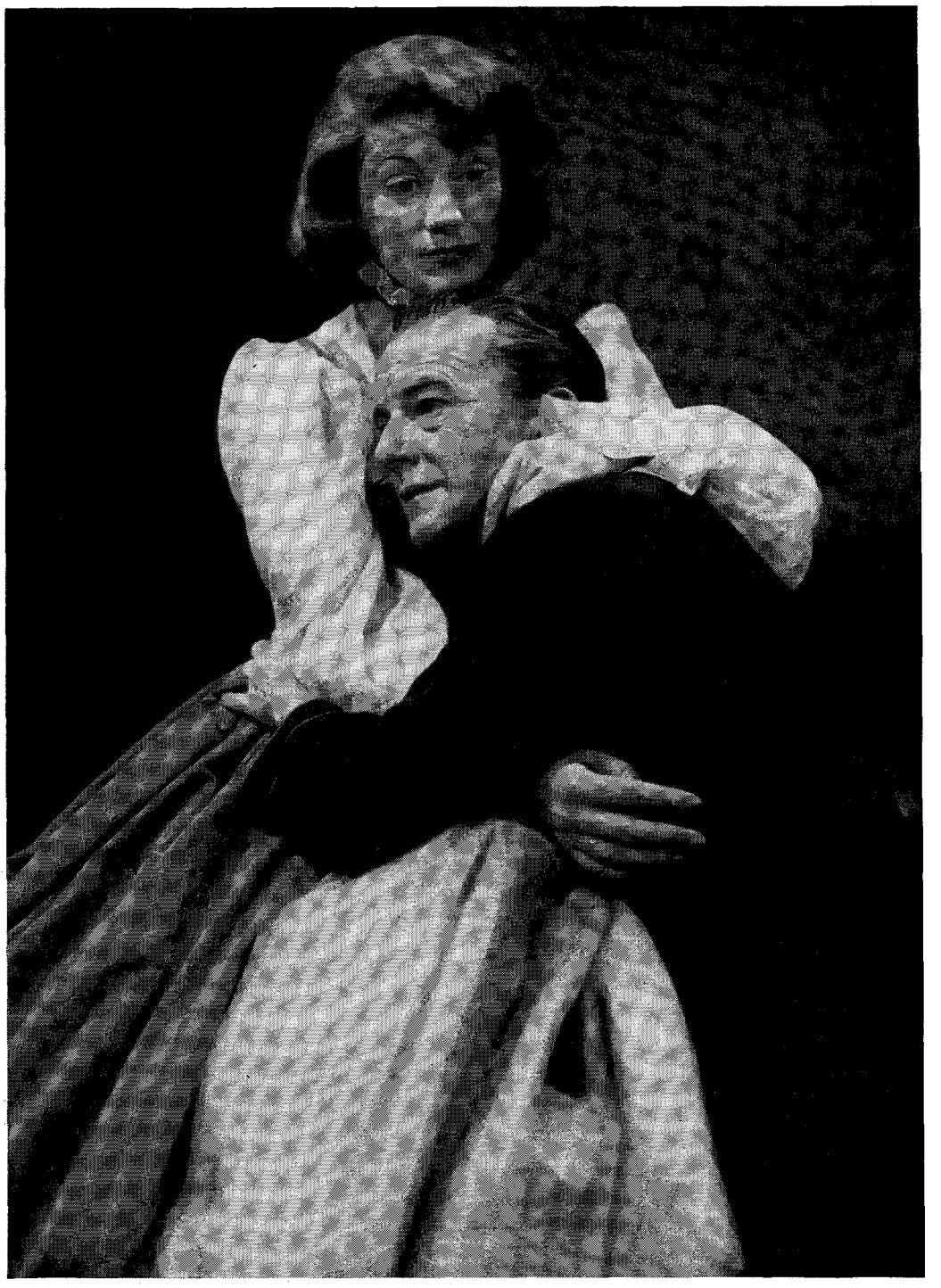
"I protest against this vile abjection of youth to age! Look at fashionable society as you know it. What does it pretend to be? An exquisite dance of nymphs. What is it? A horrible procession of wretched girls, each in the claws of a cynical, cunning, avaricious, disillusioned, ignorantly experienced, foul-minded old woman whom she calls mother, and whose duty it is to corrupt her mind and sell her to the highest bidder."

Well, now, television depicts mom as a monster about as often as it condones treason and adultery. The Hall of Fame is sponsored by the world's largest manufacturer of greeting cards—and Mother's Day is the most important holiday in the business after Christmas and Valentine Day. I had not thought of the commercial implications when, as the executive producer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Born Yesterday, with Mary Martin and Paul Douglas, was a TV version of a smash-hit play. But it outraged viewers and nearly ended the Hall of Fame.

Above: Producer-director George Schaefer (left) with William Warfield (center) and Eddie Anderson, stars of Green Pastures. Despite its "sensitive" themes—race and religion—the production triumphed.



Maurice Evans, here with Sarah Churchill, in the adaptation of Hamlet that was television's first two-hour dramatic program. Mrs. Alberg was told she was "out of her mind" to try such a dose of Shakespeare, but the show was a success.

of the program, I suggested doing Man and Superman. My sole concern was putting on an amusing play, but a phone call from a higher-up in the chain of command reminded me the purpose of the program was to create good will for the sponsor.

"We're afraid of that attack on motherhood at the end of the second act," I was told. "The speech must be cut. Hallmark can't antagonize every mother in the audience."

I was stunned. Nothing like this ever had happened before.

"The speech is a high spot of the play and the climax of the act," I said. "The show will fall apart if it's taken out. Maurice Evans plays the role with such high style the audience will accept the whole thing as a sophisticated spoof on courtship."

"We can't take a chance on that," the man said. "The speech must come out. The sponsor never will give in on this point."

"I can't either. The show must be protected from the justified blasts we'll get with a watered-down version of Shaw."

After a good deal of further argument, the issue was submitted to Joyce C. Hall, president of the company, and John Oakson, director of advertising. Both promptly agreed to keep the passage in the script. Not one outraged complaint was received from the 20,000,000 people who saw the show. The only sensitive target punctured by Shaw's harpoon was television's excuses for banal programs.

Apologists for TV have been maintaining for a decade that culture and controversial themes are box-office poison in a mass medium. This is a thinly disguised switch on the old chestnut that no one ever went broke in show business underestimating the intelligence of the public.

If those clichés were true, the Hall of Fame would have been a quick casualty of TV's fierce mortality six years ago. More than half the shows have been adaptations of Shakespeare, Shaw, and serious modern dramas; yet the program has outlasted some 200 Westerns, situation comedies, quizzes and crime series on the three major networks. We have held firmly to the conviction that there is a large, appreciative audience for entertainment on a higher intellectual level than animated cartoons, and we are not unique in this approach to the dials on 50,000,000 sets. Playhouse 90, Omnibus, the Goodyear Theater and the Du Pont Show of the Month also have discovered that superior shows are good business for the long haul.

Television's maturity still is retarded, however, by pressures that force everyone in the industry to make compromises with artistic standards. The public constantly hears such practices denounced as pandering to commercial expediency (Continued on Page 50)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NESTING INSTINCT

Every girl has it. But to some it comes too late.

By D. K. FINDLAY

The Kuylers lived next door to the Millers. Pete Kuyler dropped in on the Millers after dinner as he usually did.

"Hello, Pete," said Mrs. Miller. "Just in time for coffee."

"Hello, Pete," said Mr. Miller, looking up from his book. "Here's an interesting bit; I'll read it to you."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Miller. Mr. Miller was always reading bits out of books to anyone who would listen.

"Is Winona around?" asked Pete.

"She'll be down in a minute."

Winona came in, eating an apple and reading a book on higher mathematics. "Hello, Pete," she said. She read them a bit from her book—it was a family failing; something about the number of uncompensated errors being equal to the square root of something.

"Pretty neat, eh?"

When it came to brains, Winona sparkled like a crystal.

"How about a movie?" said Pete.

"Thanks, but tonight I wash my hair. Why don't you ask Eva Pullaski?"

"Because I don't want Eva Pullaski."

"She has a very interesting walk." She swayed across the room in the sexy manner of Eva Pullaski, ending with a derisive flip of her *derrière*. "Well, I'm off to the suds."

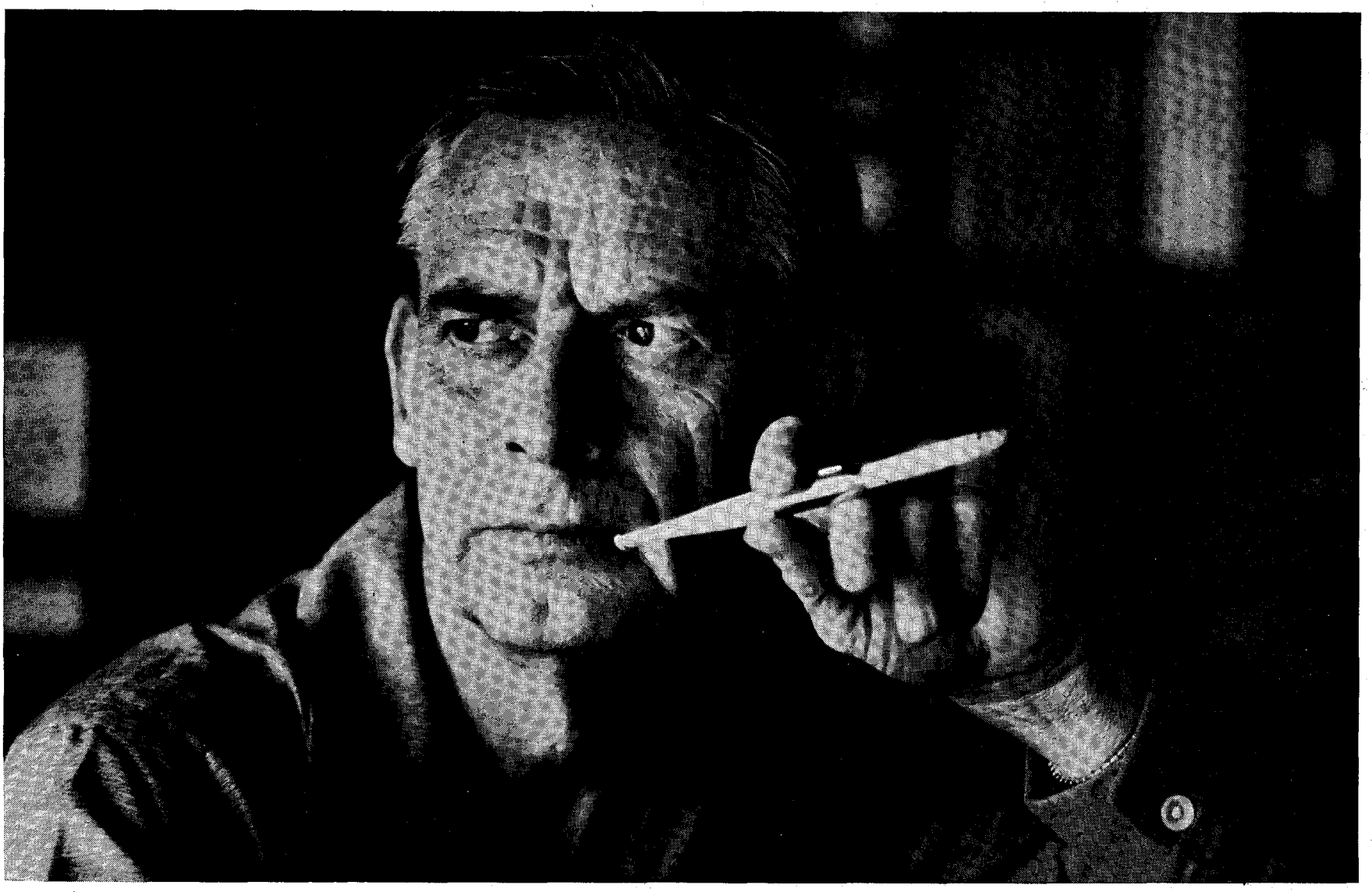
And she went off to wash her hair just as if Pete were calling on her mother and father and not on her. And that was the crux of the problem.

In a world full of curvy girls willing to be led to the altar, Pete persisted in being in love with Winona, a library-type girl with a figure like a beanpole, who had no plans for being led to the altar. To her, Pete was just the boy next door, whom she had known for ages. Besides the said skinny figure, she had a head of wheat-straw gold and a cool pleasant smell like a verbena.

But no yen for the men. What Winona liked was reading difficult books and eating apples. So far, she had not met a man as interesting as a good book, or even a good apple. (Continued on Page 114)

Just at the moment he kissed her, Winona walked in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This is the real Philip Wylie. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5′10½″ tall and weighs 150 pounds. Many of his impersonators bore no resemblance to him at all.

The Rascals Who Impersonate Me

A famous author describes the jams he gets into when impostors woo women or sign checks while using his name.

By PHILIP WYLIE

Among life's most peculiar experiences is the discovery that somebody else, somewhere else, is publicly impersonating you. Fortunately that nerve-racking adventure is rare. For in order to be the subject of imposture one has to be well known enough so that one's name is recognizable, but not so renowned that one's face, speech and mannerisms are familiar.

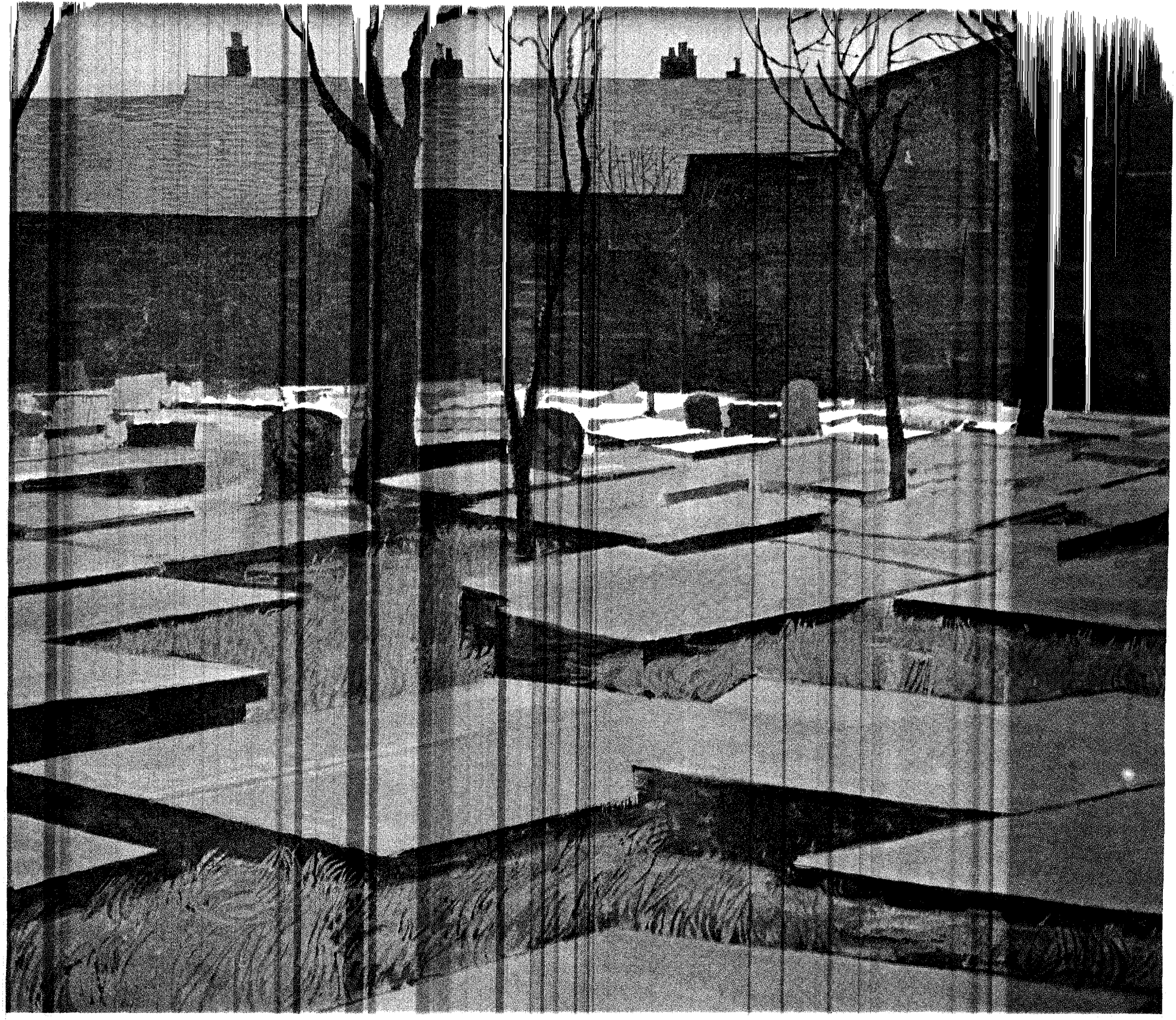
So the ideal subject for an impersonator is a minor celebrity in a major field; moreover, it must be one whose features are sufficiently ordinary so that even persons who may have seen his picture are left with no special impression of him.

I know! In the thirty years during which my books, articles, serials, short stories and movies have been appearing, I've been impersonated—sometimes on the grand scale—more than half a dozen times that I know of.

A good many years ago, in a national magazine, a man confessed that "purely for fun and to while away long train rides," he often introduced himself as somebody else—somebody with a modest national reputation and hence a touch of glamour. Such deceit he held to be harmless. It brightened up the trip for his dupes and in no way damaged either them or (Continued on Page 124)

Frederick Peters, the mild-looking man below, was a chronic impersonator and one of the many phony Philip Wylies. He posed as the author in order to cash bad checks in bookstores.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



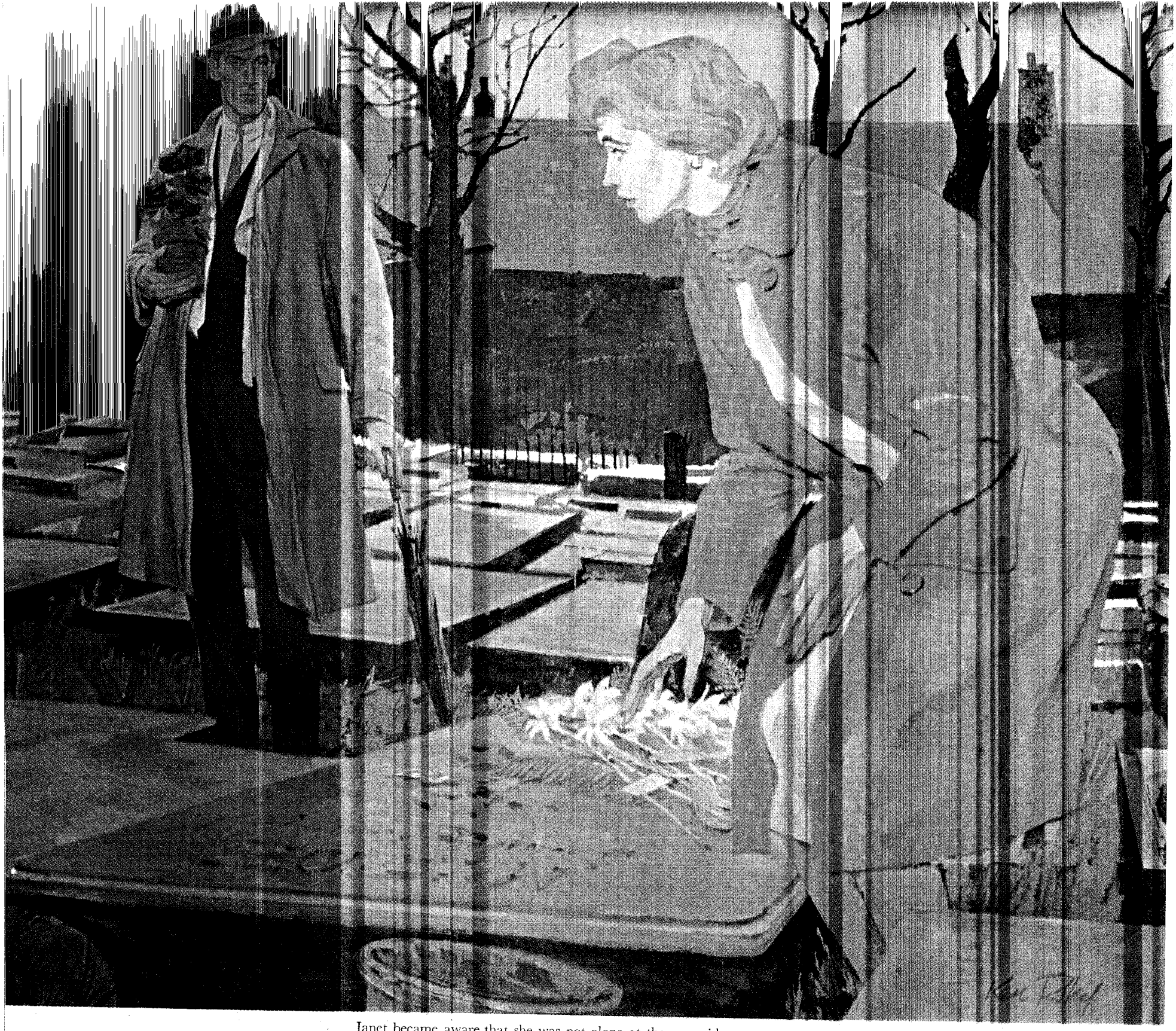
The Mysterious Mourners

Who were these strange visitors who came so unfailingly to an unknown woman's grave?

By ROBERT STANDISH

Illustrated by Ken Riley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Janet became aware that she was not alone at the graveside.

The curtain rises on the study of Nether Wallop Manor, the time-mellowed ancestral home of Gen. Sir Algernon Cumberbatch, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., who at the moment we first meet him is engaged in the delicate task of filing to a hair-trigger fineness the wire catch of a spring mousetrap. This done and demonstrated to his satisfaction, a gleam comes into the general's eye. From a locked drawer he produces a mauve envelope addressed to himself in green ink. The envelope is highly perfumed. Into it he inserts a sheet of paper upon which is drawn a crude and vulgar representation of a human face in profile and an open human hand, the thumb of which rests on the nose.

The next step is more difficult, requiring a steady hand and some delicacy of touch. Adding "Urgent and Personal" to the left-hand top corner of the envelope, he places it lightly over the mousetrap in such a way that anyone moving or touching the envelope will be lucky to emerge from the encounter without bruised fingers. Arranging other papers to hide the mousetrap, the general surveys his handiwork for the last time before leaving the study.

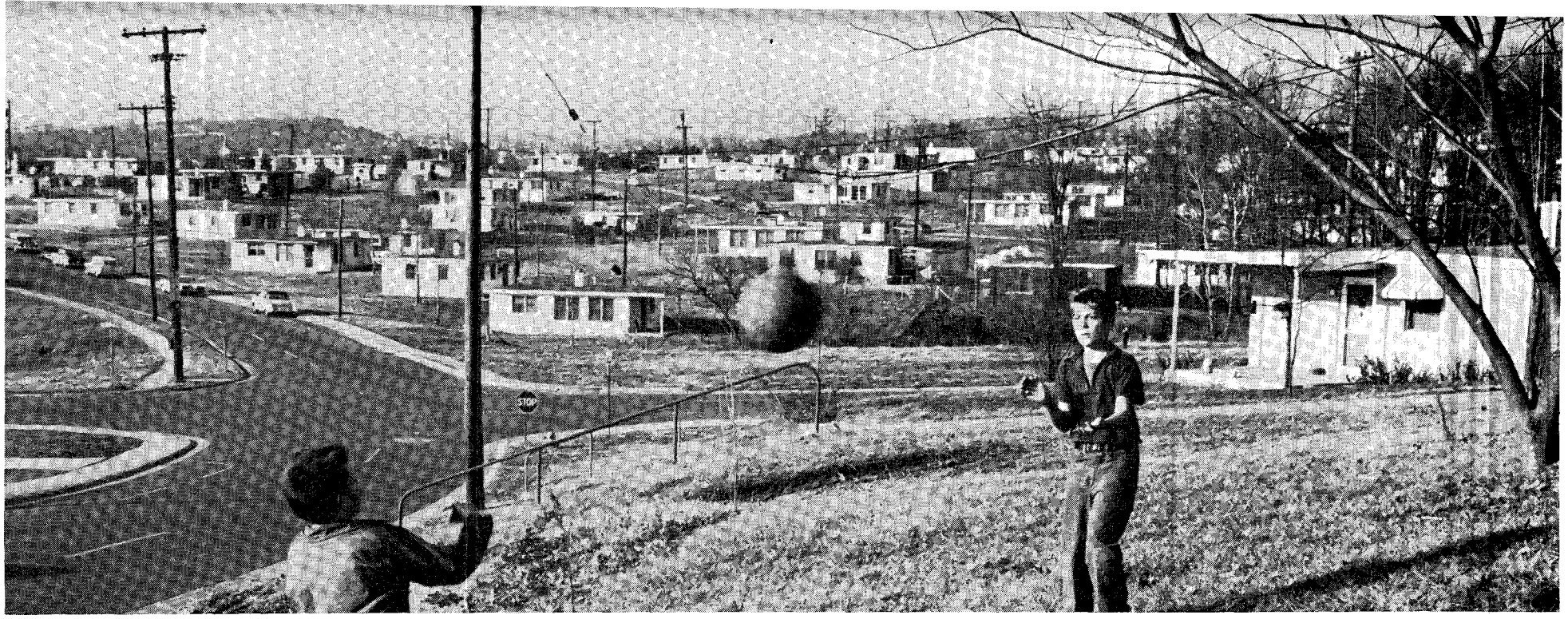
For several years, indeed ever since his retirement almost five years previously, the general had been aware that someone was prying through his private papers. There was, he believed, only one person at Nether Wallop Manor who would dare, but that person, he hoped, would not do so. He was thinking of Lady Cumberbatch, a determined, horse-faced woman who, for over thirty years, had been his loyal helpmeet. The thought was distressing, doubly so because, as he was only too well aware, his private papers contained no dark secrets—indeed, no secrets at all that were not shared by Lady Cumberbatch. There was, therefore, an element of righteous indignation in these bitter musings.

Upstairs in the privacy of her boudoir, Lady Cumberbatch in turn was a prey to ugly misgivings. Open upon her lap was a five-year diary which had been given to her by her husband at Christmas five years previously. Today was Sunday, and the date was July twenty-seventh. The diary revealed that on July twenty-eighth in each of the preceding four years the general, who detested London and went there as seldom as possible, had gone—yes, to London.

Why? Lady Cumberbatch did not know. Would he go to London on the following day and, if so, what attitude should she take? The answers to these questions obsessed her to the exclusion of everything else.

Dinner that evening was too pregnant with unsaid things to be anything but gloomy. Lady Cumberbatch was nursing a sore index finger—to say nothing of a sense of shame at her own curiosity. (Continued on Page 80)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"No-frill" housing in Oak Ridge: Most residents are now homeowners. Some have spent heavily on remodeling to alleviate the drabness of their Government-built houses.

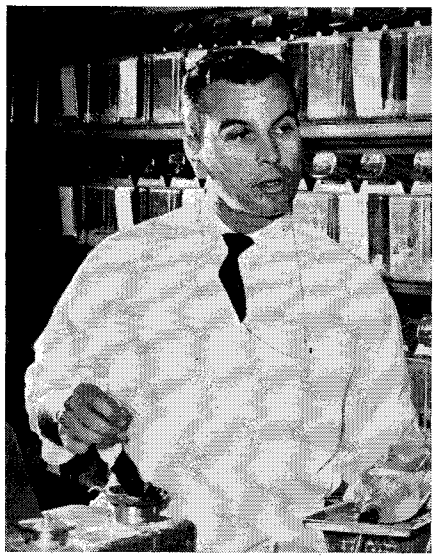
The Atom Town Wants to be Free

Ever since Oak Ridge, Tennessee, was founded, the Government has made the rules and footed the bills. Now the inhabitants want to run things themselves. But they're not sure they're willing to pay the price.

By JOHN BIRD

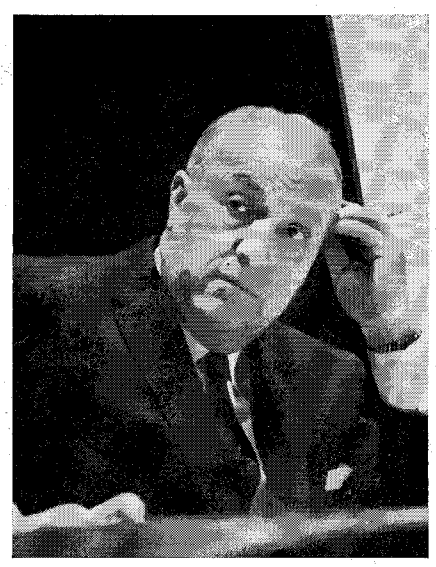
"We can't think of a better place to live," says biologist Ted Odell, below in the home he built in the choice "ridge section." But like many Oak Ridgers, he wants local rule.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dr. James Kile (above) raises mice for use in laboratories. His "mouse factory" is one of the area's few private industries.

Dot DeCamp, columnist for the local newspaper. She scored author John Keats for calling Oak Ridge a "Federally built slum."



Oak Ridge's "mayor," A. K. Bissell. He heads the Advisory Town Council which is laying the groundwork for home rule.

Nuclear scientist Ralph Overman plays the organ for a service at the First Baptist Church. He is a Ph.D. in a town full of them.

This new shopping center, built with private—not Government—funds, was lured to Oak Ridge by the $110,000,000 annual payroll. Called Downtown, it sits out in a still-open section.

If Oak Ridge wins its freedom, one of the prizes will be this $3,500,000 high school, built by Federal taxpayers. At present, the AEC foots its bill.

One thing can be said for sure about Oak Ridge, Tennessee, the atom town: There never will be another quite like it. Fathered in darkest secrecy by the Army Engineers' Manhattan District during World War II for the sole purpose of producing enough uranium-235 for a few atomic bombs, and reared in peacetime like a marsupial offspring in the warm, bureaucratic pouch of the Atomic Energy Commission, this community of 28,500 people is bound to have certain quirks.

And now that Oak Ridge is celebrating its sixteenth birthday it finds itself—like most adolescents—in a transition that sharply accents its peculiarities. Specifically, the AEC is attempting to convert the community from a Government-owned-and-operated project into a citizen-owned-and-governed city. A significant step in this process may come in May when, according to a still-tentative timetable, the people of Oak Ridge will vote in a referendum to determine whether or not their long-sheltered community is to become a chartered, self-ruled municipality. After their experience as dwellers in a miniature welfare state, most Oak Ridgers are eager for independence, but some can't help wondering if they are entirely ready for it.

The town itself has an odd shape. It sprawls seven miles along the sides of a beautiful little valley in East Tennessee; in fact, you could drive right through it on the Oak Ridge Turnpike and never be sure you were within the city limits. There are plenty of places to park, no meters, and the citizens swear they never have traffic jams. The fabulous K plants, where U-235 now is produced, and the great Oak Ridge National Laboratory, center of nuclear research, are nowhere to be seen—they are eleven and nine miles, respectively, down the road in little valleys of their own behind high fences. The most visible signs of the Oak Ridge atomic complex are massive power lines that march across the landscape. The "works" consume 18,000,000,000 kilowatts of electricity per year—20 per cent more than New York City.

The typical Oak Ridger isn't exactly what you would call an average American either. He is younger, better educated, more casually dressed, has more children and is more intensely devoted to art, music, modern literature and other outcroppings of culture. He is a prodigious hobbyist and joiner. I counted a list of 187 Oak Ridge associations and clubs—everything from a Coon Hunters Club to a Childbirth Education Association. The Oak Ridge Symphony Orchestra has seventy-five members, about half of them scientists and the rest housewives and students. Nearly all heads of families in the community work directly for the Atomic Energy Commission or for the Union Carbide Nuclear Company, which holds a contract from the AEC for operation of the atomic plants and laboratory.

"We're all in the same boat," I was told. "Middle class." The average pay of Oak Ridge personnel is $550 a month; only 447 of the people employed by the AEC or its contractor make more than $1000 a month, and the top Government job pays $20,000 a year.

Because of the prevalence of Ph.D.'s, some visitors to Oak Ridge play it safe and address as "doctor" everyone they meet. They have a point—the calliope player at the local playground circus last summer was a genuine twenty-four-carat Ph.D.—Ralph T. Overman, who heads the special-training division of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies. The actual ratio of scientists and engineers to all employees is about one in seven. If you do "doctor" a Ph.D., the chances are he will suggest that you call him Joe or Al or whatever his first name happens to be. A reflection of this light touch is the diploma granted students who complete the institute's basic course in techniques of using radioisotopes; it confers the degree Dabbler in Radio Isotope Procedure—in short, DRIP.

The unique Oak Ridge pattern creates some commercial problems. When Lovemans, Incorporated, a (Continued on Page 118)

Photographs by Bill Shrout

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RUSSIANS GO FOR BROKE

By DEMAREE BESS

A Post editor reports on the Soviet's Seven-Year Master Plan, an all-out program for an economic build-up that surpasses anything in their history.

One of Winston Churchill's liveliest phrases has encouraged a persistent misconception about Soviet Russia. When he described Russia as "an enigma wrapped in a riddle enclosed in a mystery," Churchill implied that Soviet leaders are more secretive about their intentions than other power politicians. Actually, the men in Moscow telegraph their punches more often than not. They are particularly frank about their long-range objectives.

The latest example of Soviet self-revelation is the Seven-Year Master Plan which was unveiled in Moscow last November. Since then the Russian press has published additional details almost daily, leading up to the presentation of the plan to the January, 1959, Communist Party Congress. This Soviet blueprint, covering the years 1959 through 1965, draws a sharper picture of Russian intentions for the future than any American official document could possibly give of our long-range objectives. Whereas the United States Government does not have the power to dictate the shape of our national economy for a single day, the totalitarian government of Russia has made national planning the heart of its system since 1928, when the Communists launched the first Five-Year Plan. It is agreed that Americans would be in a sounder position regarding Russia today if we had paid more heed to Moscow's previous master plans, which proved to be accurate expressions of Russian goals.

All clues to future Russian behavior are especially helpful to us during the present acute Soviet-United States tension. That is why some of Washington's leading policy makers believe that Moscow's massive blueprints, so essential to the Communist system, should have more bearing upon American foreign policy than the Sputniks, the Formosa Strait battle or the Berlin tug of war. They consider it unfortunate that in some quarters the Seven-Year Plan has been shrugged off as just another Soviet propaganda stunt.

The fact is, the plan has confirmed the assumption on which official United States policy toward Russia now is based: That Soviet strategy during the next seven years does not contemplate all-out war. Rather, the Russians are placing their main bets on a massive build-up of economic strength—industrial and agricultural—within the Soviet bloc itself on a scale never attempted before. This is the positive side of the Soviet strategy, and it has little to do with "economic warfare" as we previously have defined it—the aiding of allies and crippling of enemies by economic means.

The negative side of the Russian grand strategy isn't so clearly laid out in a blueprint for all the world to see, but we can guess what it is—simply a continuation of the time-proved program of keeping the West distracted, off balance and engaged in extinguishing expensive political brush fires around the uneasy world. In its simplest terms this is part of the Communist

(Continued on Page 94)

January, 1959: Premier Khrushchev at the 21st Communist Party Congress in Moscow, where he presented the Soviet's plan to match the West's production by 1965.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the roadblock the state trooper shone his flashlight into the car.

Ride With Death

Hidden in the back seat was a killer, ready to shoot at any hint of betrayal.

By DON MURRAY

Bert Coombs felt naked in the lonely telephone booth beside the highway. Four floodlights stood around an abrupt turnoff, and the booth was unshadowed, like a center fielder during a night ball game. Coombs looked anxiously about him as he listened to the electronic whirrings and cracklings racing to wake his wife a hundred miles away.

Underneath the lights he could see each blade of grass; even a salesman's eye could make out the dim tracks of a small animal on a nocturnal hunt. Studying the faint trail in the grass he imagined the animal which made them and its kill-or-be-killed world so different from his, where food was neatly packaged for the freezer, roads were patrolled by police and religion taught, "Thou shalt not kill." Coombs' eyes followed the pawprints to the edge of the light. Beyond that he could see nothing but the dark shapes of woods, which became to the starer whatever he feared the most.

Coombs was a big man gone soft. He filled the booth, and he couldn't help but touch the damp, cold aluminum. Still, he tried not to, and kept yanking his hands nervously away from the unpleasant, clammy feeling. He felt trapped, a prisoner of light.

Suddenly the sky lighted up 300 yards to his left, and he whirled around, banging his elbow against the phone and cursing. A pair of headlights shot over the bridge of the hill and swung down on him. The black shape following the bright lights seemed diabolical. The trailer truck grew larger as it raced toward him. He couldn't pull his eyes away as it thundered at him, then past, shaking the booth. The driver switched gears; the truck coughed nastily, and then it was gone, pounding away into the black. As it disappeared Coombs knew a surprising, aching sense of loss; he was alone.

As this feeling of loneliness swept over him like a cold Maine wave, he turned to look at his station wagon. He had stupidly parked it so it was half in shadow. "I'd better go move it," he muttered to himself, "get it right near me under the lights."

Then his wife's voice filled the phone booth, wondering, worried, demanding an answer. "Hello. Hello. Who is it?"

"It's me, honey. I'm all right. I just wanted to let you know I won't be home for a while."

"What's wrong? What's the matter? What time is it?" Her (Continued on Page 104)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Credo of a Storyteller

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

It is natural for men to tell tales, and I suppose the short story was created in the night of time when the hunter, to beguile the leisure of his fellows when they had eaten and drunk their fill, narrated by the cavern fire some fantastic incident he had heard of. But I suggest that it was not till the nineteenth century that the short story acquired a currency that made it an important feature of literary production. Of course, short stories had been written before and widely read—there were the religious stories of Greek origin, there were the edifying narratives of the Middle Ages, and there were the immortal stories of The Thousand and One Nights. Throughout the Renaissance, in Italy and Spain, in France and England, there was a great vogue for brief tales. The Decameron of Boccaccio and the Exemplary Novels of Cervantes are its imperishable monuments.

But with the rise of the novel the vogue dwindled. The booksellers would no longer pay good money for a collection of short stories, and the authors came to look askance on a form of fiction that brought them neither profit nor renown. When, from time to time, conceiving a theme that they could adequately treat at no great length, they wrote a short story, they did not quite know what to do with it; and so, unwilling to waste it, they inserted it sometimes, one must admit, very clumsily into the body of their novels.

But at the beginning of the nineteenth century a new form of publication was put before the reading public which soon acquired an immense popularity. This was the annual. It seems to have originated in Germany. It was a miscellany of prose and verse, and in its native land provided its readers with substantial fare, for we are told that Schiller's Maid of Orleans and Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea first appeared in periodicals of this nature. But when their success led English publishers to imitate them, they relied chiefly on short stories to attract a sufficiency of readers to make the undertaking profitable.

It is fitting now that I should tell the reader something about literary composition of which, so far as I know, the critics, whose duty it doubtless is to guide and instruct him, have neglected to apprise him. The writer has in him the urge to create, but he has, besides, the desire to place before the

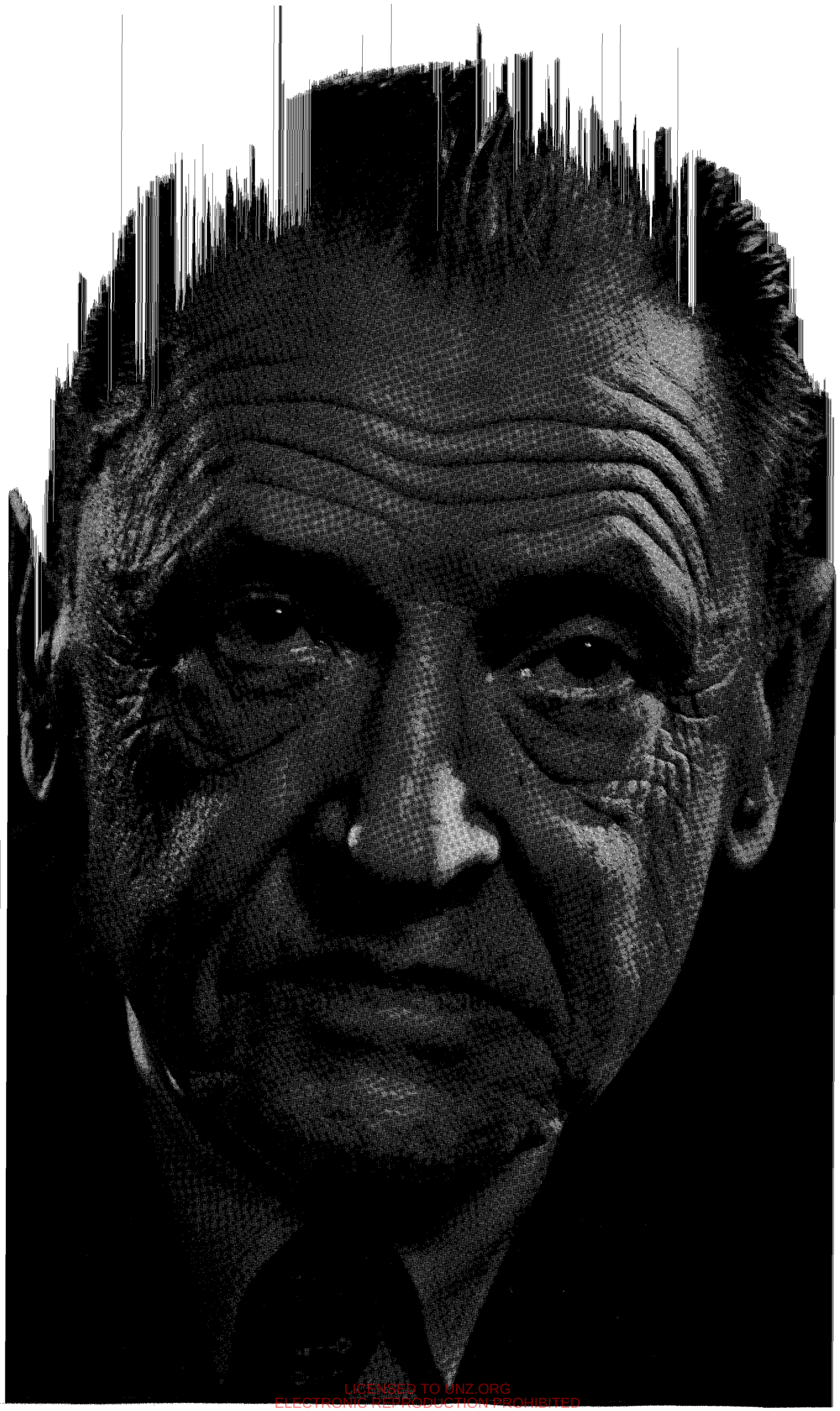
© 1958 by William Somerset Maugham

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

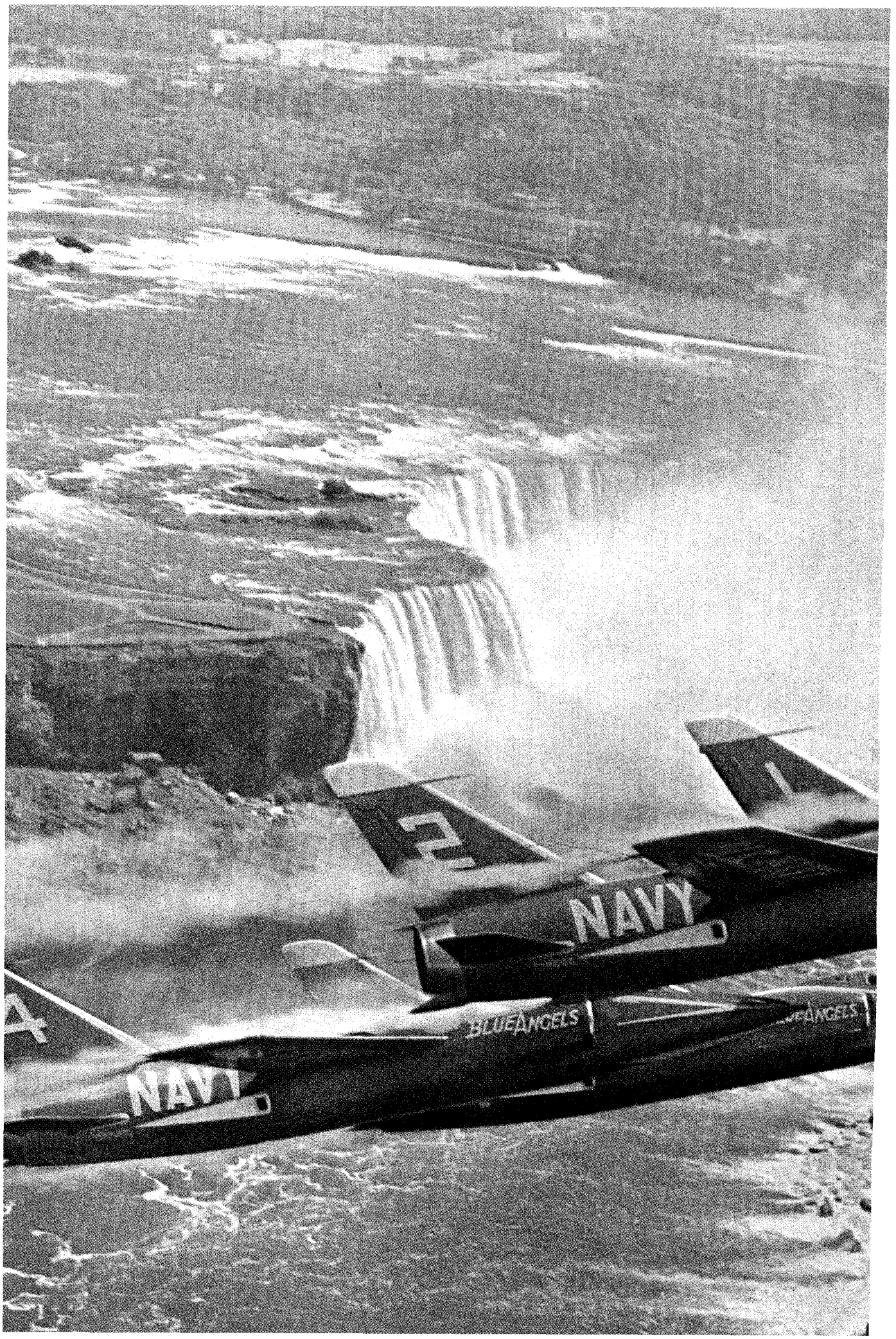
About the Author

At the age of eighty-five William Somerset Maugham, one of the most entertaining and prolific writers in contemporary literature, has announced that with the completion of his current work, called Points of View, a volume of essays to be published this spring by Doubleday and Company, he will write no more. The article which begins on this page is an excerpt from that final work. Photograph by Karsh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



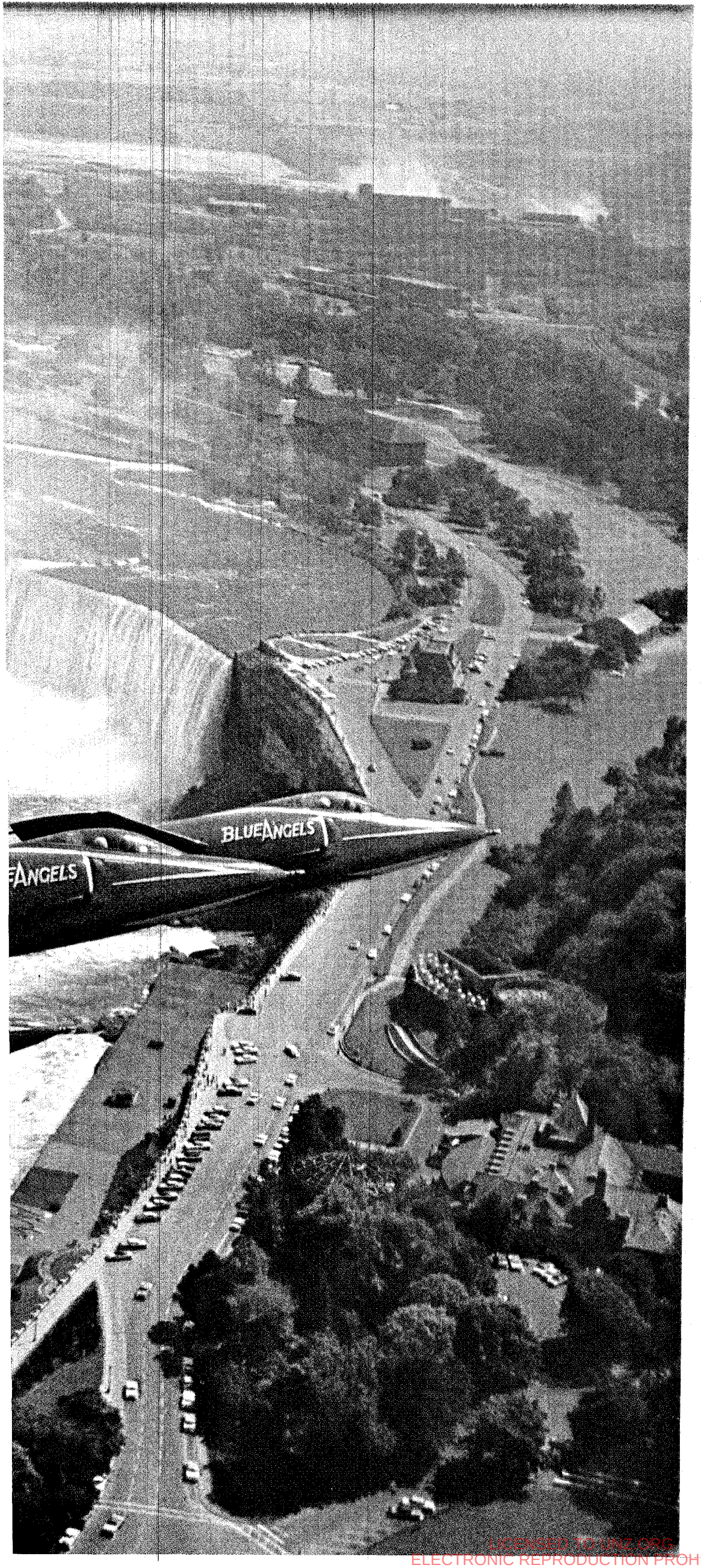
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Swift and Close



The four jet fighters in tight formation at left are called the Blue Angels. Here, 1000 feet over Horseshoe Falls, which is on the Canadian side of the Niagara, they are giving one of the sixty or so breath-taking performances they put on each year. At the moment this picture was taken, they were streaking along under tight rein at 500 miles an hour, with less than five feet separating their wing tips. The colored streams of fuel trailing behind them are to help the spectators below follow their acrobatics. The first Blue Angels showed their stuff thirteen years ago at a pace considerably below the 400-plus miles per hour limit of the relatively slow propeller-driven F6F Hellcat. Today, in these supersonic Grumman F11F-1 Tigers, the team executes its maneuvers at a speed just three times as fast. ● Photograph by Harry Burns from a Cougar jet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This aerial photograph shows the troop-carrying gliders after they crash-landed with three British platoons near their objective, the vital Caen Canal bridge (lower left).

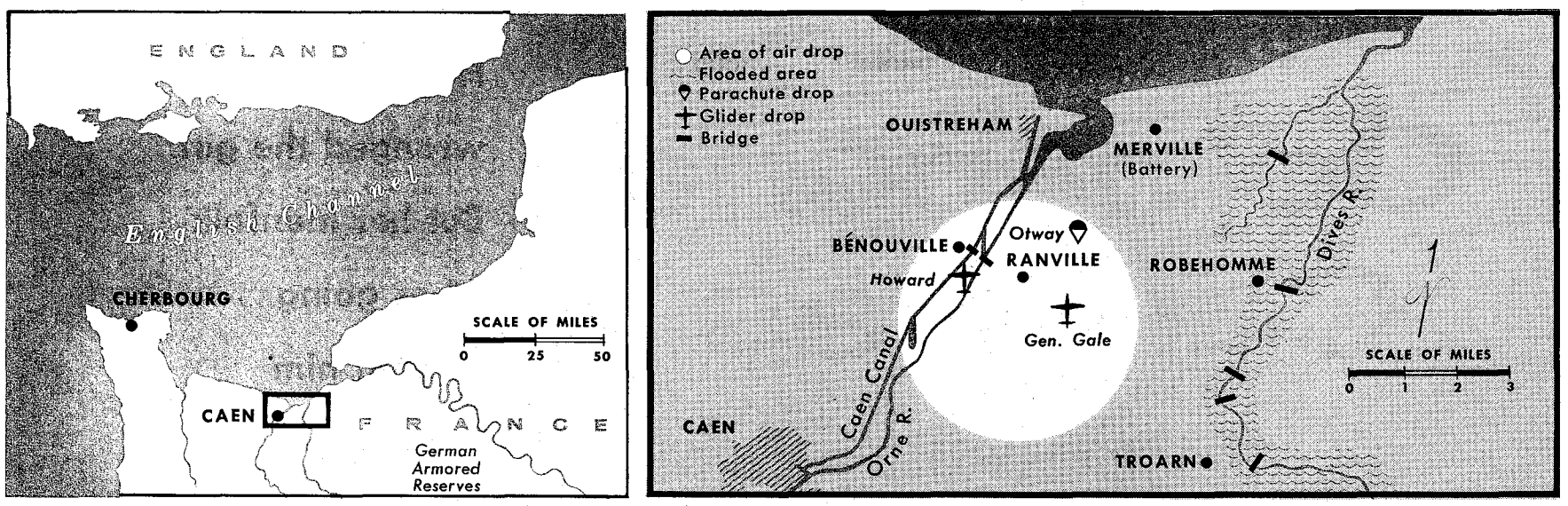
Below: A jeepload of wounded crossing the captured Caen Canal bridge. In the background at right is one of the gliders with which Howard's men surprised the Germans.

D DAY PART TWO

By DAVID HOWARTH

The British Air Drop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The invading force's east flank (boxed area in map at left) was assigned to the British air-borne units. By seizing bridges across the Caen Canal and the Orne and Dives rivers (detail at right), the British hoped to prevent German armored reserves from reaching the beaches.

Lt. Col. Terence Otway. He led the paratroopers who paid a bloody price to silence the battery at Merville.

Maj. John Howard. His Caen-bridge troops were probably the first invaders in action on the soil of France.

Maj. Gen. Richard Gale. As head of the British airborne operation, he landed with the main glider force.

In the crucial predawn hours, British parachute and glider forces fought a desperate and costly action in the German rear. This is what it was like, according to the survivors.

At twenty minutes past midnight in the dark, cloudy sky above Normandy, the first of the parachutists jumped and the first of the glider pilots cast off from their tugs to drift down in silence on the wind.

Their target for D Day was the eastern end of the invasion shore and its three waterways—the Caen Canal, which runs from the sea to the city eight miles inland; the Orne River, which is close to the canal; and then, five miles farther east, the Dives River. On this fateful day, June 6, 1944, the main German armored reserves were in the area east of Caen. The role of the British 6th Airborne Division was to drop in the five-mile strip between the two rivers and protect the sea-borne forces against armored counterattack while they were landing. This task called for speed and good timing. Before dawn on June sixth the division had to win a territory of twenty-five square miles and be ready to fight off German tanks. Its antitank guns were carried in gliders, but nobody before had ever attempted an accurate landing in enemy country of large numbers of gliders in the dark. Nevertheless, under Maj. Gen. Richard Gale, the division evolved a plan which looked promising. The keys to it were seven small bridges—five over the Dives River, one over the Orne and one over the canal.

The Germans had flooded the valley of the Dives as part of their scheme of defense, creating a marsh from half a mile to four miles wide. No doubt they assumed that control of the river bridges would be in their hands, but Gale decided to destroy the bridges by surprise attacks and so turn the barrier of the marshes to his own account. With these five bridges down, German armor could not attack from the east and Gale could concentrate his antitank defenses to the south.

The Orne and the Caen Canal, on the other hand, lay between his own landing zones and the British beaches from which he would ultimately be reinforced. Therefore, the Orne and canal bridges had to be captured intact.

When the division's plan was completed, the main events of the night appeared as follows:

(Continued on Page 88)

© 1959 by David Howarth

David Howarth's D DAY will be published in book form next week by McGraw-Hill Book Company.—THE EDITORS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comanche Captives

He hadn't really wronged the girl. But her menfolk were going to beat him anyway.

By WILL COOK

I set the price, colonel," McCabe said. "You either meet it or not."

For each prisoner he could rescue from the Comanches, McCabe demanded one thousand dollars. McCabe, a sharp-dealing sheriff, held the aces: he was the only man who could deal with the savage tribe and come back alive. The price was high, but Colonel Frazer had to agree to it. For outside his fort was a camp of restless civilians. All of them had relatives who had been carried off by the Indians, and the colonel was under strong pressure from Washington to help them.

Colonel Frazer was close to retirement—as a brigadier, he hoped—and was determined to give Washington no cause to squelch that hope. Thus, to make doubly sure McCabe performed according to their terms, he ordered Lt. Jim Gary to ride with the sheriff into Comanche country.

"I can get you a promotion," the colonel promised Gary, "if you make McCabe complete this assignment without trouble."

II

Later Gary left the colonel's quarters and walked across the dark parade to the water gate. He stood there for a time watching the fires from the civilian camp, and then on impulse he walked over.

A woman sat before the fire, shelling peas. She looked up as Gary stopped, then said, "The men are gone. There's a meeting at Wringle's fire."

"I know about that," Gary said. He started to turn to move on, then decided not to and stood there, watching the peas drop into a pan on her lap.

"There's some coffee left if you want some. The cups are in that chest over there." She pointed and Gary helped himself, conscious of her inspection. He placed her age as early twenties, but he wasn't sure about this, for hard work and sun had darkened her skin and brought small wrinkles to the corners of her eyes.

"Your husband at the meeting?" he asked.

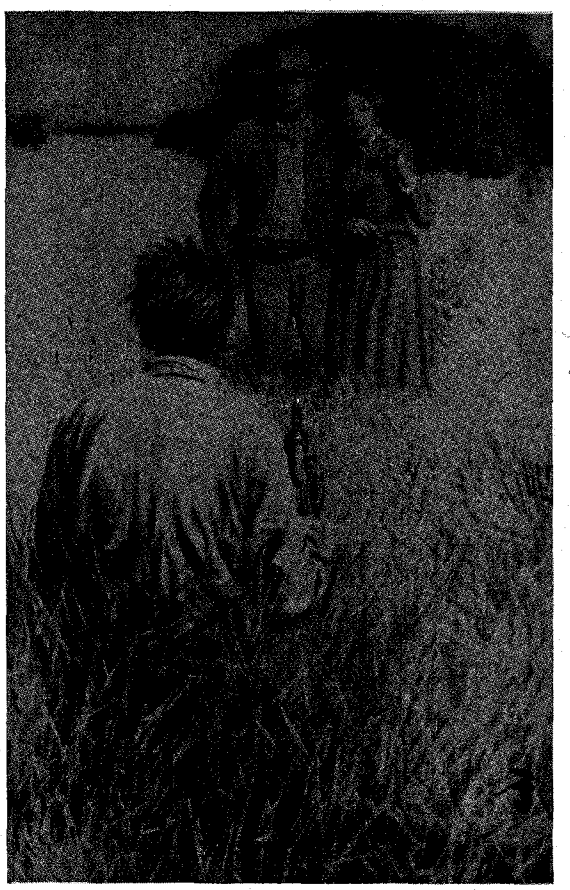
"My father and brother," she said. "Sit down if you want. I'm Jane Donovan." She squinted at his shoulder boxes; the fire did not give off much light. "You're an officer?"

"Lieutenant Gary. I'll be going with you if McCabe goes."

"A lot depends on this man, doesn't it?"

"He knows the country, and Iron Hand. Not many white men does he call friend." He sat down on the wooden box and cradled the tin cup between his hands. He could see her face better now, oval, framed in dark hair. She had a long, straight nose and nice eyes, appraising, frank; he did not resent her open study of him nor was he made nervous by it.

"You brought this man to us, didn't you? McCabe, I mean."



"What's the matter?" she asked, then gasped as a man reared up from the knee-high grass.

"Yes," Gary said.

"We're in your debt," Jane Donovan said. She put down the pan of peas. "It's my brother we seek. He was two when we lost him, nearly ten years ago. If he'd been killed instead of taken, I guess we could have accepted it. But it was my job to care for him, and when the Indians came I ran and hid."

"How old were you—ten?"

"Eleven," she said. "I shouldn't have run. It's not a nice thing to live with, to know that it's your fault, a thing like this happening."

"And if you hadn't run," Gary said, "you'd be some buck's wife now, with a couple of half-breed kids."

"That would have still been better than this," Jane Donovan said.

"You don't know," Gary told her. "I've been in the villages and I've seen captives, dozens of them. The women would rather be dead than go back. Do you know what it would be like, pointed to, talked about, singled out, blamed for something you couldn't help?" He shook his head. "Be glad you ran and hid."

He turned his head as two men came out of the gloom and stepped up to the fire. Both were tall, bearded, and the older of the two stared at Jim Gary.

"You from the Army? I don't want soldiers around here."

"This is Lieutenant Gary, pa," Jane Donovan said. . . . "My pa, Sean Donovan . . . and my brother, Liam."

Then Sean Donovan spoke. "This fella McCabe is taking us south. Leave day after tomorrow."

"Lieutenant Gary is going also," Jane said.

Her father and brother looked intently at him. "Was my understanding," Sean Donovan said, "that the Army couldn't go into Comanche territory without stirring up a ruckus."

"I won't be in uniform," Gary said. He stood up. "I'd better say good night."

"No need to," Donovan said. "I didn't mean to sound unfriendly, but with a single woman ——" He let the rest drop. "Sit down, unless you're in a hurry." He put his hand on Gary's shoulder and pressed him back. "Fine fella, McCabe, giving his time like that for folks he don't even know. There ought to be some way to pay a man back for his trouble."

"Didn't you talk about that?" Gary asked.

"It never came out in the talk," Donovan said. . . . "Did it, Liam?"

"Nope."

"It's a good feeling the way folks will help a man when he's got troubles." Donovan shook his head sadly. "A man's dreams and hopes are pretty fragile, Gary; they get smashed all-fired easy. We sold out in Iowa ten years ago and bought land here. After the tad was taken, we never went on—never saw that land again. Had to sell it. Had to buy again in Iowa too. That's enough right there to break a man, Gary. And on top of it, she's got to grieve." He reached out and put his hand on Jane's head. "I've been telling her every day that it wasn't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gary put up his fight, but it was not enough.

really her fault, but I guess that don't do any good when you feel different inside."

Gary watched her carefully, observing the sudden tightness of the lips. Suddenly she pulled from beneath her father's hand and walked rapidly to the nearby trees.

Sean Donovan's expression was one of hurt. "Wish she wouldn't do that. Running away from a thing don't solve it."

"You went back to Iowa," Gary said.

"That's different," Donovan said.

"I suppose it is," Gary said, getting up again. He thought about going over to the trees and speaking to Jane Donovan; then decided not to. Cutting away from the fire, he walked toward the wagon park, stopping at another camp.

For nearly two hours he moved about, listening to the talk, hearing the same thing over and over again, about how much they had lost and why they had turned back instead of going on. He was touched by their talk and irritated at the same time, for they were all defeated a long time ago, and had lived with it for years; there wasn't a teaspoon of hope in the lot of them.

Finally he left the camp and went back to the post, going to Guthrie McCabe's room. The tall Texan was stretched out on his bed, patiently cleaning the grit from the bore of his pistol. He turned his head when Gary knocked, then motioned toward the chair.

"Been out to the grove, huh?"

"Yes," Gary said. "I'm going with you, Guthrie."

"Good. I can use the company."

"Donovan thinks you're the patron saint. A lot of them think that way." Gary dropped his hat to the floor and crossed his legs. "I wonder if they'd feel the same way if they knew you'd put a price tag on the deal. Why didn't you say anything about that, Guthrie?"

"You ever trade horses?"

"Sure."

"Then you ought to know that price is the last thing you talk about." He swung his feet to the floor and reassembled his revolver, then loaded it and slipped it into his holster, which hung on a wall peg. "Jim, after I look around a bit and turn up someone, then I'll talk about price." He looked squarely at Jim Gary. "The old man send you along to keep tabs on me?"

"He didn't say that exactly."

Guthrie McCabe laughed. "Don't play poker, Jim. You're a poor liar." He took out some sack tobacco, rolled a cigarette and passed the makings over to Jim Gary. "I wish you wouldn't be such a do-gooder. It makes me nervous." He accepted a light, then leaned back against the wall. "What did you think of the pack living at the grove, Jim?"

"They're good people."

"They're rubbish," McCabe said flatly. "Cowards, quitters, failures. Something tough happens to them and they fold in the middle."

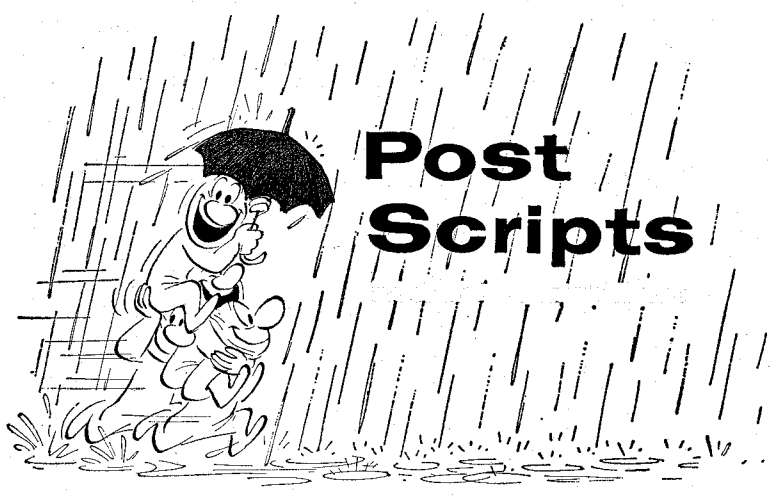
"A pretty harsh judgment for such short notice," Gary said.

"I'm right and you know it. The trouble with you, Jim, is that you try to do everyone a favor. One of these days, when the cards are down and the bets are made, you'll find out that the only one worth looking after is yourself. To hell with the other guy."

"McCabe, you're honest about it, I'll say that much." (Continued on Page 73)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Post Scripts

Pal of My High-School Days

I'll never forget old what's-his-name!
He was a buddy of mine.
He graduated in 'Twenty-eight . . .
Or was it 'Twenty-nine?

He was going with whatcha-call-her then,
The gal with the limousine,
Whose father invented the thingamajig
That made such a wad of green.

But what's-his-name didn't marry her.
It was Betty something-or-other,
That stringy blonde with the awful laugh.
No, wait . . . she married his brother.

I saw them . . . I think it was 'Forty-two,
If it wasn't before or since.
But I'll never forget old what's-his-name.
Golly, he was a prince!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I Should've Known Better Than To've Got You Started!

"Well, that's true of a lot of cities, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. Cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Kansas City . . ."

"I don't think that schools go in for this memorizing business as much as they used to. I can remember how I had to memorize—oh, for one thing, Mark Antony's speech and ——"

"I had to learn Mark Antony's speech. You know, 'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones. So let it be with . . .'"

"Boy, that sure is a big star right above that telephone pole there, isn't it?"

"Know what that is? That's Jupiter, which has a diameter of 88,000 miles and is a mean distance of 483,000,000 miles from the sun. It revolves around the sun once every 11.86 years and has a mean daily motion of 0.083 degrees. Its orbital velocity is 8.1 miles per second, and its surface gravity is 2.65. The inclination of its equator to its orbit is . . ."

"That's pretty good, to be able to remember Mark Antony's speech so well after all these years."

"Thanks! Another thing we had to learn was Sir Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake. You know, 'The stag at eve had drunk his fill, Where danced the moon on Monan's rill, And deep his midnight lair had made, In lone Glenartney's hazel shade. But, when the sun his beacon red, Had kindled on . . .'"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Movie Criticism on the Local Scene

Porch lights swept the evening sky above Maple Street last night, heralding the preview of the newest Alfred Wilcox production, Our Week at Lizard Lake. "Actually," says Phillip Quincy, one of a gala crowd of six, "it was more a sneak preview. We were asked over for some canasta. But before we knew it the lights were out."

The film received varied critical reaction. "Stark realism," said reviewer Irma Fender. "Especially in the boat scene, where you can see every line in poor Henrietta Wilcox's face."

"A rollicking farce," said critic George Fender. "At one point the film rollicked around in the camera so much it nearly made me seasick."

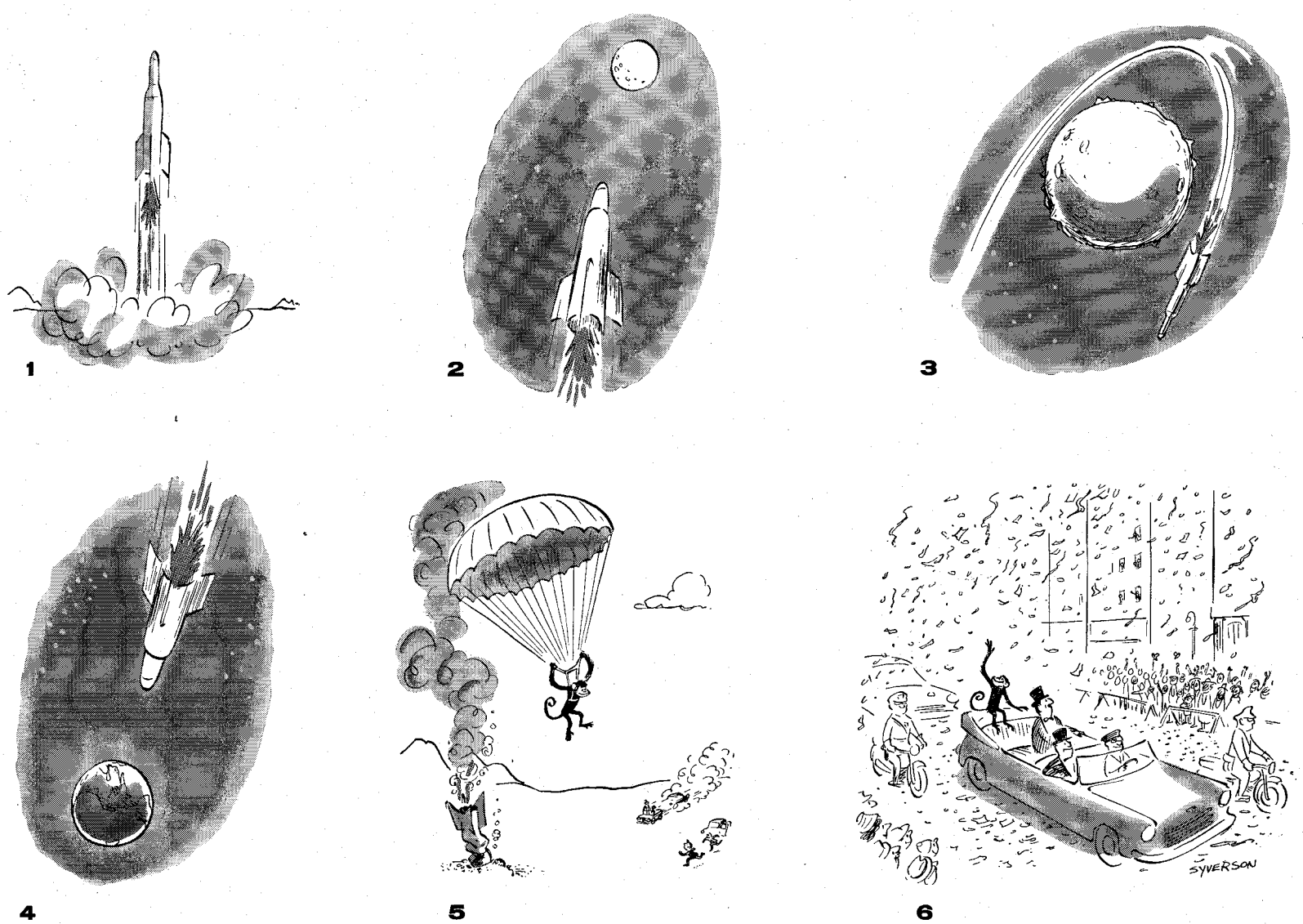
"Brilliant technical achievement," commented film pioneer Louis Comstock, who dates back to family-album days. "Wilcox has learned to keep his thumb off the lens while shooting."

An all-star cast is headed by Henrietta Wilcox as The Waver, and Alma Wilcox, sixteen, as The Indicator, the girl who points out towering mountains and astonishing sunsets you might not otherwise notice. Introduced for the first time on any screen is George (Yo-Yo) Hennessey, the young life guard who is the personal discovery of Miss Wilcox.

"There is always a certain indefinable quality about a Wilcox film," says critic Virginia Comstock. "It is fun trying to guess what you are seeing before Alfred tells you."

General opinion is that Our Week is due for a long run, a fact which has all Maple Street talking. "This picture has made Wilcox a man to watch," said one neighbor, turning up his collar and hurrying off. "In fact, I see him now."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M'm! Good!
Nourishing
good
every time
...'cause it's
Campbell's

Have you had your soup today?

Happy eating! It's Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup today! Sip that sunny, fragrant broth. Enjoy those tender chicken pieces, that fluffy, long-grain rice. M'm! Delicious! Serve a different Campbell's Soup tomorrow. There are 21 kinds, all nourishing-good. They're all ready in 4 minutes; less than 7¢ a serving! How easy to enjoy the healthy habit: Once a day . . . every day—GOOD HOT SOUP!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Medallion* makes your home worth more

Get more for your money in better electrical living today, higher resale value tomorrow

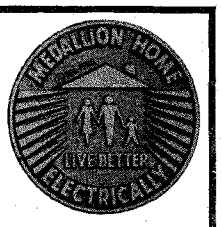
The one way to assure your home is properly equipped for modern electrical living is to see that it displays this "Live Better Electrically" Medallion. It's positive proof that you get your money's worth electrically, regardless of the size, type or price range of your home—without a luxury price tag.

The Medallion Home symbol can be featured on any home that meets the proper electrical standards established by your local electric utility. It gives assurance that your home has the right work-saving electric appliances, modern light for living, plenty of circuits and outlets for full Housepower, and in many areas clean, efficient electric heating. With a Medallion Home, you can enjoy all of the benefits of modern electrical living now, and have a real plus value if you ever decide to resell.

LOOK FOR HOMES DISPLAYING THE MEDALLION in your area—more than 100,000 new homes in the nation will feature it this year. Or, your present home may be brought up to Medallion standards if you plan to modernize. Ask your electric utility for complete details.

This message is brought to you on behalf of the 230 electric utilities sponsoring Medallion Homes. 903-21

***YOUR KEY TO BETTER LIVING**



This symbol—a 3-inch metal casting—is awarded by your electric utility to identify any home—regardless of size, type or price—which meets proper electrical standards covering appliances, lighting, heating and wiring. See your electric utility for full details on Medallion Homes.

1. WORK-SAVING ELECTRIC APPLIANCES—which generally can be added to your mortgage—are first requirement of home which meets Medallion standards.

2. LIGHT FOR LIVING enhances beauty of home, makes work and play more comfortable. Safe, clean electric heating offers ultimate in all-electric living.

3. FULL HOUSEPOWER provides sufficient capacity, circuits, wiring, outlets and switches for your present and future electrical needs throughout your home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cardiff Giant Affair

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Both of them were desperate. This would have to be a battle to the death.

Orrin Applegate, a young lawyer, was certain that Syracuse was being victimized by two fantastic confidence games. The first concerned the Cardiff giant—said to be the petrified body of a Biblical creature—which was a great attraction to admission-paying audiences. The second, involving the sensational Madam Janeway and her butler, Oscar, was far more vicious. Madam, pretending to be the protégé of millionaire Daniel Drew, borrowed huge sums of money from the local banks. Her collateral consisted of sealed envelopes, purportedly containing valuable stock certificates.

When Madam placed a locked safe in Orrin's office, Orrin and his friend Lossie managed to open it. Inside they found a fortune in cash. Orrin realized that if Madam proved to be a fraud, the banks would fail, and many people would lose their life savings. So he took the money and entrusted it to his canal-boat friends, Maw and Zacharias Wheelright. When Oscar discovered Orrin's interference, he approached the lawyer in a fury. And Orrin knew the risks of thwarting Oscar, for two men, carnival performers named the Duke and Gideon Weeks, had already died after crossing him.

CONCLUSION

Oscar stood midway between my desk and the door. At his right, against the wall, was the safe with its open door and bare interior. His arms were extraordinarily long and the hands that hung from bony wrists were larger than a man's hands should be, with fingers tense and bent like talons. It was clear to me that he had trespassed upon my office the night before, either to add to the hoard in the safe or to take from it. And now here he was to demand of me, obviously in no uncertain terms, why he had found it empty.

"Where is it?" he asked a second time, taking another step toward me.

"Where," I countered, "is what?"

"Don't dilly-dally," he said. "The safe is open and its contents gone."

"Why ask me?" I demanded.

"Because," he replied, "nobody could have rifled it but you."

"Rifled it of what?" I asked, wasting time and postponing the moment of action. "And tell me," I said in my most determined voice, "how I opened the door? Madam Janeway never gave me the combination."

"There is no lock that can't be opened," he said. "You opened this one. What did you do with the money?"

"If there was money in my safe, how did it get there?" I asked.

Oscar hurled another knife as I rushed him, using the chair as a shield.

"Don't hoggle-boggle with me," Oscar said harshly. "Where is that money? Tell me before I choke it out of you!"

I had to put on a bold front; mainly, I suppose, to hold fast to my self-respect. I sneered at him. "Haven't you done enough throttling?" I asked. "Your score is two. It would be dangerous to make it three."

His wide slash of a mouth became a lipless line, but he did not take another step toward me. His pale eyes scrutinized me, estimating me, calculating the wisdom of an attack. I maneuvered for more time.

"Suppose," I said, "you succeeded in choking me to death. How would you gain? If, as you seem to think, I took something from this safe, I must have put it somewhere. A dead man can't disclose where he has cached a treasure."

He flexed his fingers. "You would talk," he said, almost in a whisper.

"Madam Janeway," I said, "was packing to go away. Is she going to be gone long?"

Oscar made no direct response to my question, but said, "Madam suggested that you might listen to reason."

"What is her idea of reason?" I asked.

"Madam is soft-hearted," he said disparagingly.

"It must," I said, "have wounded her tender heart when you committed two murders on her behalf."

"It is possible to be tender-hearted," he said, "but also to bow to necessity. Madam is fond of you, Mr. Applegate, so she insisted that you be given a chance to listen to reason."

"I repeat," I said, "what is Madam's idea of reason?"

"You know how much money was in the safe," he said.

"If," I answered, "I took that money I would count it. Naturally."

"Her orders to me," Oscar said, "were to offer what she called a reward for the return of lost property."

"A sort of sop to my conscience," I said. "How much is this reward?"

"One tenth," he said. "A hundred thousand dollars."

"Give up nine tenths and keep ten per cent!" I exclaimed derisively.

"I told her," Oscar said, "that you were no fool."

"Madam's house of cards," I said, "is ready to collapse. She made one fatal mistake."

Oscar shot his death's head forward as if the better to hear. "What mistake?" he asked.

"Jethro Willis," I said. "That slimy, cowardly, hand-rubbing scoundrel."

"I warned her," Oscar said. It was as if he admitted that I knew all the facts—was aware of the nature of Madam's fraud and chicanery.

"She should," I said, "have allayed his panic by a substantial payment. Now he's going to set the law in motion and you and Madam must skedaddle prematurely."

"Two hundred thousand," said Oscar. I shook my head.

"Madam," he said, "is also very fond of Miss Lossie Fox."

I stood up suddenly, kicking my chair back so that it crashed to the floor, and stepped from behind my desk. There I stopped because Oscar had snatched a heavy-bladed knife from his overcoat pocket and was balancing it on his hand, ready for the throw.

"Oscar ——" I said, and my voice was so oddly soft that I did not recognize it as my own. "Oscar, if you so much as lay a finger on Lossie, I'll kill you. You cannot go so fast or so far that I won't catch you and kill you with my hands."

I was surprised at the intensity of my rage; I was surprised that I could be so affected by a threat to Lossie.

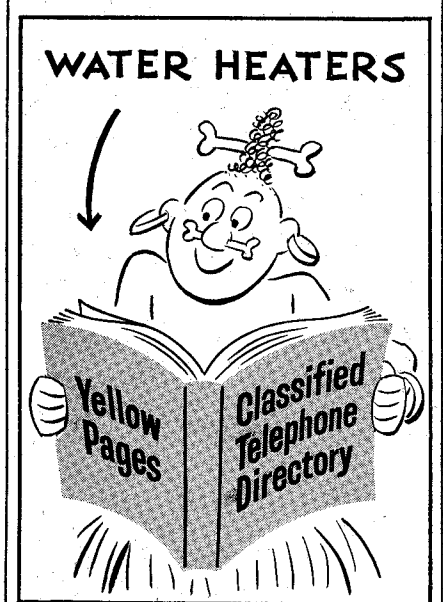
"Will you give up the money?" he asked quietly.

"And bankrupt half a dozen banks! And bring poverty and want to hundreds of depositors, and calamity to all this part of the state!"

He swung his gaunt body toward the door, where he paused and spoke over his shoulder. "In one hour," he said gratingly, "you will have every dollar of that money at Madam's door. Or you will regret it to your dying day."

(Continued on Page 60)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



water heaters, laundries,
movers, jewelers, batteries
whatever you need—
Find It Fast
In The
Yellow Pages
Advertisers displaying this emblem
make your shopping easy.

Our Fight Against TV Taboos

(Continued from Page 29)

and defended as necessary safeguards against subjects that offend certain groups of viewers. How valid are the arguments? Come with me behind the scenes of two programs, one a distinguished success, the other a crushing disappointment. I think you'll find the answer to the question and, more importantly, a practical solution for improving the caliber of TV.

The success had to buck the severest pressures in the history of the business down to the final curtain. It was the Hall of Fame production of The Green Pastures on October 17, 1957, a revealing example of the genuine complications and false alarms involved in presenting a ticklish social issue to a nationwide audience with disparate backgrounds.

The Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly, is a wonderfully warm, reverent concept of the Old Testament by Negro children living in the rural South. The children, assuming all the Biblical characters are Negroes, translate the narrative in familiar, realistic terms. There is a fish fry in Heaven for the angels, De Lawd is fond of "a good ten-cent seegar," and evil is represented by crap games and knife fights.

The play was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1930, a distinction that usually stimulates brisk bidding for the TV rights. Until we came along, though, sponsors had given Connelly's classic a wide berth for obvious reasons. Race and religion are the touchiest themes to discuss on TV or, for that matter, in a living room.

Serious consideration had to be given to two legitimate objections to The Green Pastures that could be anticipated from viewers who were not cranks or bigots. The Bible belt, with its literal interpretation of the Scriptures, might resent whimsical portrayals of sacred figures. A generation marked by the Negroes' struggle for civil rights had passed since the play was written. How would they react to a vehicle which had been criticized for depicting them as ignorant, superstitious people resigned to oppression?

George Schaefer, the producer-director, and I knew we were sticking our necks out in recommending a play that had to be handled as delicately as a time bomb. The Hallmark Company and its advertising agency, Foote, Cone and Belding, were even more aware of the dangers inherent in the play. Yet there was unanimous agreement that the rewards for bringing off a sensitive production of a great work made the risks worth while.

Pressures began to mount as soon as The Green Pastures was put on the network schedule. A southern station affiliated with N.B.C. announced it would not carry the show. An important dealer in the South threatened to drop the Hallmark line. A Negro publication blasted us editorially on the supposition that the all-Negro cast would be cringing, servile Uncle Tom stereotypes. A news magazine hit us from the other direction, charging that we would destroy the chief charm of the play by straining to avoid the Uncle Tom treatment.

Although the uproar rocked us, we thought it would pass in a few days like most commotions that blow up in the trade. That prospect was shattered just before we went into rehearsal. Gov. Orval Faubus called out the National Guard to prevent nine Negro students from enrolling in Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, precipitating a national crisis on the integration issue. We suspected The Green Pastures would not be watched with detachment as a gentle allegory. The response to it would be influenced by supercharged emotions on opposite sides of the fence.

The situation in Little Rock brought fresh pressures from many Negroes who were disturbed by reports that their race would be ridiculed by the play. To nip the rumors, I got in touch with prominent Negroes to assure them we had no intention of doing a satire. One of the calls went to Jackie Robinson, the baseball star, who had been suggested for a small part in the play. Robinson declined the bid—he didn't believe it was right for him—but he questioned me closely about the production. He became an enthusiastic rooter for us when he was convinced the characterizations were sympathetic and dignified.

As soon as one fire was put out, another erupted. The day the cast of eighty assembled for the first rehearsal, someone turned on a TV set in the studio—and a program was interrupted to flash pictures of armed troops escorting colored students into Central High School through hostile crowds. That hardly helped the morale of performers already upset by the opposition of relatives and friends to the show. Schaefer asked the entire cast whether there were situations or lines that made anyone feel uncomfortable.

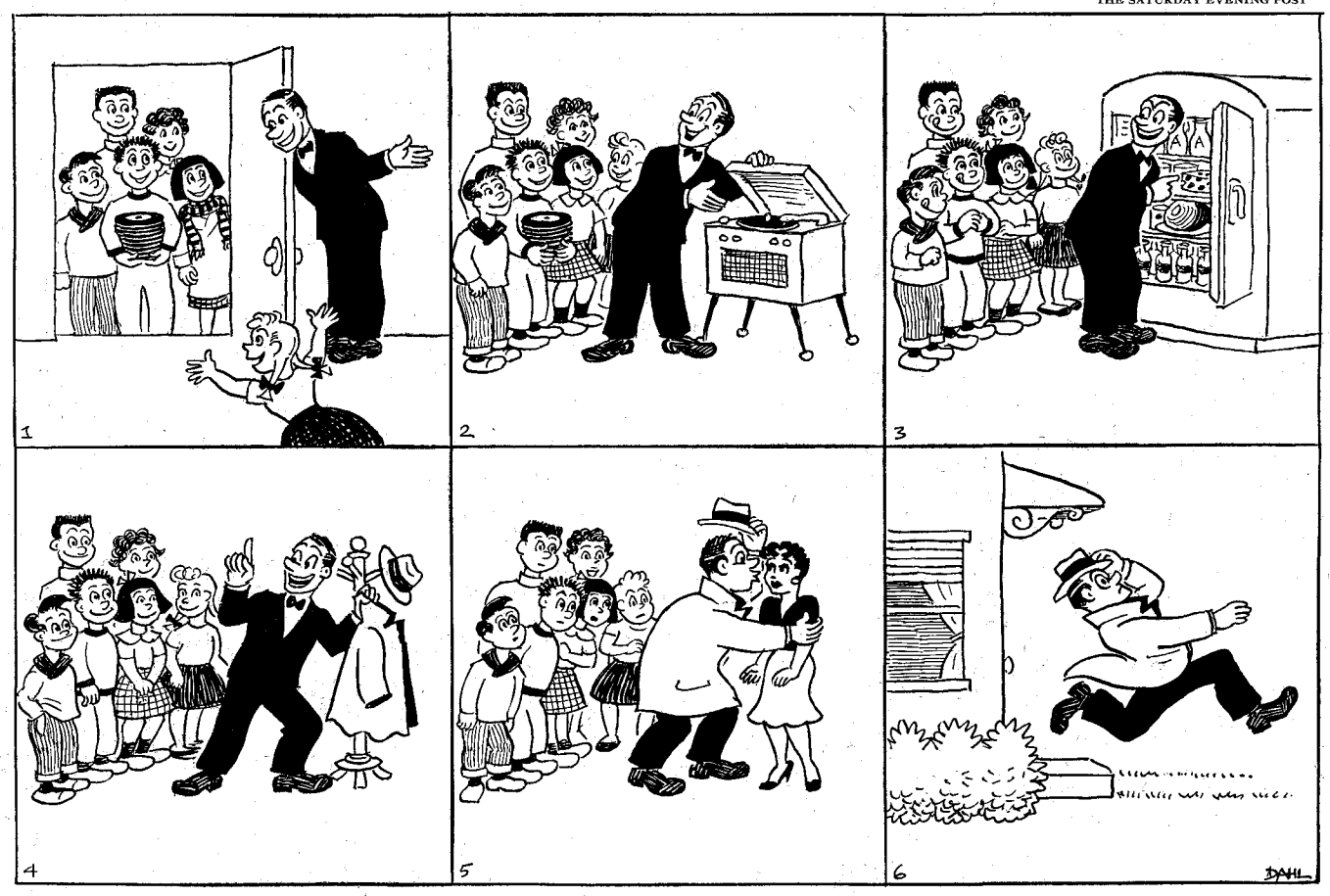
Everyone was so jittery that rehearsals were held up continually to debate obscure points. One day we were running through a scene in which Abraham, Jacob and Isaac entered De Lawd's office wearing long beards. Bob Hartung, the associate producer, suddenly groaned and clapped his brow.

"People may read an anti-Semitic connotation into the beards," he said. After a moment of incredulous silence, the idea of three Negroes being mistaken for Jewish caricatures triggered an explosion of laughter, but there was an overtone of hysteria in it. Suppose the idea did strike 10,000,000 or even ten people?

By the time the final script was hammered into shape, it had been subjected to more rigorous scrutiny than a millionaire's disputed will. Dozens of clergymen and community leaders in the North and South were consulted on passages which might be misconstrued as comments on integration. N.B.C.'s Continuity Acceptance Department, a supervisory agency to keep questionable material off the air, put every line under a fluoroscope to expose hidden booby traps. Our own organization made further changes to forestall the most far-fetched complaints. For instance, I thought De Lawd's smoking verged on irreverence, so the "seegars" were dropped. (*Continued on Page 52*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU GET THE SOLID QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHE

You'll be surprised to learn this luxurious Pontiac is powered by a V-8 that prefers regular grade gasoline

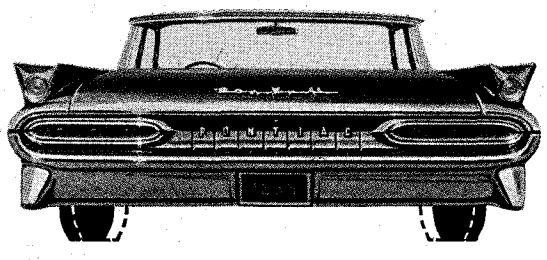
Pontiac has successfully merged magnificent automobile design with an efficient new V-8 engine.

It's the Tempest 420E, especially built by Pontiac to give exceptionally good mileage on regular grade gasoline. At the same time, you get V-8 muscle and pep. You save up to five cents per gallon which considerably reduces car operating costs. Yet you still have all the power you'll ever need in normal city or highway driving. There's never been such an alliance between efficiency and beauty.

If you desire still greater power, Pontiac also offers the Tempest 420. It's a deep-chested engine wringing high-powered performance from premium gasoline. Either engine can be specified on any model at no extra cost. Only Pontiac gives you this unusual choice.

For a demonstration of these and other Pontiac innovations see the Pontiac dealer nearest you.

You'll be proud of this daring and different automobile and proud of yourself for making such a sensible investment.



THE ONLY CAR WITH *WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS!

Wheels are 5 inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. Gives you a steadier, balanced, road-hugging ride. Sway and lean disappear. One of the many reasons Motor Trend Magazine voted Pontiac Car of the Year for 1959!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville

LICENSED TO MHC.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 50*) Another member of the staff, worried that references to the central character as De Lawd were too colloquial, suggested the formal designation of the Lord.

Sure, we made concessions—but we refused to yield on major points that affected the artistic integrity of the show. The quality and basic meaning of Connelly's play were not distorted in the transition from the stage to TV. There is a world of difference between changes dictated by the temper of the times and compromises with commercial expediency. Had we chosen the latter course, we would have ditched The Green Pastures at the first sign of trouble and whipped up an innocuous piece of fluff with pretty girls and a big-name Hollywood star.

Just when it appeared we had cleared the last hurdle, the rug was pulled from under us. C.B.S. announced it would televise Mike Todd's party in Madison Square Garden celebrating the first anniversary of his movie, Around the World in Eighty Days, in the time slot directly opposite us. That meant Todd would get most of the audience and we'd be left with all the headaches. A morality play couldn't compete against movie celebrities, elephants and clowns.

Todd's party murdered us in the ratings—32.5 to 18.7. And then the picture was brought into sharper focus by the returns from a more influential poll. Jack Gould's review in The New York Times began: "TV last night had one of its most glorious evenings. . . ." Every critic in the country went overboard in the same vein. Some fifty newspapers ran editorials deploring the competition of the Todd claptrap and urged us to do the show again for people who had missed a rare experience. The heaviest mail we ever received was overwhelmingly favorable, including the South's response.

You've heard the old come-on, "Brought back by popular demand." For once it happens to be true. A live performance of The Green Pastures will be repeated by the original cast on March twenty-third.

The conclusion to be drawn from the story seems clear to me. The prestige and discriminating audience that a sponsor gains by resisting pressures conducive to insipid programing far outweigh the dangers of kickbacks from controversial ideas. The Green Pastures unquestionably could have aroused the deep-seated prejudices of many people. But they respected the viewpoint of the show because it was presented with good taste, always an effective shock absorber.

The TV audience has suffered the rehashing of trite material with remarkable patience. The one thing it will not tolerate is an offense to its sense of propriety. I should know. A violation of that rule almost ended the Hall of Fame series three years ago.

Ironically, the storm was caused by Born Yesterday, a pure fun show with all the earmarks of a natural that couldn't miss. The program was supervised by Garson Kanin, who wrote the play and directed the smash hit on Broadway and the successful movie. Paul Douglas, who created the leading male role, was in the cast. We scored the coup of the season by getting Mary Martin to play Billie Dawn, a giddy blonde kept by a wealthy junkman who goes to Washington to buy a senator. A young reporter hired to give Billie a veneer of classy refinement does such a good job of educating her that she spikes the junkman's scheme and leaves him to marry the youth.

Billie's illicit relationship with the junkman gave us qualms, although the play had a strong moral ending. Stockton Helffrich, head of N.B.C. Continuity Acceptance, summarized it as "an honest comedy aimed at constructive and entertaining criticism of certain less-attractive aspects of modern life." We then agreed to give Kanin complete control of the script, the only condition on which he would sell the TV rights. Delighted to have him at the helm, we sailed serenely down the river—and over the waterfall.

The mistakes that racked Born Yesterday reflect interesting side lights on the special nature of the TV audience. Actually, there were only a half dozen troublesome lines in the play. I recall one—how can I forget it?—that we begged Kanin to change. Billie is furious with the junkman after a squabble and gives him a curt brush-off. "Come upstairs, baby, and I'll calm you down," he murmurs. Kanin argued that the line had gone over the heads of youngsters in the stage and movie versions. He also insisted that adults had accepted the *double-entendre* in the context of the play.

I'm not passing the buck for the repercussions of Born Yesterday. The regular staff failed to realize that TV has a more direct impact on an audience than any other form of entertainment. An individual sitting among 1500 people in a theater can identify himself with the crowd and guffaw at a "blue" line, but in the intimacy of his home he resents it as an affront to his family. All of us paid a heavy price learning that dramatic effects must be subdued on TV to avoid shocking viewers who are close to the action and dialogue, psychologically as well as physically.

To complicate matters, Mary Martin had impersonated Peter Pan on her two previous TV appearances, and the audience resented her casting as a kept woman. Then, the show went on at the worst possible time, seven-thirty to nine P.M. on a Sunday. At a later hour on a weekday night we might have caught only scattered brickbats, but doing a spicy play on the one night of the week when families generally watch TV together was analagous to making licenses mandatory for baby carriages. There had to be a violent reaction.

A veteran telephone operator on duty at Radio City that night told me the switchboard suddenly lighted up like a Christmas tree at one minute after nine. "It seemed as though everybody in the United States wanted to scream at the top brass for allowing Born Yesterday on the network," she said.

Then the letters came. The Mother Superior of a convent school in Chicago, guided by the Hall of Fame's reputation for unimpeachable good taste, had given the nuns and students special permission to watch the show. Parents who had persuaded their children to switch from Elvis Presley on the Ed Sullivan show at the same time were (*Continued on Page 57*)

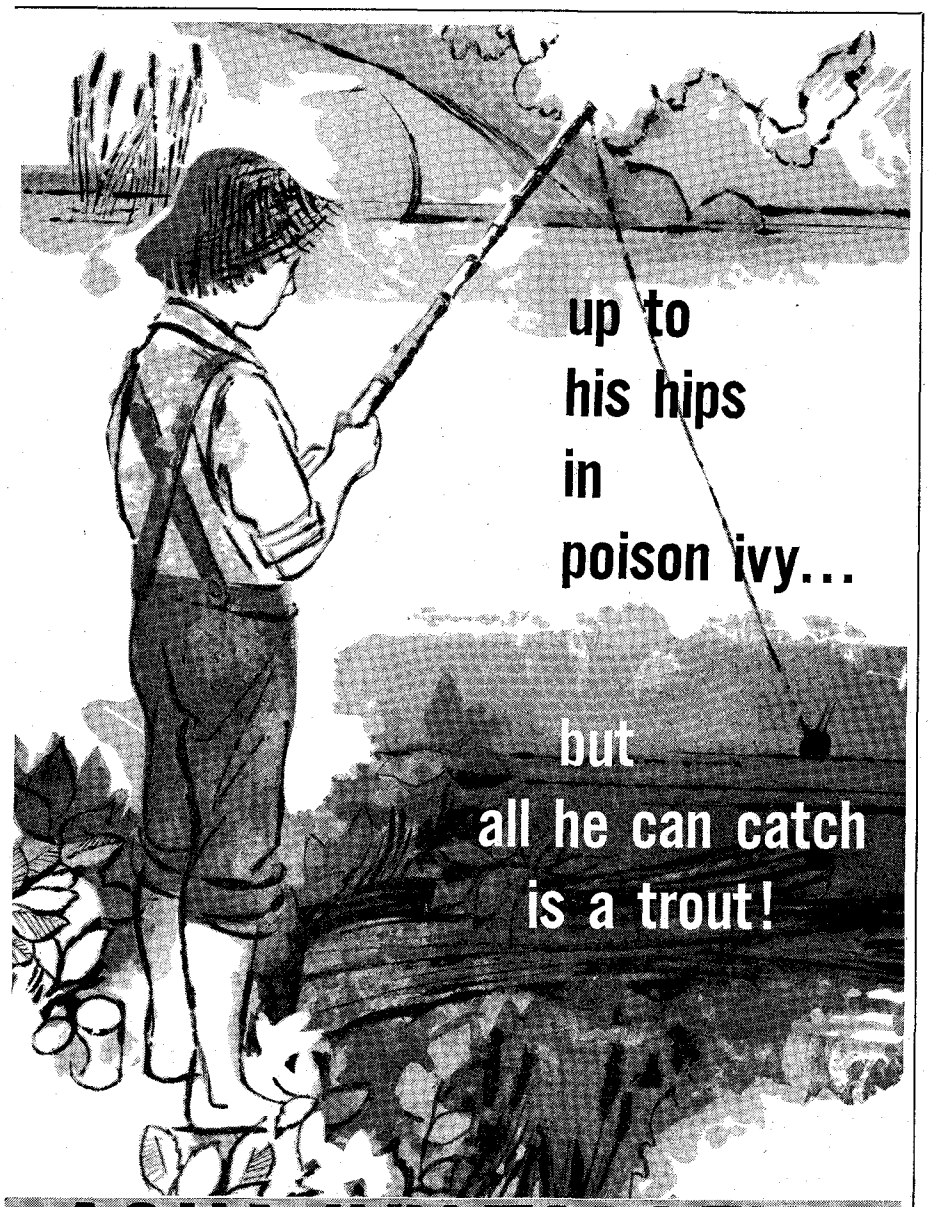
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Son Studying

By Margery S. Stewart

Homework time, no urging; you look
So very busy. Your teachers would
Approve this scene, I'm sure;
Write a shining A into your book.
Wait! Just what are you writing?
Worse than I thought—no math, date
Of Grecian foe assailing Trojan;
Papers, papers covered with designs,
Computations of the moon and earth,
Model satellites with space for
Twenty men, you their pilot. Lines
And figures Einstein would revere.
What is the matter with your restless heart
Forever reaching up to pick at stars?
Dreaming of days when you will own a sphere.
You make me feel a brown hen trying
To teach an eaglet how to do his flying.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •



AQUA IVY TABLETS

Your family, too, can enjoy season-long immunity to poison ivy and poison oak by taking AQUA IVY TABLETS now!

AQUA IVY TABLETS are clinically-tested and perfectly safe for children. They provide natural immunity—from within—against poison ivy and poison oak—anywhere you go. Start building your immunity today!

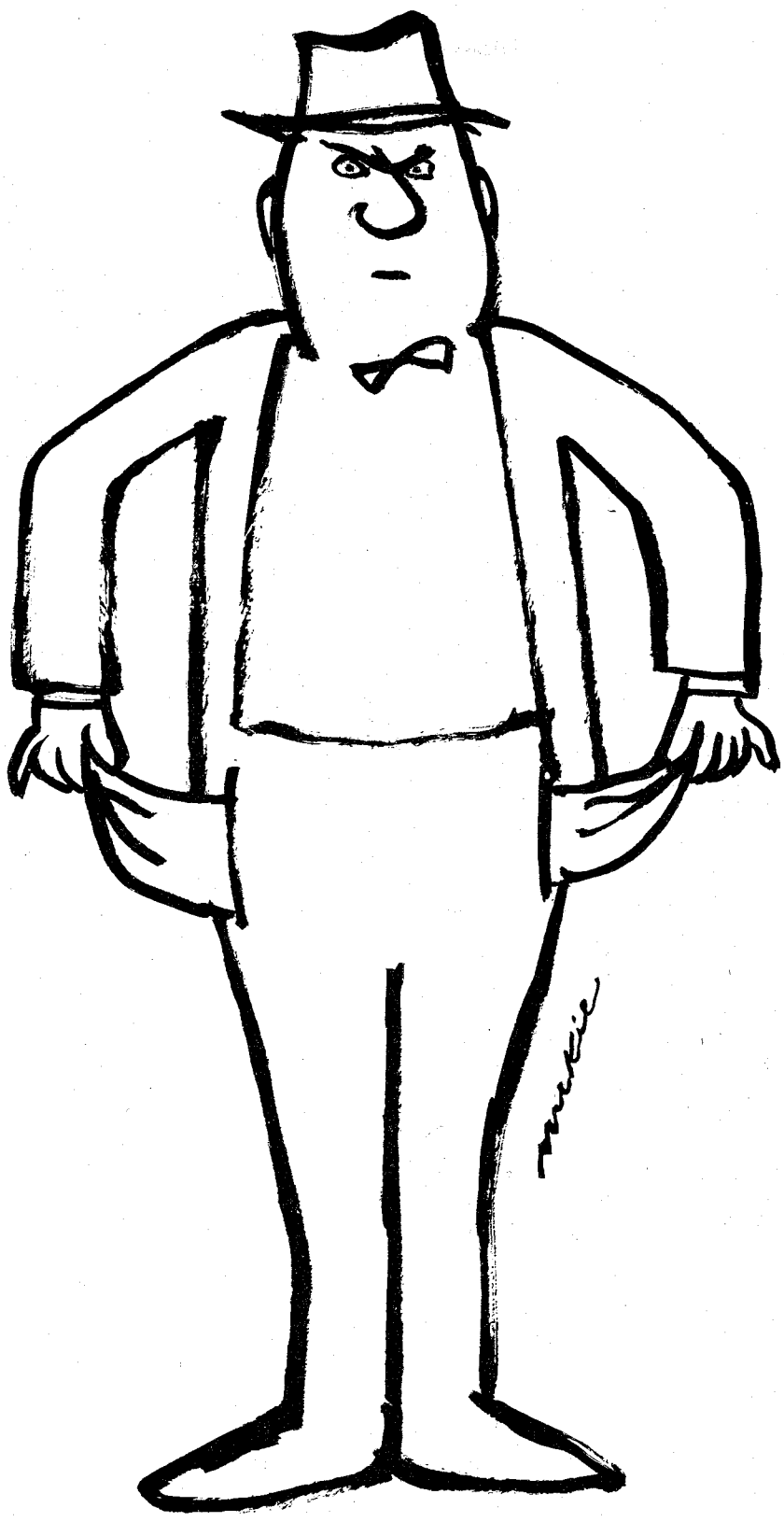
AQUA IVY, AP® TABLETS are available at your neighborhood drug store

have given him season-long immunity to poison ivy and poison oak

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Send for free booklet—"Facts You Should Know About Poison Ivy and Poison Oak"
SYNTEX CHEMICAL COMPANY, INC., Dept.S1, Box 1306, New York 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When "public power" wins–you lose!

Every time the lobbyists for federal "public power" push another government electricity project through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill!

You and other Americans have already been taxed about $5,500,000,000 to pay for federal "public power." That's how much has been taken out of taxpayers' pockets and put into federal power dams and plants in certain parts of the U. S.

But that's just the beginning—if the federal "public power" lobbyists and pressure groups have their way. They want *more* of your tax money—$10,000,000,000 more—so that government can take over a still bigger share of the electric business.

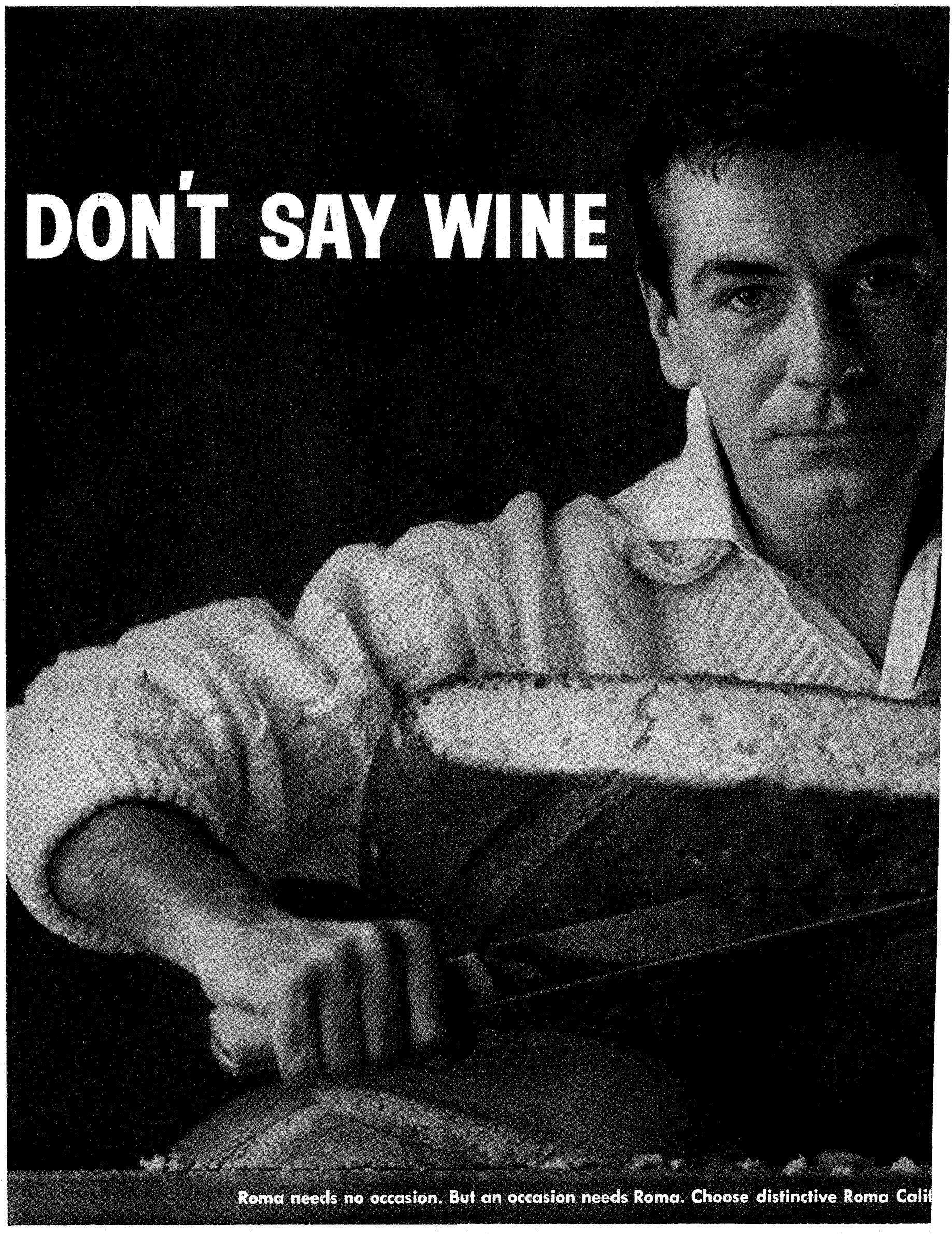
Yet they know, as well as everybody else, that America's hundreds of *independent* electric light and power companies are ready and able to supply all the electricity the nation needs—*without* depending on your tax money.

How can this needless spending of your taxes be stopped? As soon as enough people know what "public power" is *really* costing them, they will call a halt to it. The quickest way is to spread the word among your friends and neighbors.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

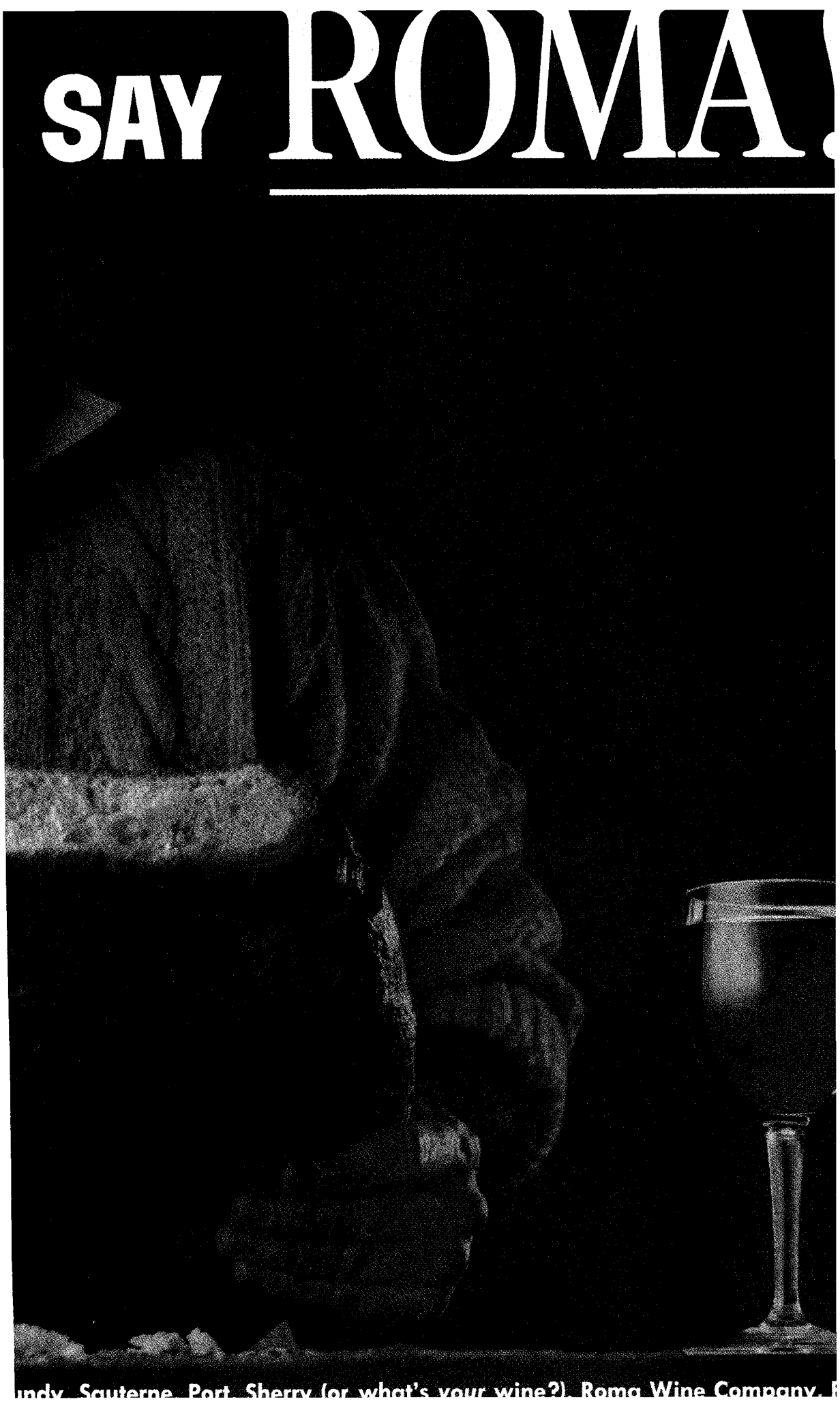
Company names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAY ROMA!

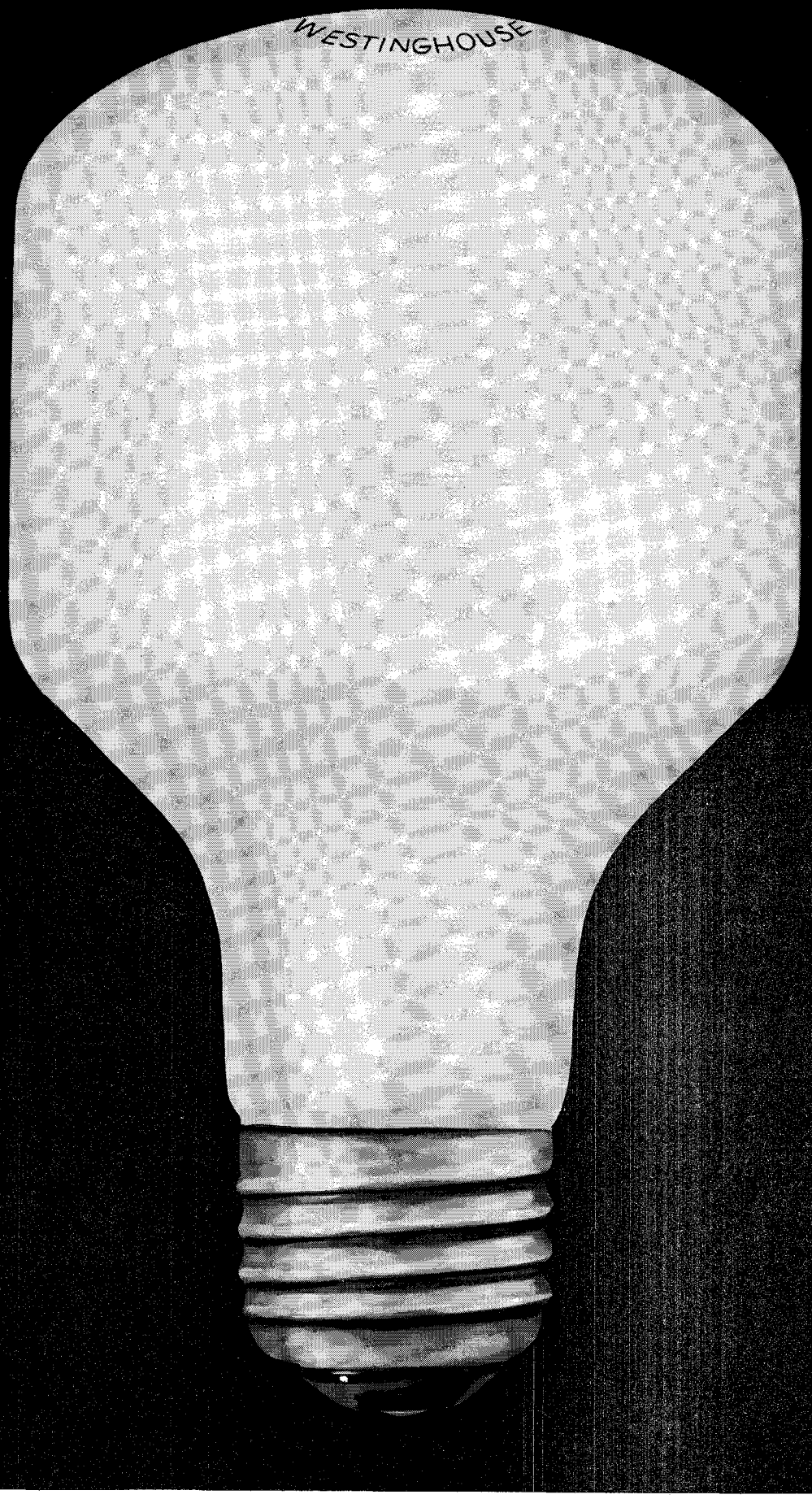


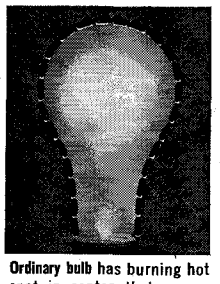
undy, Sauterne, Port, Sherry (or what's your wine?) Roma Wine Company,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

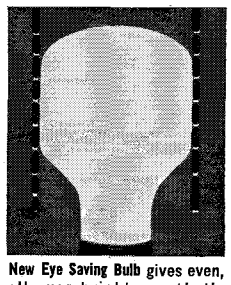
FROM WESTINGHOUSE—THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN LIGHT BULBS IN 34 YEARS!

New Shape New Light





Ordinary bulb has burning hot spot in center that causes glare and harsh shadows.



New Eye Saving Bulb gives even, all-over brightness that's much easier on your eyes.

Westinghouse announces the first major advance in light bulbs since 1925. It's the all-new Westinghouse Eye Saving White bulb . . . the best bulb for seeing ever developed. It's so completely new it makes ordinary bulbs old-fashioned. You'll notice the difference immediately — in the look and feel of its entirely new shape . . . in the new glare-free light it gives. This is light for living. Ask for it at your neighborhood store . . . now!

WATCH "WESTINGHOUSE LUCILLE BALL — DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS-TV MONDAYS

YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S Westinghouse

Westinghouse Lamp Division, Bloomfield, New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 52*) indignant at us. One recurring sentence in the letters really hurt: "I never expected this of Hallmark."

No one was more outraged than Joyce Hall. He read the riot act at a special meeting in Kansas City and laid down a flat rule that every show thereafter had to be suitable for the entire family. Every protest from the public was answered with a letter of apology.

Born Yesterday proved that nothing is black and white in television except the pictures. Artistic integrity, our lifesaver with The Green Pastures, brought the roof down on our heads when Kanin fought to retain the lusty quality of his play. Obviously there are times integrity must be tempered with artistic caution to strike a balance acceptable to the public. The trouble is that the industry has developed such bulging muscles exercising caution that art seldom survives a conflict of the two elements.

Most of the pressures stifling creative programing are projections of exaggerated fears by too many network and advertising executives. The middlemen of TV, whose advice to sponsors largely determines what the public sees, have a standard excuse for turning down fresh, provocative ideas: Clients must be protected against all foreseeable risks. They take the easy way out by copying shows which happen to be popular at the moment, setting off a chain reaction that makes half the programs on the air as undistinguishable as the hubcaps on an automobile assembly line.

Viewers try to escape this dreary repetition of formats by flipping the dial, but sponsors who demand overprotection are left holding empty bags. For the life of me, I can't understand what product identification a company gains by sinking money into the twenty-third Western on the schedule or another feeble imitation of Dragnet.

The play-it-safe gambit is justified by the networks on the ground that a sponsor who ruffles the public's pet peeves is vulnerable to retaliation at the retail counter. That is, admittedly, a powerful argument when deciding on an annual series involving an expenditure of as much as $5,000,000. On the whole, though, I think sponsors are much too sensitive to random gripes. If they try to placate everyone, TV will wind up showing nothing but old Mickey Mouse cartoons—and the chances are there still will be howls from aelurophiles because Mickey always makes the cats look like chumps.

Perhaps I can discuss the problem more objectively than most producers in the business since I've been virtually immune to the worst type of pressure—coercion by a sponsor and his advertising agency. During the six years I've been associated with the Hall of Fame there have been some serious disputes over the choice of presentations. The company almost always cast the decisive vote for artistic standards even when it knew part of the audience might be lost.

A few years ago Hall alone sided with Schaefer and me on doing The Yeomen of the Guard. Although a critical success, it had a rating of 11.2, which proved that Gilbert and Sullivan were too esoteric for our regular following. For 350 years, the implausible plot of Twelfth Night has been a challenge which only experienced Shakespearean producers have dared to tackle. The top echelon at Hallmark had strong reservations about the play, described by Jack Gould as "the

City Park
March 21st

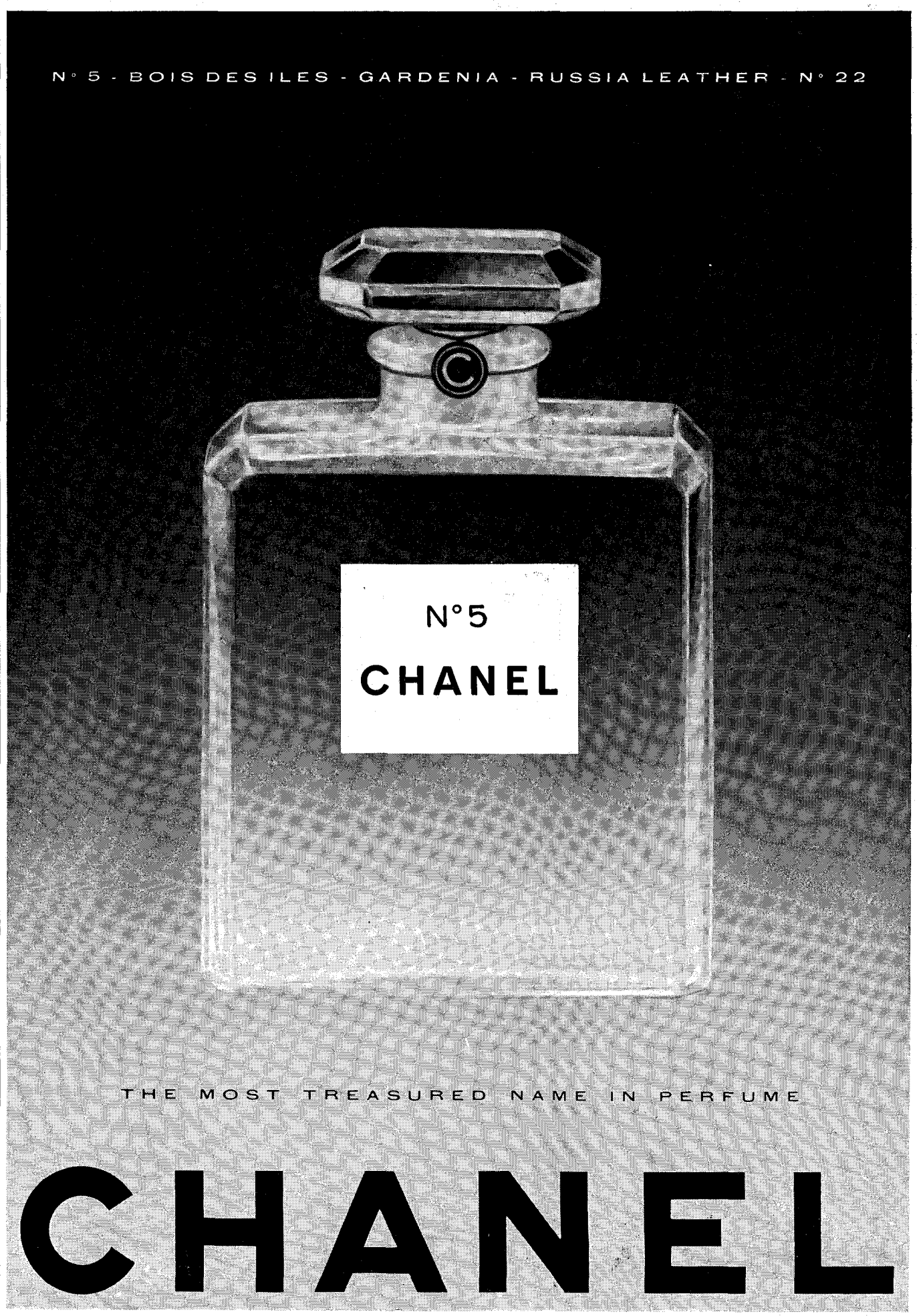
By Marylu Terral Jeans

A cold wind swaggered through
the park,
And shouldered trees as he
passed by;
The sun engraved a shallow arc
Across one corner of the sky.

The brook was edged with
plastic lace,
The fishpond wore a crystal
ring.
Cold winter's touch was every
place,
On tree and fountain, slide and
swing.

And then a robin, giddy, gay,
Without a single bit of sense,
Announced the very first spring
day,
With calendars for evidence.

The park was his; what could
we do
Except to shiver and to fuss?
That robin sang the whole day
through,
And it was spring in spite of us!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acid test of a sponsor's courage," but there were no recriminations when the vehicle developed loud creaks on the air.

Actually the concessions by the company and ad agency have far outnumbered the compromises I've had to make for business considerations. The middle commercial of the program, the sponsor's most important sales pitch, was eliminated on three occasions to avoid disrupting the mood of the play. A contretemps, which ordinarily sends Madison Avenue into a tizzy, came up on our Christmas show in 1956. We were doing The Little Foxes, a grim story about an avaricious woman who cheats her brothers and alienates her daughter in her lust for power. When her invalid husband threatens to expose her conniving, she lets him die by withholding the medicine he needs to relieve a heart attack.

The harsh scene was to be followed immediately by a commercial urging the audience to "remember your loved ones at Christmas." The man from the ad agency blanched when he checked the timing of the action, but he never raised the question of changing the scene. He went away quietly and rewrote the commercial.

My purpose in relating these incidents is not to plug the Hallmark Company and the Foote, Cone and Belding Agency. It is to demonstrate that relative freedom from internal pressures is the key to good shows for the audience—and handsome dividends for sponsors. Although the Hall of Fame never has ranked among the Top Ten in the ratings that estimate the number of viewers drawn by shows, it is high on a tabulation that makes for more pertinent reading in financial statements.

Several months ago the Trendex service conducted a poll investigating the public's identification of products advertised by the major programs—the reason for lavishing money and effort on them, of course. The Hall of Fame was fourth on the list with a score of 78.9, despite the fact that it is presented only six times a year. In other words, four out of five people correctly associated the show with Hallmark greeting cards. The first three programs were weekly affairs, each with an annual total of commercials ranging from 107 to 234 minutes compared with our fifty-six minutes.

Motivation experts have coined a term, the gratitude factor, to explain why a show seen by a comparatively small audience sometimes is more effective than one with a high rating. Viewers are so appreciative of a program with genuine warmth and substance that it leaves a favorable impression extending far beyond its brief life on the air. Dip into your own memory and I'm sure you'll recapture the glow of the Mary Martin-Ethel Merman duets on The Ford Show in 1957, Requiem for a Heavyweight on Playhouse 90, the wonderful informality of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra on the Edsel Show, Leonard Bernstein's jazz series on Omnibus and the new dimension Fred Astaire has given the dance in his appearances.

Hall was aware of the gratitude factor long before Ph.D.'s in merchandising began to analyze sales figures. "I'd rather grab and hold the attention of twenty million people than just reach thirty million," he told me at our first meeting in 1953. Two years earlier he had helped to give television the stature of an art form by sponsoring Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera, Amahl and the Night Visitors, probably the finest artistic work written solely for TV. Now he was buying another cultural package to which everyone had given the back of his hand.

This package offered the great Maurice Evans producing and playing the lead in Hamlet. Fifteen years in radio should have warned me that Shakespeare was synonymous with the kiss-of-death during the days when the real hot stuff was comedians wearing women's hats and sister acts harmonizing The Beer-Barrel Polka.

In 1950 I took a breather from radio to accompany my husband, Somer Alberg, an actor who was touring the country with Evans in The Devil's Disciple. As a gracious gesture, Evans added me to the troupe for crowd scenes. The opportunity to observe his craftsmanship at close range convinced me TV needed more of the same. When I broached the idea to him he said he never looked at television. At my suggestion he watched a few shows one Sunday evening in his hotel room in San Francisco. He emerged from the ordeal visibly shaken.

"I'd sooner sell tickets to a side show than appear on that monstrosity!" he declaimed in ringing tones usually reserved for delivering an Elizabethan epithet.

Evans was more adamant than ever about TV when he went to England for a movie in 1951, but I had a hunch his opposition could be broken down if he were given a chance to do Hamlet before the largest audience of his career. During the war his G.I. Hamlet, a condensation of the four-hour original, had been enormously successful, and I saw no reason why it would not be an exciting event on TV. After I had corresponded with Evans for a year, he finally consented to the proposition if he could have two hours for the show and could have George Schaefer, his top sergeant in the Pacific, to stage it. Up to that time no program had ever lasted more than one

another Mayflower customer reports:

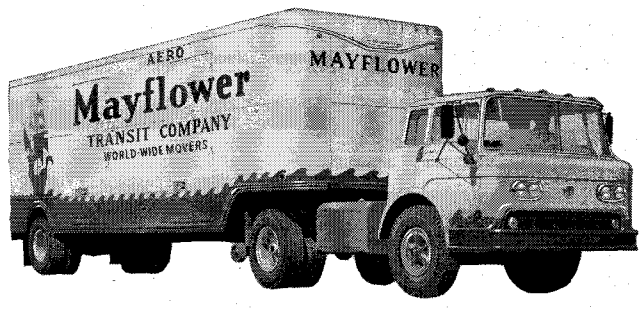
"not one scratch or mar!"

"never saw such a perfect job done before. It was excellent service all the way 'round!"

That's what the lady said about her family's move from Altamont, New York, to New Kensington, Pa. And that's the kind of service Mayflower's been delivering for more than 30 years.

Every Mayflower van is equipped with plenty of clean, soft furniture pads. Accredited Mayflower movers use them skillfully to protect every surface, edge and corner. In addition, hard-to-protect pieces, such as dining tables, pianos and refrigerators, have their own special, tailor-made covers.

With Mayflower, nothing is left to chance; every detail is planned, every item gets the *right* attention. Let Mayflower make your move safe and easy, too. Just call your Mayflower warehouse agent!



America's Most Recommended Mover

AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT COMPANY, INC. • INDIANAPOLIS

Your Mayflower agent is a leading warehouseman in your city. He explains service, estimates costs, makes all arrangements. Find him under "Moving."

world-wide service

In all 49 states and Canada . . . overseas by ship or plane . . . our responsibility all the way!

new, higher standard of service

Only Mayflower men are "accredited"—qualified and kept up-to-date by special study, training, and tests.

exclusive, "packed with pride" service

Safeguards all your items, even the most fragile, with special Mayflower methods and materials.

everything rides safely locked inside

Mayflower vans have no tailgates. All your goods ride inside, safe from weather, dust or theft.

Mayflower does all the work

Takes over the whole job! Moves you out and in, resettles your new home completely as you want it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hour, but N.B.C. was so eager to get Evans that its sales force was turned loose in search of a sponsor. I was in there pitching, too, but at every turn I ran into the same stone wall.

"You're out of your ever-lovin' mind, honey," the veterans told me. "The customers won't hold still for two hours, and for Shakespeare, yet. He's put more people to sleep than goof pills."

The project was dying on the vine until Edmund Cashman, an advertising man, cornered Hall in a taxicab going from Radio City to Grand Central Station. The ride takes only ten minutes in the heaviest traffic, but Cashman is a fast talker. Hall bought the show.

So did the public, in spite of mishaps that could have been ruinous. Just as Evans went into the soliloquy beginning, "Now I am alone," a stagehand wandered on the set and remained on camera for a full minute. (Two nights later Milton Berle introduced the stagehand on his show as "TV's most famous celebrity.") Hamlet was marred by several technical flaws, but Shakespeare's soaring poetry and vivid characterizations were such a welcome relief from the usual run of potboilers that both the audience and the critics went into ecstasies. Hallmark persuaded Evans to do Richard II and Macbeth as two-hour specials, and the results duplicated the success of Hamlet. When the Hall of Fame was launched as a regular series in 1955, Evans had so many stage and movie commitments that I inherited the job as executive producer.

I like to think the program has made one highly significant contribution to TV in the last four years. It has exposed the fallacy of the rating system, the most insidious pressure keeping good shows from the public. I must confess I've been disappointed frequently by the small audiences some of our shows have drawn.

"All I had when I first faced the cold business world was youth, determination and a strong will that left me four hundred thousand dollars."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We're not dilettantes dabbling in TV as a hobby. We're pros who must produce results. We love big audiences, but we don't work on the ulcer fringe of insecurity if we fail to get them every time.

It's no great trick to put together a show that is a cinch to run up a high score in the Nielsen and Trendex reports. The ingredients are a Hollywood star, a story that appeals to children and a fat budget for an elaborate production. Just to prove we could pull the trick, we did Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates as a musical spectacle in February, 1958, with Tab Hunter and Dick Button, the former Olympic figure-skating champion. It got our highest rating, a strapping 28.2, but none of us wants to put on six Brinkers a year.

The next program, with 18.6, was a better showcase for the Hallmark Company because it carried a stronger emotional and intellectual wallop for the type of audience we have been cultivating. It was Little Moon of Alban, an original play by James Costigan, telling of a girl's struggle to regain her faith in God. Richard Watts, drama critic of the New York Post, called Costigan's work the finest new play of the year, on or off Broadway. Those people in the business who are guided only by the ratings would have scared sponsors away from it.

In their blind subservience to the ratings, the play-it-safe boys fail to recognize that the figures make no distinction between the public's active "buying" of a show and its passive acceptance of what is free and available. Every year at least twenty programs with higher ratings than Omnibus, Playhouse 90 and the Hall of Fame are canceled. Why? Viewers were bored window shoppers who saw nothing that impelled them to go into the store and purchase the goods on display.

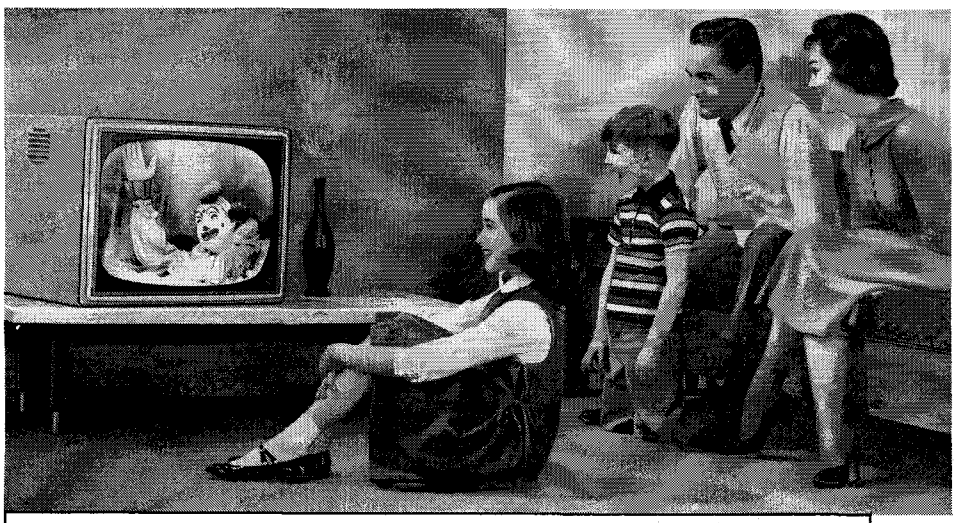
The majority of unsuccessful shows are the victims of wrong pressures rather than poor judgment. There are bound to be conflicts when sponsors, advertising agencies and producers look at a show from different perspectives. I'm supposed to have an ideal working arrangement, but it's hardly a pressure-free, frictionless vacuum. We've had bitter hassles in lining up our annual schedule. Hall consistently has vetoed my suggestion to do The Male Animal. He just doesn't like the play's attitude toward college administrators. By the same token, the agency and I have been turning thumbs down on Hall's favorite play for the last four years.

We have no secret formula for reaching decisions. At the height of an argument, someone asks, "What's the best thing for the show?"—and artistic quality invariably is given top priority. If all the creative people in television were permitted to function under similar conditions, the public would see worth-while shows every night of the week.

THE END

When your TV picture tube needs replacing, remember this...

NOW...AN RCA PICTURE TUBE TO FIT EVERY BUDGET!



Not just one RCA television picture tube...but a choice of two!

When the picture on your TV fades, dulls or blacks out—when your TV technician tells you the picture tube should be replaced, remember you now have a choice of two kinds of RCA picture tubes:

• **RCA SILVERAMA**—A premium picture tube—constructed of all-new glass and parts. Made for the TV viewer who wants the finest picture his set can deliver.

• **RCA MONOGRAM**—A rebuilt picture tube of dependable quality for budget-minded TV owners. Reprocessed and tested in the same factory as RCA's premium picture tubes.

Both RCA SILVERAMA and RCA MONOGRAM are warranted for one full year...and there's a size to fit virtually every make and model TV set. Your local TV service technician can give you complete information and prices. Remember: for the best in television be sure to say...RCA.

What is a picture tube?

The picture tube — in simple terms — is actually a glass or metal bulb containing a "gun" which emits a stream of electrons. These electrons strike a layer of phosphor on the inside surface of the glass face — causing the phosphor to "glow", thus "painting" a TV picture on the face of the tube.

Two kinds of tubes

There are two kinds of picture tubes — new tubes constructed of all-new materials and parts, and also picture tubes known as "rebuilts". A "rebuilt" is simply a used picture tube that has been repaired by replacing the gun and possibly the phosphor and then reprocessed.

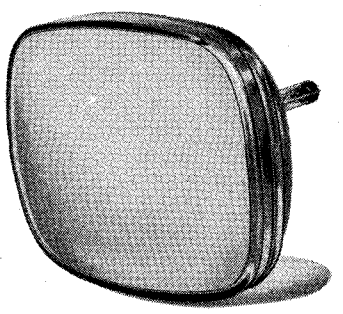
Actually, there's nothing wrong with "rebuilts". Retread tires and many other reconditioned devices can give you satisfactory performance. But the quality of most rebuilt products is limited by the rebuilder's skill and know-how. With a rebuilt picture tube the big question is — will it provide you with the bright, sharp picture you want for greater TV enjoyment? Now you *can* be sure! There is no finer rebuilt picture tube made than the RCA MONOGRAM.

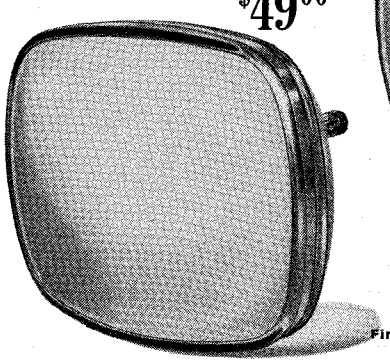
So now you have a choice in RCA picture tubes:

• **RCA Silverama** . . . A premium picture tube — made of all-new glass and all-new parts.

• **RCA Monogram** . . . No finer factory-rebuilt picture tube made.

All-New Premium
RCA Silverama®
Finest Picture Tube Made Today $49.00*





Factory-Rebuilt
RCA Monogra
Finest Rebuilt Picture Tube Made $

RCA® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • *Electron Tube Division,*

*Optional list prices for a popular 21" tube. Monogram prices slight

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cardiff Giant Affair (Continued from Page 49)

Then he was gone. I righted my chair. It would be nonsense to say that I was without apprehension, for Oscar was as deadly as a swamp rattler. As I stood leaning upon my desk, my duty became clear to me—my duty as an attorney and my obligation as a citizen. I would perform that duty quickly, and, having done so, I would then attend to matters more personal.

I put on my coat, hat and tippet and ran down the stairs and across the street to the bank over which Mr. Watts presided. I entered and strode back to his office, and, without asking permission, burst into the solemn privacy of his room. He rose from his chair, scowling.

"What does this intrusion mean, Orrin?" he demanded.

"It means," I said, "that you are a gullible, pompous ass." It was the truth, but even so, it was not proper for one of my age to speak so to a man of Mr. Watts' position and years.

"Get out of here, you impertinent puppy, before I have you thrown out neck and heels!"

"Before you do so," I said hotly, "look at the collateral Madam Janeway had deposited with you as security for her borrowing! Look at it as you should have done when you made the loan, and see if your credulity has not wrecked this bank!"

His mouth dropped open, his cheeks lost color and he gobbled in his throat, collapsing in his chair. I took it upon myself to step to the door and call the cashier of the institution.

"Mr. Watts," I said, "wants you to bring to him at once all Madam Janeway's papers, notes, collateral. At once."

In a matter of minutes the cashier put the papers upon Banker Watts' desk. He goggled at them. "Open that sealed envelope," I ordered—and who was I, so young and untried a man, to venture such an audacity? But Banker Watts, hands shaking as with palsy, obeyed. He fumbled open the heavy envelope upon which was listed the securities to be found within, and the written signature of Dan'l Drew. The contents of the envelope spilled out upon his desk. He started at what lay under his eyes and uttered choking sounds and collapsed on the floor behind his desk. For the contents of the envelope were not stocks and bonds, but folded heavy blank paper.

I left him to be revived by someone else and to cope with his problem. I did not mention the million dollars I had taken from my safe and hidden aboard Lizzie Ann. I had but one thing on my confused mind then, and that was Lossie Fox. So, through the running gutters and slush, I hurried to Lossie's house and, like a privileged member of the family, opened the door without rapping and stood in the vestibule bellowing Lossie's name.

Mrs. Fox, wiping her hands on her apron, appeared from the kitchen and frowned at me. "Goodness gracious, Orrin! What's all the racket? Lossie isn't here. She went driving with Madam Janeway."

I turned without a mannerly word and rushed from the house. As I stood on the sidewalk I was possessed by a confused necessity to do something, but my brain would not inform me what to do. I could not think logically, nor reason, but stood helpless and bewildered. And then I heard hoofbeats and rounding the corner came Madam Janeway's splendid carriage and team, with her coachman on his seat and Madam and Lossie under a rich fur robe, sitting red-cheeked and at their ease, chatting as if neither of them had a care in the world.

They turned into the driveway leading to the barn, but stopped under the porte-cochere. The ladies alighted and went into the house. It was all so normal and casual to the eye, but I knew it was not normal and casual. Lossie was a hostage for the return of a million dollars. Only by threatening her could Madam Janeway and Oscar compel me to surrender the loot which was the product of their scheming. And they had no time to lose.

I splashed across the street and up the steps. The door was not locked and I let myself in and called loudly, "Lossie, I'm here! It's all right, Lossie! I'm here!"

I strode into the back parlor where the ladies stood. They had not taken off their wraps. Lossie looked at me as if I had taken leave of my senses.

"Orrin Applegate!" she said angrily. "What's the meaning of this? What ails you?"

Madam Janeway smiled at me and then at Lossie. "Orrin thinks something is wrong," she said gently. And then, without change of expression or inflection, "Of course, Orrin is right. Something is quite, quite wrong. . . . We were expecting you, Orrin. Possibly not so soon."

Lossie was bewildered. "I don't understand," she said, looking from one to the other of us.

"Oscar," I said tersely, "found the safe empty."

"Oh!" said Lossie faintly.

"And the house of cards is tumbling down," I went on. "They've got to get back the money and run before they're caught in the ruins."

"Orrin," said Madam, and her voice was solicitous, "you really must be quick about it. We have no time to spare."

I almost said that they had less time than they thought. But I kept silent about my visit to Mr. Watts' bank and the discovery that Madam's collateral was blank paper.

"Come along, Lossie," I said. "Let's get out of here."

But Oscar's voice croaked behind me. "Nobody's going anywhere," he said, and advanced into the room. In his left hand—his big, splay-fingered left hand—he gripped a cluster of those throwing knives we had seen him practicing with in the barn. One of them was ready in his right hand.

"We've nothing to lose now, Orrin," Madam said. "We really must have that money, at any cost. It's terrible, Orrin, but it is necessary."

"As those two other murders were necessary!" I said. "The Duke, and was it—was it your brother?"

"It—it was heart-breaking," she said. "Heart-breaking."

"Shut up!" snarled Oscar.

She did not heed him. "But they made it necessary," she said. "They were blackmailers."

"The pot," said I, "calls the kettle black."

Oscar advanced a step into the room. "Your last chance!" he snarled. "Where is that money?"

Lossie had backed against the beautifully paneled wall. Her head was high and she was not afraid.

"Don't tell them," she said sharply.

Oscar's arm snapped back and flicked forward. The knife glinted through the air and buried its point in the oak an inch from Lossie's shoulder.

"Don't move!" I called in an agony of fear.

"The next one," Oscar said viciously, "will carve a piece of meat."

I faced Oscar. "If you so much as scratch her skin," I said evenly, "I'll kill you the way it hurts most."

"You," he retorted, "will be too dead to hurt a fly. For the last time, where is that money?"

"You'd better forget it," I said. "Banker Watts opened your envelope of stocks and bonds. You'd better run while you have a chance."

That shocked the man. His eyes widened, and I could see his shoulders sag and then stiffen. I was standing six feet to the left of Lossie, and near me was a solid wooden antique chair. In the instant of his shock I snatched it up and, leaping between him and Lossie, I presented it as a shield. Oscar hurled another knife, but it buried its point in the thick bottom of the chair. I crouched, pointing the chair legs toward him. Making myself as small as possible, I rushed upon him. I heard Madam scream, but there was no sound from Lossie.

A heavy chair with a broad bottom is not only a defensive but an offensive weapon. At close quarters it is frustrating to an antagonist—especially an antagonist with knives to throw. My unexpected rush threw Oscar back and pinned him against the wall. The four legs of the chair hampered and imprisoned him; the clumsy weapon could not be fended and skill was helpless against it.

Oscar had but one knife left and it was useless to him. I was very thankful for my size and strength, for I was able to wield my heavy weapon with ease. Suddenly I drew it back a scant six inches and jabbed with it viciously. Oscar grunted with pain as a leg punched him in the stomach, while another made contact with his shoulder.

Over my shoulder I called to Lossie, "Get out of here! Get out!" But I could not see if she obeyed. All I knew was that Oscar's arm must have been momentarily benumbed, for his remaining knife dropped to the carpet. But his recovery was quick, and his big hands clutched the chair and tried to wrestle it away from me. Gaunt though he was, there was tremendous strength in his arms and shoulders. He braced his back against the wall and, shifting his hold to two of the chair legs, twisted until the sturdy wood cracked and splintered and I found myself with only part of the seat and back—no longer an effective weapon. And even it, as we fought for its possession, disintegrated, leaving but a fragment in my hands and an equal fragment in his. And our bodies were in contact.

I thanked heaven for my friendship with the canawlers, whose delight it was to wrestle on the sward along the canal of evenings. They had taught me the tricks of catch-as-catch-can, and the dirtier twistings and gougings and kneeings intended to maim or even kill an adversary in serious and bloody battle.

But never had I encountered a strength equal to Oscar's strength save in one man only, and that was my friend Zach Wheelright. We grappled, seeking the advantage of a punishing hold, stomping our feet so that the house shook with our trampling. We reeled about the room, toppling furniture, smashing glass and china, crashing into walls and rebounding, with neither having the advantage.

By common impulse we loosed each other and, crouching, circled with outstretched arms and clutching hands. Of a sudden, Oscar sent a kick at my kneecap, but I anticipated him by presenting my heel, and he cursed from the pain of it. I sidestepped to the right and stabbed at his eyes with stiffened fingers, but he danced away. It was not a fight with rules. There was no sportsmanship, no decency—only a grim intent to harm in any manner that hurt could be dealt. I was without compunction, for I knew that I was fighting for my life.

Once, as we whirled and sidestepped, I caught a glimpse of Lossie crouched against the wall, and of Madam, her fists pressed against her lips.

"I told you to get out!" I shouted.

"And let her stab you in the back!" Lossie cried.

How long we had been circling and straining, feinting and gripping, I did not know. But I did know that my heart pounded and my breath came in painful gulps. I was nearing the end of my string—and then I bethought me of a trick taught me by Zach. I lunged toward Oscar clumsily, pretended to trip and dropped to my knees. The maneuver requires split-second precision. By Oscar's reaction to (*Continued on Page 62*)

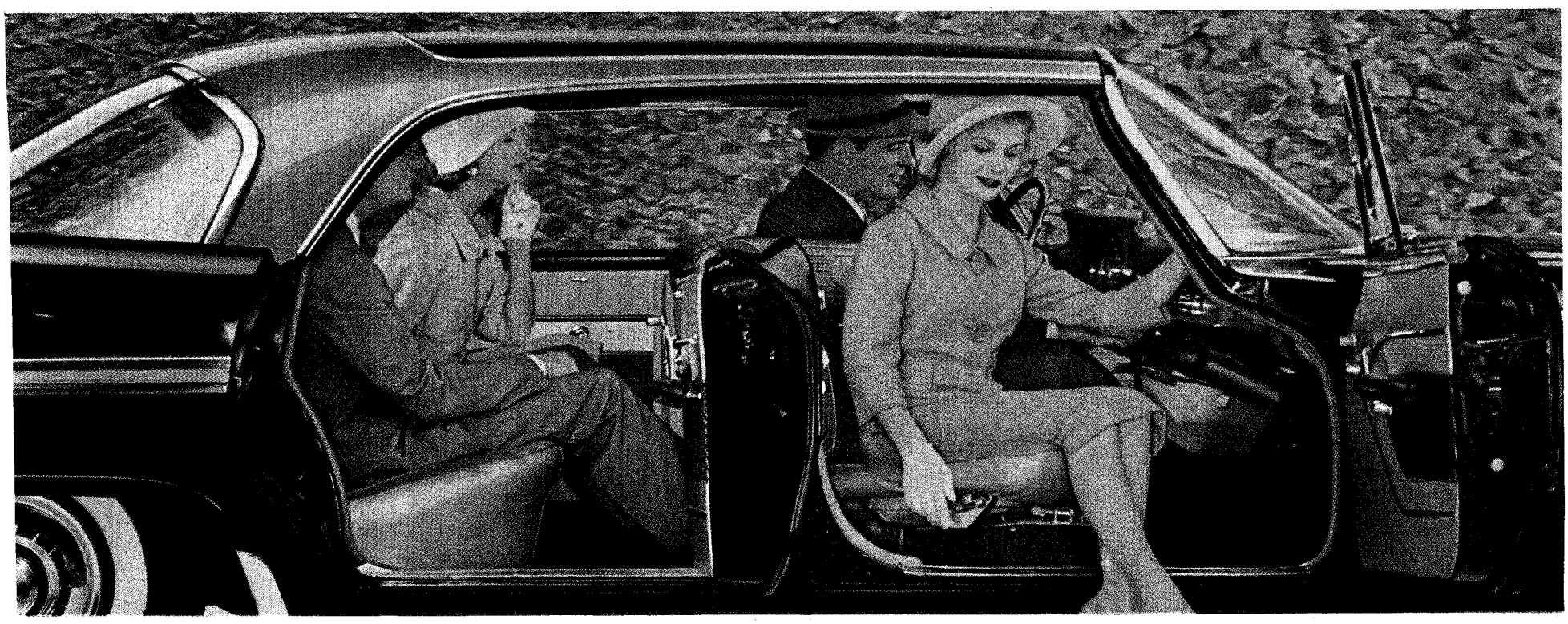
"Well, do I get waited on or do I turn the children loose?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the style that set the standard for an industry: Chrysler Windsor 4-Door Hardtop in Lustre-Bond Empress Blue and Nocturne Blue.

ROOMINESS !



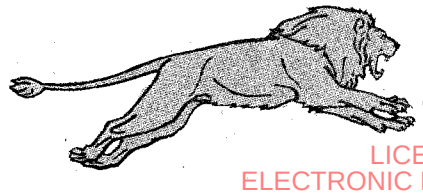
The big news in '59 is roominess . . . and Chrysler's got it!

How was Chrysler able to add extra room this year when all other cars seem cramped?

(1) We made the doors wider and higher to let you in and out easily. (2) Added the option of Swivel Seats to swing you inside gracefully. (3) Raised the roof to give you room for sitting straight and proud—and with your hat on. (4) Pushed the rear seat back to let you stretch your legs. (5) Raised the seats so your feet would fit flat to the floor. (6) Snugged the seats up close to the door so you needn't take a long step before you sit down.

In a Chrysler, as in no other car this year, you're never "locked in" to one position. There's room to shift around, to rearrange yourself and get comfortable all over again.

There's a Chrysler waiting for you right now at your Chrysler dealer's. See its trim, taut style that set an industry standard. Then get in and go. Experience the driving ease of pushbutton TorqueFlite automatic transmission . . . the road-calming competence of Torsion-Aire Ride . . . the stop-on-a-dime safety of Total-Contact Brakes. Do it soon!



lion-hearted **CHRYSLER**

. . . setting the pace in style

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) my trick, I knew he was not familiar with it, for he aimed a kick at my face—and that was what I wanted. I was ready for it and avoided it, and as it whizzed past my ear I struck upward with all my strength. My hard fist went home on his groin and as he doubled in agony I surged up beneath him and lifted him from the floor. With every ounce of my remaining strength I hoisted him above my head, and then, as I had been taught, I spun upon my heels, once around, twice around, three times, and hurled Oscar, not to the floor, as I would have done had I been in the open, but headlong against the brickwork of the fireplace. The sound was a sound which I hope never to hear again—the cracking of a human skull. Oscar kicked once and lay still.

Madam screamed. She crouched in a corner, face hidden in her palms. Lossie did not crouch nor did she hide her face. She stood erect, shoulders back, and with such a look of elation as I never before beheld on a human face. She ran toward me, gripped my elbows and looked up into my face.

"You're the dandiest fighter alive!" she said, and then there was a pause and she said, "Why don't you kiss me, you great oaf?"

I never had kissed her. It never had occurred to me to do so; and the present moment seemed no time for it.

"Go along with you," I said. "I've no time for your monkeyshines now."

"When do you think you will have?" she asked meekly.

Madam Janeway spoke. She had dropped her hands from her face and was staring across the room at Oscar. Her cheeks were ashen and there was a wild look in her lovely eyes. "Is he dead?" she whispered.

"I hope so," said I, and was not surprised at my harshness. I had meant to kill him for what he had done to Lossie, and I felt no remorse.

"Oh, I hope so too. I hope so," Madam said wretchedly. "He was a horrid man. Horrid. I shall be free from him."

To that I did not reply, doubting its sincerity. Madam was a shifty, clever woman. Even in this tragic moment she might be preparing the way for her defense. She saw the possibility of shifting the blame to Oscar's shoulders and of assuming the role of an innocent, victimized woman. With her beauty, her dignity, her history of kindness and generosity, such a defense might be effective not only with the public but with a jury of her peers.

"He was your man," I said accusingly.

"He was my husband." There was hysteria in her voice. It was not a cultured voice now, but something common. "The shame of it!" she cried. "Chained to a thief and a murderer." She raised her eyes to mine and got to her feet, the picture of suffering innocence, of martyred womanhood. "Oh, Orrin, you will help me? You will advise me? You will stand by me in my hour of need?"

It was artificial, it was acting, but even though I recognized it for what it was, it affected me. I looked at Lossie and saw that she was crying. She was not crying from relief or as a result of fear. She was, I believe, crying for Madam Janeway, in bitter sorrow for what Madam Janeway might have been and for what she so tragically was. Lossie walked across the room and took the older woman in her arms to comfort her.

"I could have loved you so, and admired you so," she said to Madam. "There was so much that was fine and good. I'm crying because all that good must suffer along with the evil that was there too."

For a moment, Madam was natural, without acting or pretense.

"Little Lossie," she said, "I loved you."

"But," I said harshly, "you would have stood by and let Oscar murder her. You lured her here to torture her and make me tell where the money was hidden."

"But," Madam said softly, "it broke my heart."

That was acting; it was crafty insincerity. Whatever good Lossie saw in her or that I was able to perceive was in abeyance, and cunning and duplicity were in the ascendant.

"Orrin," she said in a piteous voice, "there is still time for me to escape. And you have all that money, Orrin. Help me to get away and I'll never tell. It will all be yours, Orrin—every penny will be yours!"

If my heart needed hardening that sufficed to turn it to steel.

"Madam," I said stonily, "I must ask you to come with me."

"Where?" she asked, and her eyes pleaded with me.

"To the jail," I said.

"No!" cried Lossie. "Not you! You're not a policeman!"

But that decision was not to be mine. There was a clamor at the door, and it burst open and half a dozen men entered. In the lead was Banker Watts, whom I had seen last in a swoon on his office floor; there was our chief of police and men in uniform. They stopped suddenly in the archway at the sight of Oscar and the pool of blood in which he lay.

"What's this? What's going on here?" our police chief demanded. And then Madam showed herself as she truly was, making one last, desperate effort. She pointed an accusing finger at me.

"That man," she said, "murdered my husband for the money. They plotted together to rob the banks. That man killed my husband so he could keep it all."

"That," said Lossie sturdily, "is a wicked lie."

Apparently none of them heeded Madam or Lossie. Banker Watts dominated them. He waved a yellow telegraph blank and shouted, "What have you to say to this, you sharper, you thief? From Dan'l Drew! I wired him! This is his reply! 'The woman Janeway is an impostor. I never heard of her. I have had no relations with her. I will sue for slander any man who charges the contrary.'" Watts was trembling with rage. "Impostor!" he roared. "Where's my money, woman? Where's my money?"

Jethro Willis, slinking in the rear, pasty-faced from fright, lifted a quavering voice, "Where's our money, woman? Where's our money?"

I could not keep scorn from my voice. "You deserve to lose your money," I said. "You were trusted by your depositors and you betrayed their trust. Gullible! Shamefully gullible! What precautions did you take? What investigations did you make? You let this woman beguile and bamboozle you. None of you—and you call yourselves bankers—so much as opened an envelope to see what it contained. But your money is safe. All but what Madam has spent in her career in Syracuse. Nearly a million dollars."

"Where is it? Where is it?" begged Watts and Willis.

"It's where Lossie Fox and I put it for safekeeping. It will be placed in the hands of proper authority. Let us proceed with order and decorum," I said, and stared down Banker Watts. "Not hysterically. Let Madam Janeway be taken into custody—and myself, if that be deemed necessary because of my killing of the man Oscar. Then call in the attorney general, for this matter ramifies through the state. There must be strict investigation and equitable division and restitution of this million dollars."

And so, because there was no other course to follow, it was done. Madam was confined, not in a cell but in an apartment in the jail. Officials from Albany arrived and I, not yet placed under arrest, accompanied them to Lizzie Ann, where Zach Wheelright produced the satchelful of money.

In the end, hopeless and begging for clemency, Madam made full confession. She had been born in Connecticut and at the age of sixteen had run away from home. Even so young she exerted an amazing charm upon men. She married a doctor and disappeared with his bank account; she passed forged checks and served two terms in prison. She set up business as a fortuneteller and defrauded clients of considerable sums, but vanished before she could be brought to justice. She emerged again in Detroit, passing herself off as the daughter of a famous architect, and cashed some thousands of dollars of worthless checks. For a few years she lived quietly, until restlessness again drove her to seek excitement.

Another series of frauds made her take refuge with a patent-medicine show, where she sang songs to a banjo and allowed herself to stand before a plank while Oscar threw knives at her. She and Oscar were kindred spirits, and between them they planned the Dan'l Drew fraud, selecting Syracuse as remote from New York and a town of promising character.

Oscar demanded that she marry him, and from that date her life became a ghastly experience. He was a dangerous, deadly criminal. He had strangled the Duke because that man had tracked him down and was demanding a share of the loot. He had throttled Gideon Weeks, a brother of Madam's, for the same reason.

Madam was brought to trial and, though she produced a vigorous and clever defense, was convicted and sentenced to ten years in the state penitentiary.

I was given great credit for saving several banks from ruin—much more than I deserved. But, as Lossie said, it was silly to refuse gifts of the gods. Banker Watts, discredited in the city for his gullibility and carelessness, found it necessary to dispose of his bank holdings, which were bought by a coterie of citizens. And I, though younger than they would have had me, was given the position of the bank's attorney at law, a decently lucrative connection.

But, oddly enough, these tragic, melodramatic and sometimes humorous events did not bring to an end my connection with George Hall, cigar manufacturer of Binghamton, and the much-disputed Cardiff Giant.

It would not be long now before navigation of the canal reopened. Warm southern breezes softened the imprisoning ice, and in the basin there was much activity as the canawlers made ready their boats for the summer's journeying. There were painting and calking and repairing, and even gaiety as the men and women of the canal emerged from their hibernation. Soon now there would be rivalry for cargoes to be carried westward to Buffalo or eastward to the Hudson River.

It was at this time that the newspapers of the country, probably because news had been in the doldrums, interested themselves in the Cardiff Giant in a manner they had not displayed hitherto. In the past their columns had been filled with controversy, with arguments by scientists and men of religion. Famous names had taken their stands upon whether the giant was veritably a petrified man of ancient days, or a sculpture wrought by some prehistoric artist. There had been those who proclaimed it a fake, chief of whom was Andrew White, president of Cornell. But personages of equal magnitude made elaborate statements averring that it was a marvelous and ancient work of art. All but religious fanatics seemed to have abandoned the belief that it had once been a man walking the earth and breathing the air. The public still flocked to pay their money to stare at it. And people still passed their dollars through the window to peer at Barnum's imitation of the original giant.

But now the controversy took a different turn. Able newspapermen forsook the religious or scientific aspects of the man of stone to do a real job of detection—to discover how the giant came to be interred on Stubby Newell's farm; where it came from and by what means it arrived. And to identify, if possible, the stone carver who had wrought it.

In rapid succession new facts came to light. Circumstantial and eyewitness evidence was adduced until it seemed as if the veritable story of the hoax would soon be exposed in its entirety.

One morning George Hall, the agnostic cigar manufacturer, came to my office and occupied the client's chair.

"Mr. Applegate," he said, "I'm kind of, sort of, (*Continued on Page 64*)

"Excuse me, young man, but I have to take daughter's dowry upstairs."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gambles SPRING SPECIALS

Just $12.50 DOWN puts it to work on your land!

Gambles FARMCREST ROTARY TILLER

★ HANDLEBAR CLUTCH AND THROTTLE!

★ QUICK-CHANGE DEPTH BAR!

★ EXCLUSIVE UNBREAKABLE TINES!

Makes quick work of soil preparation, cultivation, lawn renovation! Self-sharpening tines are *guaranteed for life.* Both throttle and clutch are located on the adjustable handlebar. Hinged depth bar lets you control tilling depths to 8", 21" tilling width. (B38-8896)

WITH FAMOUS BOLO TINES
$139.50
(B38-8904)

FREE *with purchase of tiller* 5-GAL. GAS CAN $2.89 VALUE (A15-1342)

NOW $129.50
$2.25 Per Week, Payable Monthly

FREE HOME TRIAL (B36-5630)

LAY-AWAY SALE!

$1 HOLDS THIS GREAT 24-INCH ROTARY MOWER UNTIL YOU NEED IT!

LAY-AWAY PRICE $68.88 Reg. Low Price $78.88
$1.40 Per Week, Payable Monthly

- Staggered Wheels—No Scalping!
- Efficient Front Discharge!
- Automatic Recoil Starter!

Gambles SEWING MACHINES give professional results!

$1.40 Weekly, Payable Monthly
$5.00 DOWN
Buys a CORONADO Electric Sewing Machine

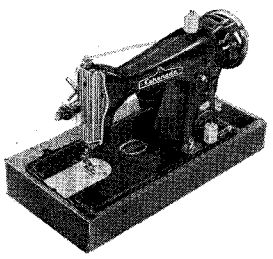
It's yours at a BIG $21.00 SAVING!

CORONADO PORTABLE AUTOMATIC ZIG-ZAG $88.88 LESS CASE
REG. $109.95
GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

WE TRADE

Does all these professional stitches

Every deluxe feature . . . built-in light, 18 cams for making decorative designs, forward and reverse double lock switch, self-releasing bobbin winder, push-button reverse, automatic tension release. (B45-4127)
With lightweight portable case, regular $119.95 (45-4134) $98.88



CORONADO "*Classic*" PORTABLE
SALE PRICE $38.88
Full-size round bobbin portable with variable speed foot control; numbered stitch regulator, forward and reverse. Complete with sturdy leatherette base. 115V AC-DC. (A45-4120)

4-SEWED HOUSEHOLD BROOM
SPECIAL VALUE 99¢
(B19-1043)

SAVE 15¢
ZIPPERED PLASTIC DAMPENING BAG
Large 18x36" bag in red, blue, green or clear. REG 59¢. 44¢
(B19-510)

Bring the family when you come to... Gambles The Friendly Store

NOTICE: All merchandise subject to stock on hand. We reserve right to limit quantities. Prices subject to change without notice. Tiller prices slightly higher in Rocky Mountain area. If you don't know the location of your nearest Gamble Store write: Dept. 31, Gamble-Skogmo, Inc., 15 North 8th St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 62*) after a fashion, worried about haow I stand."

"With respect to what?" I asked.

"The giant," he said. "Too much is bein' unearthed. It won't be long naow before the papers publish all about it. What I come to consult you about, Mr. Applegate, is haow I stand legal."

"You are worried," I said, "as to whether a criminal prosecution can be brought against you for fraud or for obtaining money under false pretenses."

"That's the ticket," he said. He did not seem to be acutely worried.

"Did you ever state orally or in print that the effigy was once a living man? That it was a petrified giant that once had been flesh and blood?"

"Never," he said firmly.

"Did you ever state that it was an ancient statue, a Phoenician sculpture or otherwise of great age?"

"Not once," he answered, and grinned. "I just left fools to draw their own conclusions. I didn't have to make statements. All I had to do was stand by and let them make fools of themselves. It kind of give me satisfaction to watch 'em squabble." His expression was saturnine. "There's no nonsense so silly but what folks will credit it as truth. Ye don't have to lie to them, Mr. Applegate. Just give 'em a chance and they'll swaller anything whole. They jest naturally crave to be gulled. Like in this Madam Janeway business."

"Would you care to tell me the whole truth about it?" I asked.

"I've had my fun and made me a snag of money. I'm ready to tell it to the world. And have the laugh on 'em. Parsons and scientists! I showed 'em up for what they be."

"Very well," I said. "Start at the beginning."

He settled himself in his chair and squinted at me maliciously. "Wa-al," he said, "it all come about kind of by chance. I was visitin' my sister out in Ioway, and there was one of them shoutin' evangelists apreachin'. Not makin' sense. He bellered out that there was giants in them days, and I stood up and demanded to know how big them giants was. He was took back, but all the same he answered up and says that they was ten feet high."

Hall grinned impishly and took a chew of tobacco. He was enjoying himself in a sardonic way.

"I got to mulling it over and it come to me I could have my fun and mebby make some money. So I swapped a keg of beer to a feller for a great big block of gypsum. I was ready to invest some money in making folks look small, even if there was no profit in it. So I got the hunk of gypsum lugged to Chicago, where I got a graveyard sculptor on North Clark Street. He whittled out the giant to my specifications, and made it look real by peckin' tiny holes all over it, like the pores in a man's skin. And on its back I had him cut channels like it was worn by runnin' water."

"Thorough," I observed.

"The tough job was luggin' it to Stubby's farm," he said. "It busted down wagons 'n' it caved in bridges. But I got it there and buried it 'n' left it to ripen for a year. Then Stubby dug it up. Then the fun started."

"Now you're a little worried lest your fun result in criminal prosecution?"

"Not too much, but I be a mite uneasy."

"Mr. Hall," I said, "I can inform you that you are guilty of nothing criminal. You made no guarantees. You just stood by and reaped your harvest. You only let the public draw their own conclusions."

"Which," he said, "they done. Confirming my view that human beings is just eager to get gouged, and willing to fight and bleed for any doggone fool idee, whether it's religion or politics or the layin' on of hands to cure disease. Yup. The's jest one quality all created human beings share. And that, Mr. Applegate, is gullibility."

"So," I was forced to agree, "it would seem. And what are your plans now, Mr. Hall?"

"I figger, since I hain't liable to no pains or penalties, to tell the whole story to the papers. And git my last big laugh out of it."

And that is what George Hall proceeded to do. And, weirdly enough, the result of it was to increase the size of the crowds who thronged to see the giant. And what was strangest of all, to confirm the belief of religious fanatics that the stone man was indeed created by God and was a miracle from heaven.

Every day the opening of the canal drew nearer, and at last word came through from east and west that the big ditch was free of ice. Lossie and I decided to go down to the basin to say

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Edge of Sleep

By Marilyn Francis

There is a shore line on the
edge of sleep
Where little ripples, gentle
on the rock,
Insinuate themselves along
the steep
Insistent definitions of the
clock.

Engulfed in silver shadows
at the crest
The flooding waters gain a
higher side
And float the tired sleepers
into rest
Adrift and overtaken by the
tide.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

good-by to Lizzie Ann and to Zach and his woman.

We were going to a musicale, which was a social occasion that required dressing in our best. Our fathers and mothers were to go in our carriage, so Lossie and I were permitted the use of the Fox buggy and we left after an early supper, so that we could visit the Wheelrights before the evening's entertainment began.

Lossie certainly was not my little playmate that night. She wore a gown that she had bought while on her travels, and her hair was piled elaborately on her head, with little curls escaping as though by accident, but actually with shrewd calculation. She wore dainty little slippers and a gold chain about her neck with a locket hanging from it. As she came into the dining room she was radiant and dignified, like a princess out of a fairy tale. This she knew, and looked at me smugly.

I thought to take her down a peg, so I said, "You wouldn't jump off your porch railing into a pile of leaves in that getup."

She twitched her nose at me and arranged her skirts with their hoops, and a fan dangled from a ribbon at her wrist. Her expression was prim, and did not change, even though she brought the heel of her slipper down upon my instep so that I winced.

She smiled in a sardonic way and said, "How dignified and splendid you look tonight, Orrin! Almost too grown up. I do hope you don't split your coat."

I was unhappily aware that since that coat had been bought my shoulders had widened, and the sleeves were a trifle too short, and it angered me that she should treat me as if I were some hobbledehoy of half her age.

"Anyhow, I'm not a scrawny little brat that wouldn't make a mouthful for a crow," I said snappishly.

"Scrawny?" she said and elevated her brows in a superior manner. "I'd have you know that I'm not scrawny, but slender, and that my figure has been commented upon favorably by gentlemen of experience and perception."

I had not seen much of Lossie since that day in Madam Janeway's parlor when I had fought with Oscar and when Lossie, being upset by the fighting, had asked me to kiss her. I don't know that she had avoided me, but she did seem to be very busy and to have little time for me. And when she did see me she was always aloof and hoity-toity, as if we were comparative strangers instead of playfellows from babyhood.

Tonight she was no different. We got up from the table and I handed her into the buggy, which awaited us in the driveway. I tucked the lap robe about her, and she said, "Scrawny," under her breath.

"Well," I told her, "you can't help it. Legs like a couple of broomsticks! Chasing after me like a grasshopper!"

"That," she said furiously, "was years ago! Girls grow up and—and their legs change!"

"Yours," I said, "would have to change a lot."

"Not only," she said, "are you a great, clumsy ox, Orrin Applegate, but you've cataracts in both eyes. And no gumption. It doesn't make any difference how modest a girl is, any man with the slightest bit of git-up-and-git to him will have stolen peeks at her legs."

"I'm not interested," I told her.

After that there was a chill in the air until I had driven the buggy as near to the Lizzie Ann as was possible, and I cramped the wheels and walked around to help her alight. She jumped down all by herself and almost slipped and fell on her nose, and I said "Smarty," and she stuck out her tongue at me.

We went aboard the Lizzie Ann and I let out a holler to tell Zach Wheelright and his woman that we were there. Zach opened the door, and welcoming light poured out from the cabin and an agreeable odor of coffee and baking.

"Come in and welcome!" he bellowed, and reaching up his great hands he swung Lossie down the steps and into the cabin. "We was afraid we'd have to go 'thout seeing you agin."

Zach's woman was holding her close and calling her Lizzie Ann and tears were running down her thin and leathery cheeks. Lossie took off her wraps and stood there in her finery.

Zach goggled at her with eyes as big as saucers, and said, "Maw, fur goodness' sake, look! Our leetle gal's growed up!"

"I took note fur some time," Maw said dryly, "that she's been aworkin' up to it. The's been visible signs that she's left childhood behind and has got to be a woman. My leetle Lizzie Ann, a woman growed and ready fur marryin' 'n' babies and all." She dabbled at her beady bright eyes and patted Lossie. "Soon she'll be gittin' her a man, Zach, and we'll be losin' our leetle gal."

"You'll never lose me, Maw," Lossie said gently.

And then Maw Wheelright turned her bright eyes upon me and said sourly, "Heaven knows you've growed up, Orrin Applegate. But big as you be, ye hain't growed up as much as her." She frowned. "I suppose ye hain't had sense to make up your mind yit or to see what's what."

"Make up my mind about what, Maw Wheelright?" I asked.

"Some," Maw said to Lossie, "is dumber'n what others be. This one, he takes the prize."

"He is stupid," Lossie said, and nodded for emphasis.

"Ye hain't contrived to make him come to scratch?" Maw asked.

Lossie spoke like a little girl, and you could almost see her wriggle and play with the strings of her pinafore. "I'd rather," she said in a low voice, "that he came to scratch all by himself."

Zach roared with Homeric laughter. "Proba'ly," he said, "the boy's been thataway for a long time, but hain't woke up to it. Some folks need nudgin'."

"He's so thick-skinned," Lossie said, "that he doesn't notice nudges."

"Set daown," Maw commanded me. I did so, and she stood in front of me bristling like an angry bantam hen. "Look ye here, Orrin Applegate. Ye been arunnin' around with our Lizzie Ann since ye both was babies."

"Yes'm," I said. "We're next-door neighbors."

"The time's full ripe," she went on inexorably, "when her folks is bounden to ax ye what is your intentions?"

"My intentions!" I exclaimed.

"Let's start easy and elementary," Maw said. "Do ye deem Lizzie Ann to be a handsome gal?"

"Why, yes, Maw. Lossie's all right."

"Look at her," Maw commanded. "Look at her where she stands there all decked out in silks 'n' satins, like a princess."

I did so. There was no doubt that Lossie was as lovely as a girl could be. I did not look into her eyes, but a very pleasant sort of excitement took possession of me.

"Think back," Maw said peremptorily. "Call to mind the day when ye feared harm had come to her. Call to mind how ye felt that day."

"I call it to mind very clearly," I said.

"To be sure," Maw went on. "And that day ye fought 'n' killed a dangerous bad man. With her alookin' on. Why did ye do so, Orrin?"

"Because I hated him," I said hotly.

"So-oo-oo!" Maw exclaimed. "And why did ye hate him, boy?"

"Because I ——" I said and stopped. "Because," I went on in a second, "he dared to threaten her and frighten her. And because I'd tear apart any man that dared so much as lay a finger on her to harm her." I stopped again and looked at Maw Wheelright, and then across at Lossie, and I took a stride toward my girl, and I said in a big voice, "You don't need to ask me why I'd do that. You don't need to prompt me any more. The reason for it," I said, and my voice grew smaller, "is that she's the most precious thing in the world to me, and I wouldn't want to stay alive if she left me in the world alone."

Then I ventured to look at Lossie, and her eyes were wet, but behind the tears they were very lovely and yearning; and her sweet lips were parted, and there was an expression there that was not a smile, but was more splendid than a smile. And slowly she lifted her hands toward me until her arms were outstretched.

I heard Zach Wheelright say to his woman, "Woman, I calc'late we best go bide on deck."

So those two fine friends turned their backs on us and left us alone in their warm, cozy cabin.

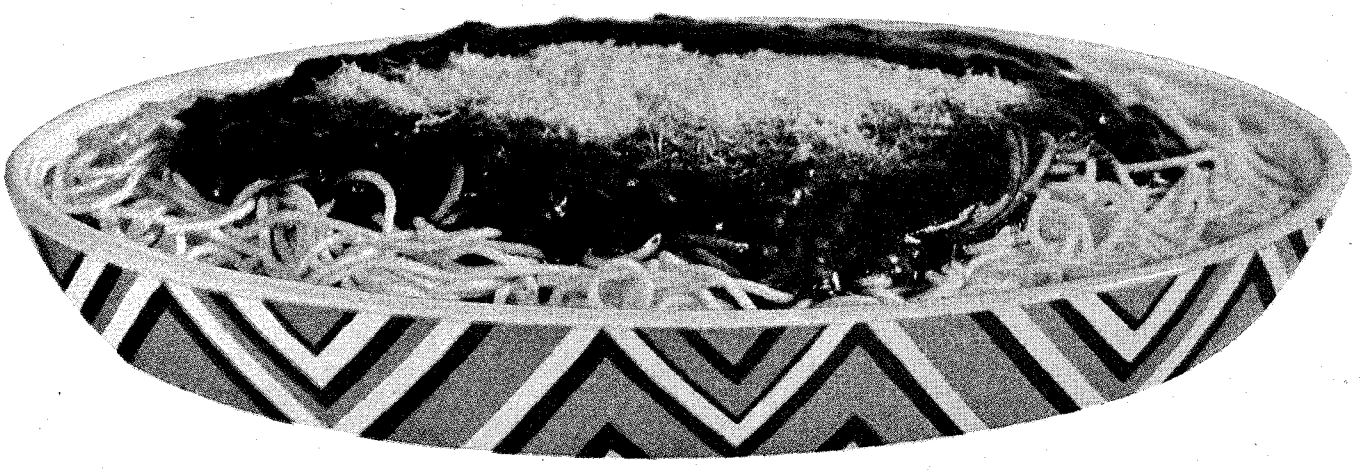
I stood there a little time, and then I said to her, "Playmate, what a great, blind oaf I've been!"

And she nodded her head in agreement and came a step nearer. "But," she said softly, "the dandiest great oaf that ever was."

THE END

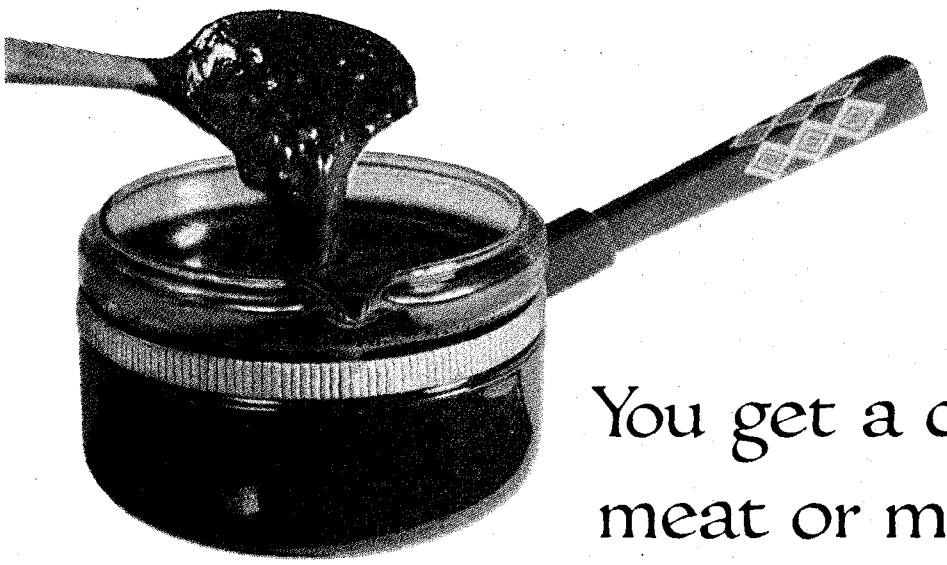
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is a CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Spaghetti Dinner



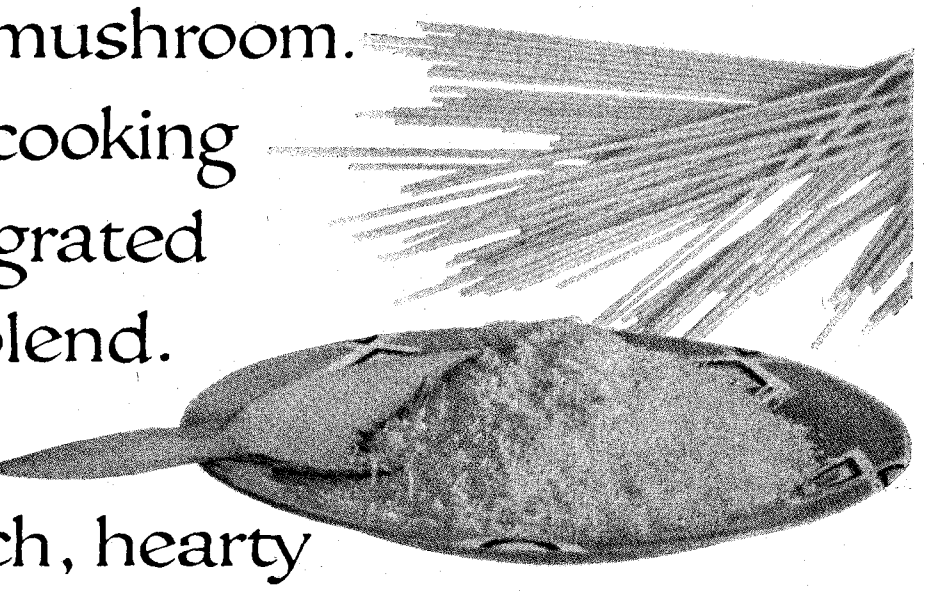
It comes complete in this box. Nothing else to buy.

Also available in Canada.



You get a complete spaghetti sauce, meat or mushroom.

You get tender, quick-cooking spaghetti. And tangy grated cheese, a real Italian blend.



You get all this and rich, hearty Italian flavor, too, for just about 15¢ a serving. Why buy anything else? Enjoy complete Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinners.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's NEW...It's the American
...designed for greater beauty, more

This beautiful, brand-new bathtub was designed to make bathing more relaxing, more pleasant than ever. To cradle you in soothing comfort, it is contour-shaped. For lazy stretching, it is long and roomy. Yet for all its beauty and comfort this new American-Standard bathtub is ever so practical.

Notice how the contour shape brings the back of the tub close to you for easy-reach cleaning. Look at those wide, wide corner ledges. One is perfect to sit on when bathing the children . . . the other holds all sorts of bathing accessories.

The simple, restrained design of this modern beauty is highlighted with a swept-back, decorative line across the front. The off-center contour of the bathtub is repeated in the off-center lavatory with wide side ledge.

Picture this new bathtub in your home. Everyone will love its exciting style. Because it is an American-Standard bathtub, it is made of cast iron with a thick coating of gleaming enamel in six decorator colors and white. And, best of all, *it costs less than you think.*

FOR MORE LUXURIOUS bathing this bathtub follows a smart new diagonal design that gives maximum width where needed, maximum comfort all the way. For more information see your American-Standard retailer, listed in the Yellow Pages of the phone book, or mail the coupon below.
AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION,
40 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

AMERICAN-STANDARD, Dept. PP-39, 39 W. 39th Street, New York 18, N.Y.
Please send me your 1959 Bathroom Planning Booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. I am modernizing ☐ I am building ☐

*Name*_____
PLEASE PRINT
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *Zone*_____
*County*_____ *State*_____
IN CANADA SEND TO: AMERICAN-STANDARD PRODUCTS, LTD., 1201 DU PONT STREET, TORONTO 4, CANADA

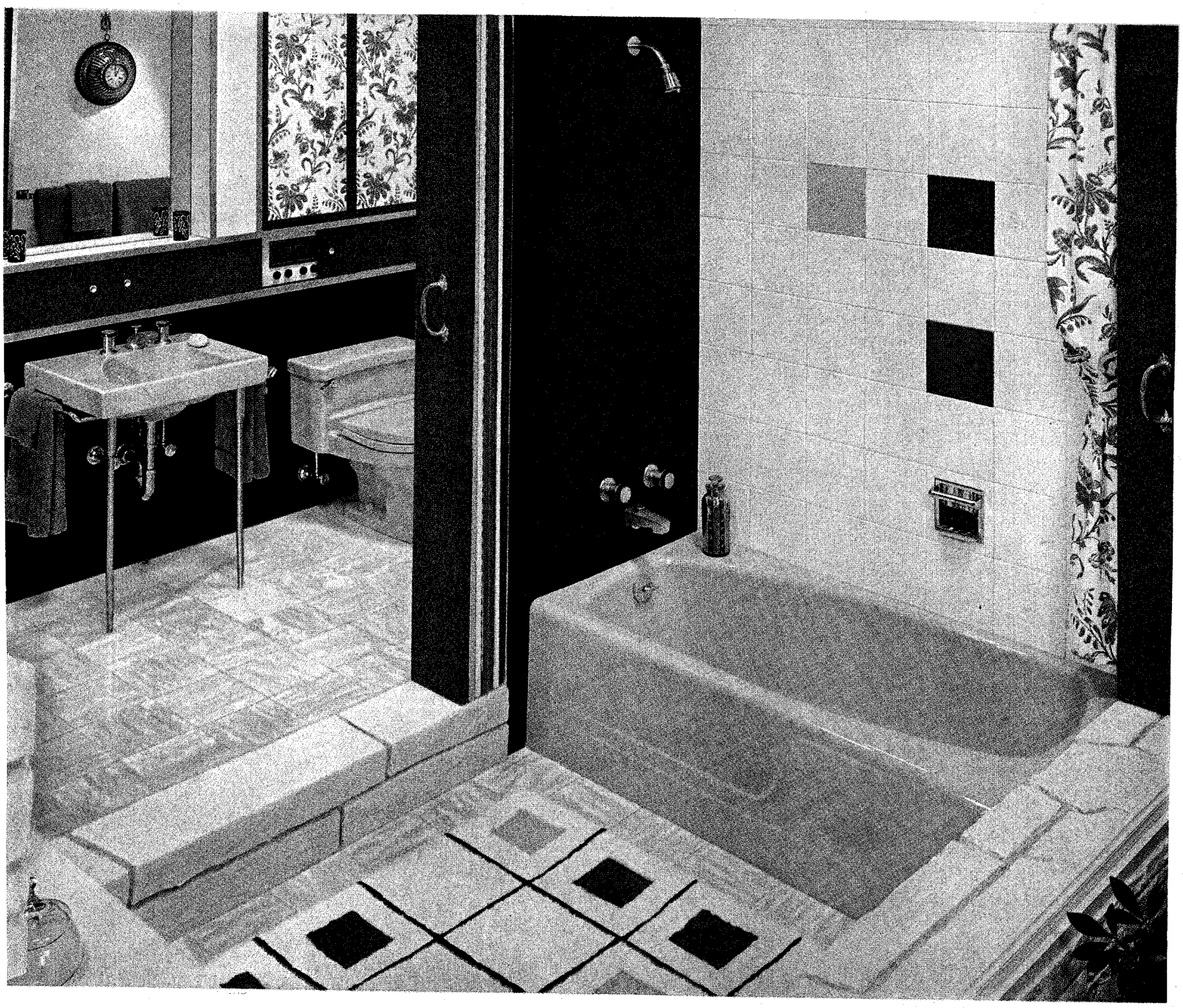
AMERICAN-Standard and Standard® are trademarks of American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation

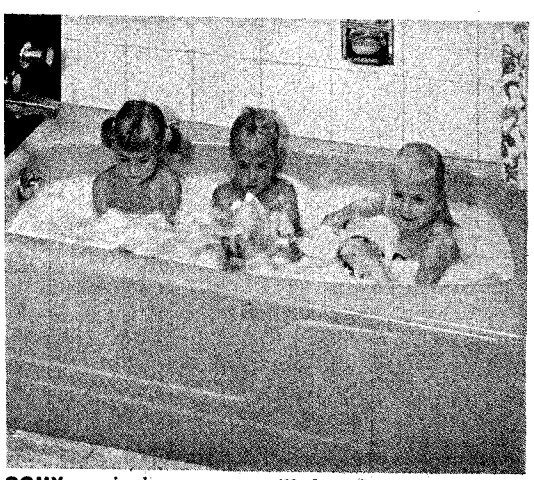
AMERICAN-Standard
PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

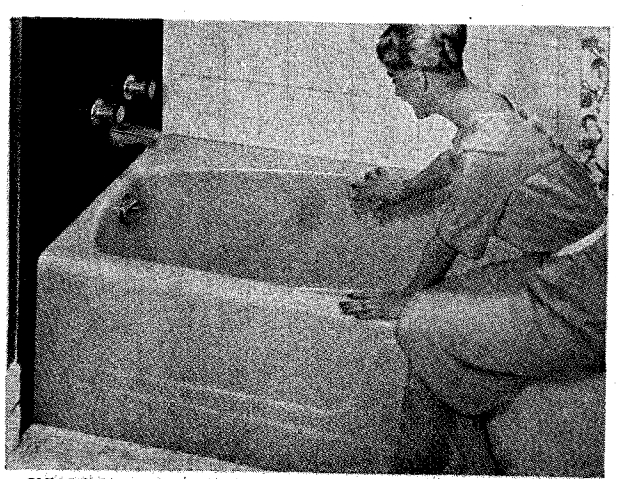
Standard CONTOUR bathtub

comfortable bathing, easier cleaning

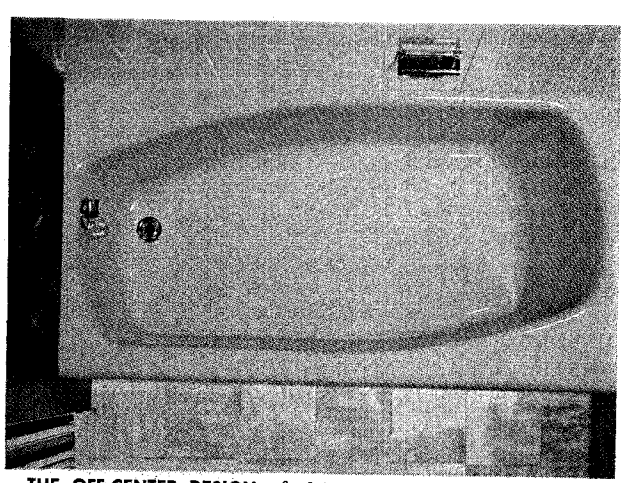




OOMY . . . is the way you will describe this new con- bathtub. Large enough to bathe all the children at , or to let a he-man take a relaxing soak!



CLEANING IS A BREEZE because the contour shape of this new bathtub brings the back of the tub within easy reach. No more stretching and straining when you clean the tub!



THE OFF-CENTER DESIGN of this new contour bathtub is excitingly different. Yet for all its style it is roomy, provides delightful bathing comfort.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Land Quarrel (Continued from Page 27)

and his dirty khaki shirt, holding the horse by the bridle and standing well clear of its hoofs. But most of all, the horse. Golden brown, the sunlight running like burning liquid on his skin; the legs so slender you'd think they'd snap as they pawed the ground; the neck like the arch of a bridge, springing out of great shoulders, and the head and the eyes wild as a panther's, swinging and twisting at the bridle. He had already kicked two stable boys nearly into Kingdom Come when they were saddling him up. Tugging like a wild thing at the bridle, and the second his mouth was loose for a moment giving great screams that rang in the sky. I wouldn't have gone near that horse for the land I squat on. And yet Leonie rode him.

"No horse dropped from a mare will frighten me," she said; and I remember old Andries bending forward as he watched, one side of him desperate to stop her, and the other side mad with pride that she'd do it. I remember the Kaffirs' eyes staring at her, white with fright for the little Meisje, as they all called her then.

She didn't swing into the saddle. She leaped. Clamped herself on the horse's back like a monkey riding a leopard. The Portuguese man went one way, boots to the sky, and the Kaffirs the other like reaped corn, and the horse screamed as if she'd wounded its heart.

Go? Like lightning out of the sky. Feet together, body arched in a spring, and then away with the two of them across the veld, Leonie flat on its neck, white shirt no more than a blaze of silver on the horse's saddle. Away and away and away until they were small as a stone in the far, shimmering yellow distance, and then back again, though God knows how she turned. Back until the drum and thud of the hoofs on the hard ground shook in my ears and the sweat was on me like oil. She passed within ten yards of me, the horse's nostrils flaring red and his eyes wild with fury. And I saw her face. Burning white with joy. White as a sheet and her eyes like green fire. Frightened to death and yet blazing inside with joy. Lord, how would you know the heart of a girl like that?

When she came back again the horse was quiet and trembling with sweat, and Leonie's shirt was sticking to her skin as if she'd been in a storm. And there was a queer kind of sadness in her face as if she was heartsick that it was finished. As if she knew that life wouldn't give her many more times like that. That was the year she went to study in the Cape. A queer little mocking, sad look in her eyes as she said good-by to me, and then that white, frightened, yet joyful blaze in her face as she thought of Capetown and the world outside the farm, that she was running to. Or running away to; running away from her real life on the farm to a fairy tale outside, where there'd be no problems, no dullness, only fire and gold and excitement, and a princely lover who wouldn't be afraid to speak to her, afraid of her father, afraid of his own poverty. And where she wouldn't be afraid to answer him.

But while my thoughts would be on this, and of how maybe both of us let our lives slip out of our hands because we were afraid to grasp them, my words would be telling the two children only of her courage.

And always when I finished that story or another story, Marijke would put her hand on Lennie's and look at me, and say, "Thank you, Oom Paul; that is a very fine story." But Lennie would say nothing, just stare away into the blue distances above the Low Veld, toward the hidden sea.

Then they'd go off and play together, and I would go to my work, my heart full of Leonie who was dead so long ago and so far away. And the worst sorrow in my heart was to know that one day her son must go too. Because that was the way it was to be. Gerhardus to have the land. Lennie to have the best education money could buy, and then a little money to start him in the great world. Gerhardus had seen to it that it should be like that, dropping a word here and a word there into old Andries' ear. That it would be madness to divide the farm. And worse madness to give half of it to a boy like Lennie, full of dreams and his mother's queerness; a boy who might even sell the land to strangers when he grew up. Even at twenty odd Gerhardus knew which side of a bargain had the butter on it, and how to make that side his own. And so Lennie went to school in Pretoria instead of to the local dorp school where Gerhardus had gone, and learned about algebra and Latin while Gerhardus locked his big, heavy hands round the whole farm, easing his father into retirement.

And each time that Lennie came back on holidays he would be more a stranger in his own land, his own inheritance. But he was too full of excitement and great stories to see that.

"There are buildings in Pretoria four, five stories high!" he told us. "The streets are so full of people it's like Nagmaal every day of the year. And even the Kaffirs wear shoes!"

I felt ashamed at that and tucked my bare feet under me where I sat on the rough yellow grass. But Marijke, who had no shoes either, any more than I had, only looked at Lennie with her grave, dark blue eyes, until he blushed and began to talk about something else. Next time he came home he brought us each a beautiful pair of shoes. I put mine on the stool beside my bed, where I could reach out and touch them in the night, although I never wore them, in case the Kaffirs would laugh at me. But Marijke wore hers every Sunday when we went to the big farmhouse for old Andries to read the prayers to all of us, family and bywoners and house servants and farm Kaffirs.

Man, the stir she caused the first Sunday! She had made herself a new dress out of a piece of cotton old Andries had given her the last Nagmaal, and suddenly, as she walked up the wooden steps to the front veranda of the farmhouse, the heels of her new shoes clicking on the planks, it was as if she were a stranger. I felt my mouth hanging open, and I saw Gerhardus swinging his big, slow head round to her as if he'd never seen her before. Her black hair was washed and brushed until it shone, and her eyes were like jacaranda blossom with pride—blue, blue and blue under the dark curves of her eyebrows. Her dress was scarlet red, and she'd made it so it was as tight to her waist as another skin, and then spreading out from there into a wide, wide skirt like a waterfall of red, rustling cloth. Lord above, you'd know she was growing up.

And that minute Lennie came in behind his grandfather. Old Andries saw nothing, his big beak of a nose already buried in the prayer book. But Lennie! He looked as if he'd been struck between the eyes. And I thought for a foolish second how beautiful they'd look together. Then I remembered that this was Lennie's last Sunday on the farm. Tomorrow he was leaving for the Cape, and after that for Europe, far away over the seas, to go to college. He'd hardly come back again, once he'd reached so far. I remembered the day he had told us that he was going. That was the first time I ever remember seeing Marijke cry. She sat quite still, looking down at the ground, and the tears rolled like silver down her cheeks until they dropped in dark stains onto the white cotton of her dress.

"Don't be so silly," Lennie had said, flushing suddenly dark red. "I'm not going forever. I'll see you again. I'll write." And I thought I saw for a moment a longing in his eyes not to go. As if he realized that here on the farm, here with Marijke, was real life, and not far away in Europe. And that if he went it would be running away. But he was like a swimmer you'd see gripped in a current, and not able to swim except along with it. It had all been planned, and how could he go against his grandfather and Gerhardus now, when they'd spent so much on his schooling? What could he give for a reason? That Marijke had blue eyes like jacaranda blossom in the October sun? That she wept for him on the hillside when he said good-by? A bywoner's child?

I knew his thoughts as if he were speaking them, but what could I say? And that minute Gerhardus came on his Basuto pony to call Lennie down.

"The truck is ready for you!" he shouted, and it was like iron bars falling between Lennie and Marijke, Lennie and his inheritance. How could he go against Gerhardus? As well go against the rocks.

He did write, almost every other month at first, and Marijke would come and read the letters to me, all about the college in a town called Oxford, and about London, and how beautiful the weather was in summer, so cool and always raining. But after a little he said it was grown too cold to write, and from then on we heard from him maybe once in the year, around Nagmaal. His Christmas present to us, as he called it. There was a picture of him in boxing clothes with one letter, saying he had won a championship in the college; and in another there was a poem in real print that the college magazine had printed. A very fine poem all about the farm, and even mentioning me and Marijke by name, and the Kaffirs. He called them "the brown children" in the poem, which made them all laugh very much when we read it to them, because of course most of them could remember Lennie when he was a child himself, with a bare bottom and a black nanny.

But even though he said in that letter that he was homesick for the sun, we never expected to see him again. The farm settled into its way without him, almost as though he had never been, and we white bywoners and the Kaffir farm hands settled our shoulders under Gerhardus' hand as he gradually took over from old Andries. A just-enough hand, I suppose, but far heavier than his father's, wanting the last minute out of every hour, and the last mealie cob off every acre. And God help the man that argued with him. The big hand would swing like a blacksmith's hammer, and the man would go down as if he were shot. And likely enough the sjambok would swing after that, and stitch a few red ribbons across the man's back.

The only person on the farm he was sometimes soft toward was Marijke. He'd look after her as she walked across the yard maybe; his slow, pale blue eyes thinking so plainly that it was as if he were speaking aloud. He'd watch the turn of her hip and the lift of her dark head, and you could see the flesh growing white and tight round his mouth. He'd offer her small presents, and she didn't know whether it was better to take them or refuse them. Because, except for the loosening authority of old Andries, Gerhardus held her and her family's livelihood on the tip of his finger. Let him persuade his father that it was just, and he could have them on the roadside with their bedding and their kettle, looking for another farmer to let them squat on his land. And they might be long in finding one. It was lucky for Marijke that old Andries still kept some of the reins in his hands, and that Gerhardus was a man who preferred to wait for the harvest rather than to hunt for game. But even so, he frightened her.

"I'll go away," she'd say to me sometimes, and then she'd cling to me and start crying, because she knew as well as I did that there was nowhere for her to go alone. And once she'd started crying she'd go on and on, for much more than the fear she had of Gerhardus' eyes. For the whole of life, I suppose. It's a hard thing to be poor. We'd sit up by the Bushmen Caves and look across the Low Veld and remember Lennie.

"We were very happy then," Marijke would say.

Almost three years went by like that, and then, at the end of the third year, Lennie came back. Only for a visit, to celebrate his (Continued on Page 71)

"Cut what chatter? All I said was 'good morning'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liveliest engines in town . . .

Yessir, when it comes to V-8's, there's just no catching up with Ford. Ford has built more than anybody else . . . *by millions.* Take the 9-passenger Country Squire above. Here's cat-scalding V-8 dash. Thunderbird V-8 dash. Whisks a full load smartly along with a powerful margin of safety. And does it on *regular* gas, for regular savings. Four new "hurry up" Ford engines now await your orders. Take your pick . . . and feel a real blaze start in your heart. (P.S. The Fire Engine, too, is a Ford V-8.)

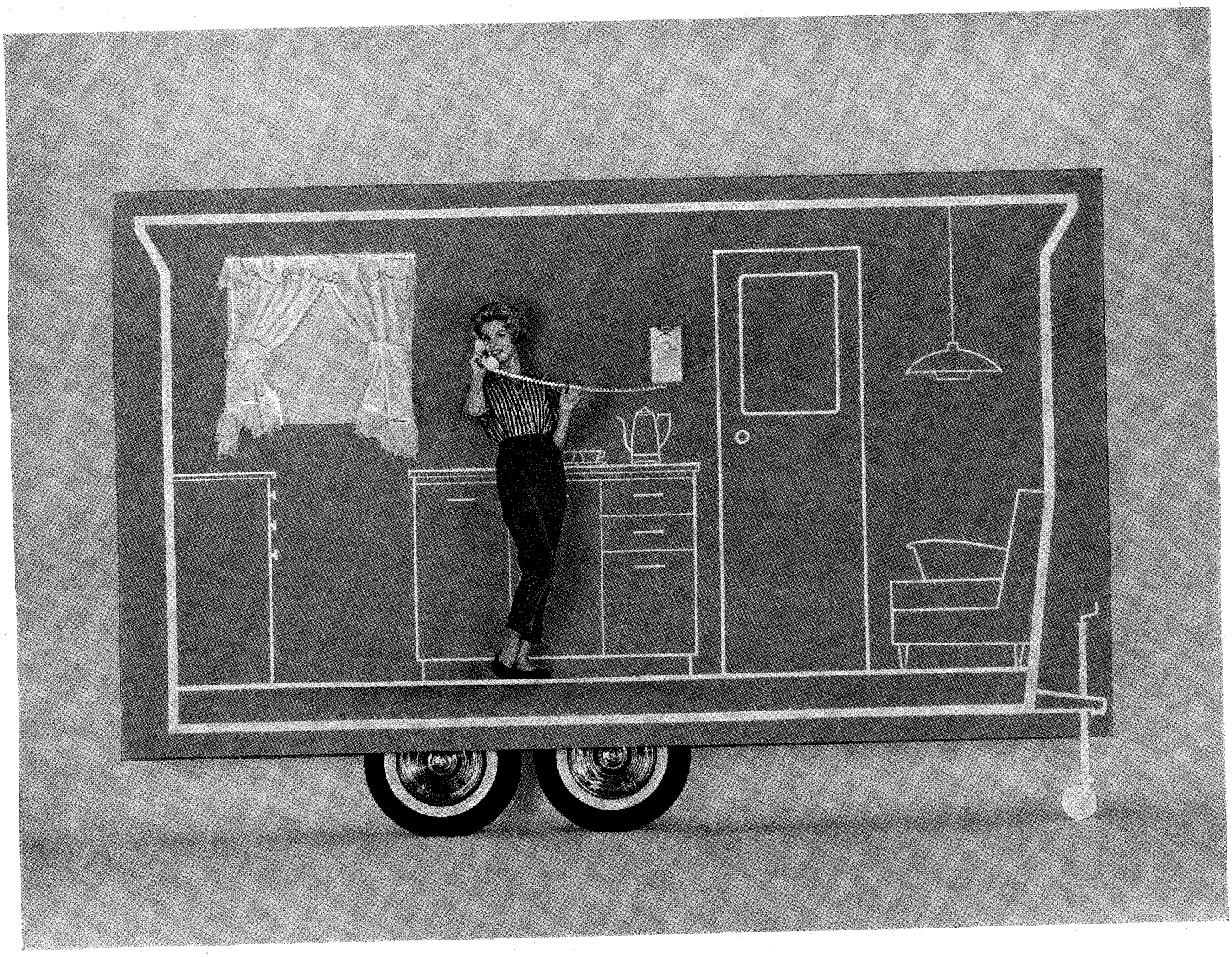
NEW FORD GALAXIE CLUB VICTORIA—THUNDERBIRD STYLING IN A 6-PASSENGER, 2-DOOR HARDTOP

Beautiful new award-winning proportions • Exclusive luxury lounge interiors with full living-room comfort for all six people • New Diamond Lustre finish never needs waxing • Safety Glass all around • Standard aluminized mufflers for twice the life • 4000 miles between oil changes

59 FORDS

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED CARS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Something wonderful you can take with you

Someday you—like three million others—may want a wonderfully modern home you can take with you when you move. Then you'll realize fully what a tremendous blessing Mobile Homes have brought to America. One out of every ten new homes built today is on wheels.

Mobile Homes are today's descendant of the Trailer. They vary from snug quarters for men on the move—such as construction engineers—to portable two-bedroom luxury apartments on wheels.

The finest Mobile Homes are made of Republic Electro Paintlok. This is strong sheet steel, electrically galvanized and specially treated for lasting paint adherence.

The men who build Mobile Homes typify today's management. They risked their savings, borrowed and struggled for years experimenting, improving, pioneering. And eventually, they created not only a new type of housing, but a new industry providing livelihood for thousands. Over 85% of America's population today are in jobs created by the managements of business and industry.

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

WORLD'S WIDEST RANGE OF STANDARD STEELS AND STEEL PRODUCTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 68*) college days' being over; but even that seemed like a miracle to us. I suppose I had been so sure in my heart that he'd never come back again because his mother never had. And if it was a joy to me, it was like the rain after drought to Marijke. She had been growing thin and pale, but now, between sunset and morning it seemed, she blossomed like a jacaranda tree. I heard her singing one night as she watered the mealie patch behind their cabin.

"*My love is like the golden sun, burning, burning;*
My heart is like the quiet earth, turning, turning."

And it was like a bird singing in the sky.

Lennie was bigger now, and broader in the shoulders. The day he arrived, he leaped down out of the lorry like a springbok clearing a ditch. He stood and filled his lungs with the clear Transvaal air, and held out his arms as if he wanted to gather the farm against him like a woman's body.

"It's good to be here again," he said.

Gerhardus looked at him. At the city clothes and the fine shoes. "You'll soon be tired of us," he said, lowering his eyes as if he wanted to hide the look of cold, slow triumph that was in them. "Wanting to get back to your excitements."

"Never," said Lennie. But the brightness had gone out of his face, and he walked beside Gerhardus toward the farmhouse like a guest. It was only the next day, up by the caves with Marijke and me, that he grew natural again.

"It's been so long," he said. "And I've missed you all so much. The first winter I thought I'd die."

"Why didn't you come back?" I said.

"I suggested it to grandfather," he said, "but Gerhardus wrote back that if I threw away my education after all they'd spent on it it would break my grandfather's heart. And when I wrote again, trying to explain, Gerhardus answered that if I came running back he'd break my neck." Lennie gave a little twisted smile. "So I stayed. I would have written to you both more often, but it made me miss you too much."

"You were good to write at all," Marijke said. "I still have your poem."

As she said that her voice broke with a queer little catch in it, and he turned and looked at her. Almost the way he'd looked at her the day she wore her shoes for the first time. And yet different. Because that time he'd been seeing the outside. This time it was her heart. I got up and went away, and they never noticed, and you know, that was a bad moment for me, suddenly not to be noticed any more like that. I think that was the moment I first knew that I was old. When I came back again they were sitting side by side, holding hands and staring out across the blue land.

"I could send for you," he was saying. "I could get a job at something." But she just laid her cheek on his shoulder and said nothing, and I knew that she was wondering what she would do far away from the Transvaal in a land she didn't know. Hadn't he learned himself that it was no good even for him, with all his knowledge and his education? We live by our own land, and away from it we die, as his mother did.

"Or you could stay," I said, "and claim your half of the farm."

He turned and looked at me, and I could see his mother in his face and eyes. And I knew then for certain that she had run away from life and not toward it. That she had known that I loved her. And that something in her heart had struggled toward me. But because we had both been afraid, we both in our different ways had run away from life. She with a show of swagger and bravery that had ended in a Capetown lodging house and bitterness and poverty. And I with no more than silence. What would our lives have been if we had had true courage? I knew all this because I saw the fear in Lennie's eyes.

"Stay?" he said. Far down the mountainside we could see Gerhardus, riding slowly on his Basuto pony like a gray boulder moving irresistibly across the yellow grassland. "He would never give up half the land to me. He'd say I'd had my portion."

"Only money," I said. "That could be repaid over a few years. Don't you know that you're being robbed of your birthright?"

"You mustn't say those things," said Lennie, his knuckles whitening where they were gripped over his knees. But he knew that what I was saying was true.

"Tell your grandfather the truth," I said. "That you've changed your mind. Or learned it, rather. That you're not made for the world he sent you into. That your life is here. Claim your mother's portion. It's always been the custom to divide the land between the children. Fight for your share."

"Fight Gerhardus?" whispered Marijke, as if in her mind she were already seeing Lennie broken like a golden doll under his uncle's feet. "I would go away with you," she said breathlessly. "Anywhere. Anywhere in the whole world."

A beauty contestant may not win or place, but she's sure to show.

ROBERT FITCH

He never answered her. Only held her hand for a moment against his cheek, and then left us, walking slowly across the wide ledge of grassland to the path down the mountainside.

That night Lennie asked his grandfather if he would divide the farm. And but for Gerhardus he might have got his way. Might still have got his way even then if Gerhardus had been stupid and talked of the money that Lennie's education had cost. The old man would have swept such peddler's talk out of the room like dust. Instead, Gerhardus talked about Marijke.

"It's not land the boy wants," he said; "it's a bed for his slut, the bywoner du Toit's girl. The next thing he'll want is a motorcar to drive her round the farm in."

"It's a lie," Lennie had shouted, but the harm was done. With those two dozen words Gerhardus had hardened old Andries' heart like iron.

So a week went by, Lennie going about the farm with his face white as a stone, and Marijke keeping out of sight down in her father's cabin, avoiding everybody, even me. And Gerhardus went about his work with his same slow harshness, watching Lennie out of the corners of his narrow eyes, as if he were waiting for something that he knew would happen.

As for Lennie, he talked to no one, turning and striding away from me whenever I tried to waylay him. And I realized that he thought I was too old and ignorant to help in this thing. That I'd only distract him in his trouble with foolish talk. His grandfather had forbidden him on pain of being driven from the farm without a shilling even to speak of dividing it, and I could see in his white, tensed face that he was reaching a mood of desperation where he'd do anything rather than let this strain go on. Anything. And that was what Gerhardus was waiting for, confident as the lion that sees the springbok leaping toward it with lowered horns. I began to feel the way you feel when winter is ending and your body screams out for the rains to come and the thunder to break in lightning over the mountain.

But it was not till Sunday that it came. Evening prayers, and everyone on the farm ranged in ranks along the veranda or the beaten ground below the steps. Family, house servants, bywoners, farm Kaffirs. Marijke was there, too, not daring to stay away. But barefoot and in her old dress, as if she was trying to escape notice. And the old man, white-bearded and gaunt as a patriarch from the great black Bible he was reading, teaching us the Word, while Lennie and Gerhardus stood to either side of the table, Lennie staring at the ground, trying not to steal glances at Marijke, and Gerhardus watching him, waiting, as near to smiling as he ever came. It wasn't a good half hour. And then, as at last old Andries closed the Bible, with its heavy brass clasps, Lennie turned to him. I could hear the shaking in his voice.

"Grandfather," he said. "In front of all our people here, I ask you for the last time. Will you give me my right, my mother's share of the land?"

There was a little whisper of breath drawn in, for there was no one there who didn't know the whole story of the quarrel, and the woman who had been Lennie's nurse said "Ayee" very softly and rolled up her eyes till the whites glistened like china. I remember the sun was just touching the ridge of the mountaintop above the caves. And in the silence that followed Lennie's words it dipped behind it and the light went out of the evening as if Lennie himself had brought the darkness. Old Andries bent forward over the table as if he had been struck with a knife under the heart.

"You dare—say this to me?" he gasped, and his face was an ugly, leaden-gray color. He lifted the Bible in his two hands and I thought for a moment he was going to smash Lennie's skull with it. For fifty years he'd ruled the farm without a man ever daring to cross his lightest word. And now this, from his own grandson. But the weight of the Book was too much for his old hands and he let it fall with a crash back onto the table. Then he turned to Gerhardus and whispered, "Beat him. Beat him like the little lustful dog he is."

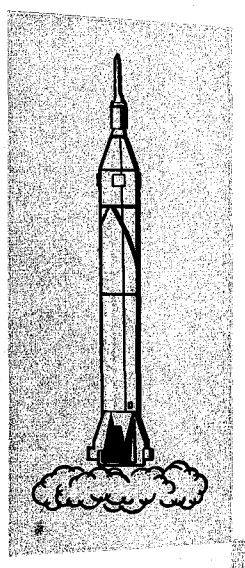
I saw then in Gerhardus' pale eyes that this was what he had been waiting for. The chance to shame and drive Lennie away forever, beyond all question of coming back. He began to turn back the cuffs of the tight black coat he wore on Sundays, showing the thick mat of dark hairs at his wrists.

"Come inside the house from the veranda," he said. "I don't want to thrash you in front of the Kaffirs."

Lennie stood still as a tree. I could see the fear of what he had done in his white, blazing face, and that he hadn't really thought beyond doing it; beyond breaking out of the net that was tangling him. But all he had done was to tighten it still further. For a moment he stood, staring in an agony of hatred and anger at the man who was slowly and calmly ruining him. Then, as if in his desperation he had suddenly thought of another thing to do, he turned and ran down the steps.

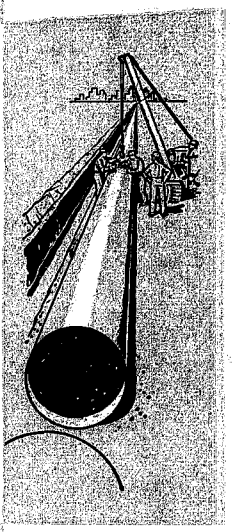
"Come and get me," he said. "And when you do, bring a gun, because I'll have one." With that he was gone, the Kaffirs making a space for him, and the shadows closing round him like dark water. (*Continued on Page 73*)

OTHER GREAT PIONEERS
have used
Republic Products



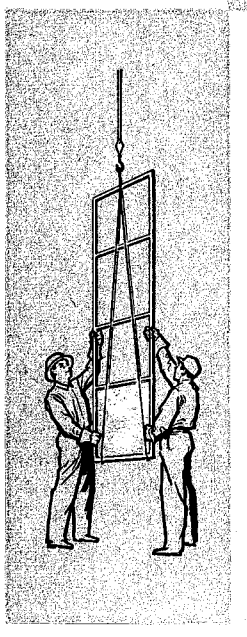
SATELLITE DESIGNERS

Republic Stainless Steel helped pioneer your future into space as the nose cone of America's first satellite, Explorer I. Stainless retains high strength even through the tremendous heat generated en route to orbit.



NATURAL GAS PRODUCERS

Well over 155,000 miles of line pipe have carried natural gas up and down and across our country. Republic supplied many, many thousands of these miles. Four hundred and fifty miles of the great new Texas-Florida gas line will be Republic Pipe.



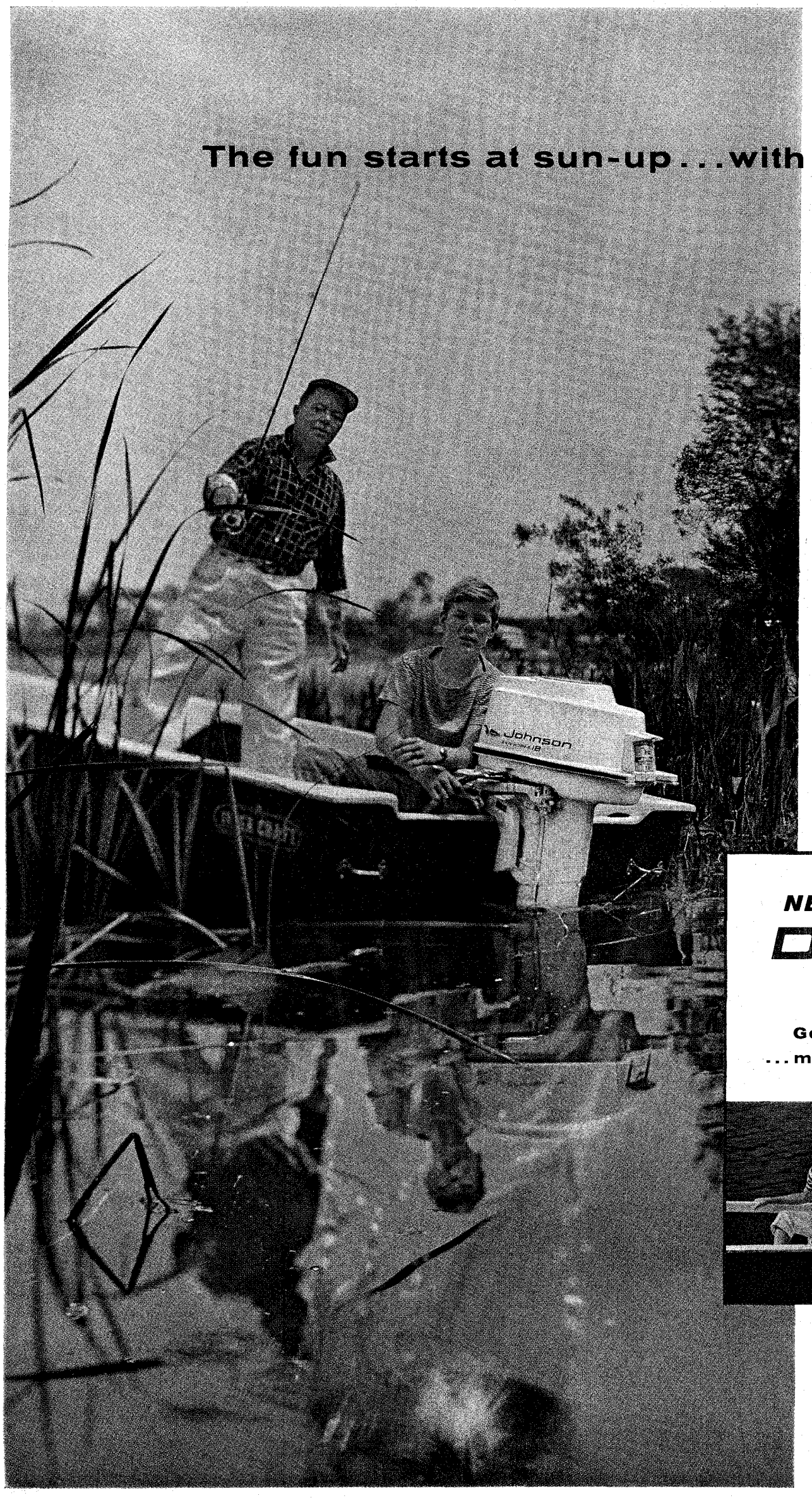
ARCHITECTS

Curtain wall is any non-loadbearing wall, hung upon a building frame. Curtain wall of metal panels helped advance architectural design because the panel, depending upon fire-resistance, can be about three inches thin. This permits smaller columns and larger floor space. Republic's Truscon Division makes Vision-Vent® Wall Panels, now curtaining some of the most beautiful and efficient buildings in the world.

REPUBLIC STEEL

Pioneer in Blast Furnace Top-Pressure Development and Direct Reductions of Ore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The fun starts at sun-up . . . with a '59 Sea-Horse!

You can catch your limit of fish, but there's never a limit to the fun you'll have with your Sea-Horse. This is the outboard motor that's fun for the whole family—all day long!

Hook up a tow rope and discover how smooth and easy water skiing can be behind an 18, 35 or V-50 Johnson. Or load the gang aboard and set out for a cruise. Count on any size Sea-Horse to get you where you want to go and bring you back, so quietly and dependably that every moment is a pleasure.

It's Johnson's exclusive Dynautical Design that puts the extra pleasure into these new Sea-Horses. They go better with your boat *and* they make your boat go better. Boatmen who have already tried the '59 Sea-Horses say they're the most functional, fun-loving motors afloat.

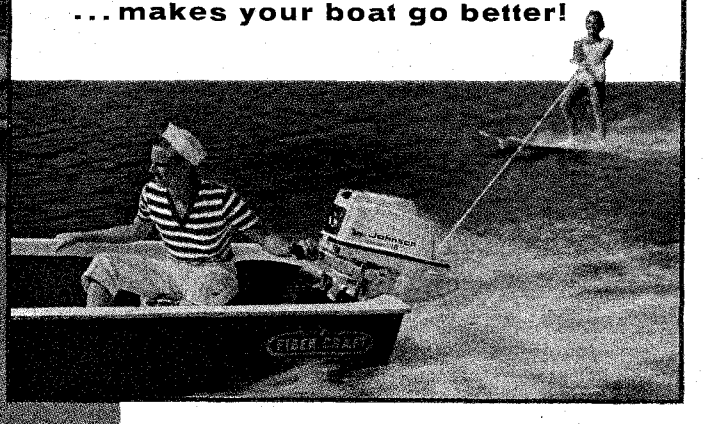
To look them over yourself, visit your Johnson dealer listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. He'll tell you that more boatmen buy Sea-Horses than any other make. This is the year of Johnson's *two-millionth motor!* Prices start at $160 f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

FREE 1959 SEA-HORSE CATALOG!
Write Johnson Motors, 520 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois.
In Canada, Peterborough, Ontario.

NEW! Only Johnson has

Dynautical Design

Goes better with your boat
. . . makes your boat go better!



Johnson

FIRST IN SALES
FIRST IN DEPENDABILITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 71*) "That was his mother's own voice," old Andries was whispering. "Must a man die in his heart with each generation that he brings into the world?" He was propping himself on the table with his hands, the Bible black and massive between them. Marijke had vanished, and I went, too, before Gerhardus could notice me. I knew where Lennie would have gone. Up to the caves. And half an hour later I came there, too, bringing biltong and a waterskin, and bread. I heard the rifle bolt snick and Lennie's breath catching.

"It's me," I said. "I've brought you something to eat and drink." But Marijke had been before me. Now she sat behind his shoulder, her face as white as the moonlight that was beginning to flood the Low Veld with soft waves of shadow.

"Go away from me," said Lennie. "Both of you. I'm going to kill him."

"Don't be mad," I said. "They'll hang you."

"Not until I've killed him first," said Lennie. "And a man could hide a long time on the mountain." I knew what he was thinking of. His great-grandfather "the Lion," who lived as an outlaw on the mountain for three years after killing a man. But that was a long time ago when there were few laws and fewer police to see that they were kept.

"Make him come away with me, Oom," said Marijke, her voice breaking with fear. "What does it matter if we're poor? Can I be poorer than I am now? And if I had you," she whispered to Lennie, "I should be rich. Come away with me." But his face was turned to stone. All the things that education and the college in Europe had put there were stripped away. There was only wildness, and hatred, and fear. Fear of Gerhardus? That, of course. But underneath, and much deeper than that, another fear. Of life itself, of the things a man has to decide and do and solve. The things his mother had run away from with her wild, swaggering courage. The things I'd turned my back on in my weakness and cowardice. And now Lennie was running away from them in another way, with a gun.

"Make him come away with me, Oom," Marijke was pleading again, her eyes dark as charcoal in the moonlight, and her hand touching my arm behind Lennie's back.

"I'm sick of running," said Lennie harshly. And then like a boy, sobbing in his throat, "I'm sick of everything."

I knew what was in his mind. Going to Johannesburg or Capetown with Marijke. Watching her grow hungry and weary in a back room, as his mother had done, while he tramped the streets to feed her. I don't know about cities, although I hear of men making great fortunes there. But I didn't think much of Lennie's chances, with a grand education and a young wife, and nothing else. He'd have been better off if he'd known how to mend motorcars or lay bricks. And he must have known that himself.

"It's like being in a trap," he said, between his teeth. "No way to turn."

"There is a way," I said. I felt them both turning their eyes on me. "Fight Gerhardus with your hands. Why is he able to drive you away, rob you of your inheritance? Only because he is strong, and you are afraid. This is a hard land," I said, "and goes only to the man who is not afraid."

"Fight him?" whispered Lennie, his voice shaking.

"Didn't you tell us about the boxing in your fine college, and how you won?" I slid the gun out of his slackened hands.

"I was a middleweight," said Lennie, "and that was a game, with gloves and rules. Gerhardus weighs thirty pounds more than I do, if not more, and there wouldn't be any rules." And in that minute we heard the click of a pony's hoof against a stone. "He's coming," Lennie whispered, and I could feel the fear in him like a fever, shaking his bones.

"Go out and meet him," I said. "I will see that there are rules." And I put the rifle across my knee.

"I'm afraid," he said, and he put his head down until his chin touched his chest.

"Do you remember the story of your mother and the horse?" I said. "She was afraid. But still she rode it. I never saw fear like hers as she rode by me. But still she rode."

The moon lifted herself into the velvet sky, and what had been pale became staring white—the world all ebony and silver. And there was Gerhardus slipping from his pony's back. He wasn't even carrying a gun. Only a whip.

"I'm coming, Gerhardus," Lennie said, and in his face in the moonlight I saw that same sudden blaze of joy and fear I'd seen in his mother's all those years ago. As if he knew that here, suddenly, was something that he could do, something simple and elemental, after all the puzzling things that had been tormenting him. Win or fall.

"No," said Marijke, and then she stuffed her knuckles into her mouth, and crept close to my side. Gerhardus waited beside his pony, moving only far enough forward from it to swing his sjambok. It sang in the air like a hornet, as if it were cutting flesh. I tilted the gun forward until its barrel caught the moonlight.

"Throw down the whip, Gerhardus," I said. "You must first win the right to use it."

He looked at me, his eyes pale as slate in his big rock of a face, and for a second I thought he was going to refuse. But he was wise enough to hear his death in my voice. He gave a small laugh and tossed the sjambok over his shoulder. It hit the pony and the pony whickered softly. Then there were only Lennie and Gerhardus in the long grass under the moon. One as tall as the other, but Lennie like a sapling against Gerhardus' grown tree.

"Come here little dog," said Gerhardus, beckoning with his arms, and so quick that it seemed like a shimmer of the moonlight, Lennie moved in and struck and was out again, and I could barely believe that it had been done. Not in the face, where you'd expect a man to strike, but under the heart. The sound of it had been like an ax on wood.

"Ag," said Gerhardus and opened his arms again. But this time as Lennie came in he clamped them shut, holding Lennie against him as if he were caught in the branches of a tree. I thought I could hear the bones cracking. But the noise was Lennie's fist. He had slipped down as he came in, turning on heel and toe and hooking his right arm. As he turned, his fist must have buried itself three inches deep in the flesh over Gerhardus' ribs.

Even from where I sat I could see the shock of the blow in Gerhardus' face. He went sick green, and staggered. After that it was like a tree being chopped to the ground. Long driving blows from far out, the length of Lennie's arm, under the heart, the ribs, the roll of flesh over the belt where Gerhardus was beginning to spread a little. And Gerhardus pawing the air like a windmill, like a ruin of a man, like a hulk. Until at last he fell down on his face and didn't move. And Lennie stood over him, his face white as a ghost, the breath sobbing and gasping and tearing in his throat.

We came down to him from where we had sat, and he stared at us for a moment as if we were strangers. Then he took Marijke's hands in both of his and put them against his face. "We will build our farmhouse here," he said.

And within six months it was built, clean and white and new, looking out across the blue shadows of the Low Veld, and across Lennie's farmland that was his mother's portion. But just now he could think only of Marijke, and of the thing he had done, fighting against fear itself, and finding it was nothing. They held hands as they had long ago when they were children in this place, and walked very slowly down the long slope of the mountainside, Marijke's head against his shoulder, and his head among the stars. And I was left with Gerhardus and the patient Basuto pony cropping the grass.

I sat down beside him, waiting for him to recover. I had no fear of him. Against his first anger I had the gun. And when his mind had cooled I knew he'd want no talk about his meeting with Lennie. Tomorrow, and the days after, a way would be found to save everyone's pride and still divide the land. Old Andries was too great a man not to be able to change his mind. And once he knew what had happened he would change it. Because at bottom I think it was distrust of Lennie as his mother's son that made old Andries want to be rid of him from the farm. He wanted no weaklings inheriting the land he loved. And I sat in the moonlight, with the gun across my knees, thinking of Leonie. And it seemed to me that I could hear her whispering on the soft wind that came rustling the grasses from the south. As if I could hear her saying "Thank you," her warm, sweet mouth brushing my eyelids, brushing my tears away.

... ...

It Figures

The things for which I
always get
A money-back guaranty—
Unlike the ones for which I
don't—
Prove satisfactory.

Laurence Eisenlohr

... ...

Comanche Captives (Continued from Page 45)

Gary took a final pull on his cigarette, then got up to throw it out the door. "If you're so busy taking care of yourself, how come you ran for sheriff? Isn't that buying someone else's trouble?"

"No. If someone had tried to clean up the county, I'd never have run for office. But someone had to do it, and I did it for myself. Let me tell you something. If you and I were in a tough spot together and it was run or die, I wouldn't hang back to save you. Not if it meant my own neck I wouldn't."

"I'd try to save you."

"And I'd call you a fool for it."

"And I wouldn't believe you," Jim Gary said. "Guthrie, there must be two hundred people in the grove. For every four, there's a relative lost. How many do you think you can bring back?"

McCabe shrugged.

"Ten?"

"Maybe ten." He looked intently at Gary. "What do you want me to do—go out there and tell them that their sisters and daughters are squaws now with Comanche kids? Or that their sons and brothers are Comanche warriors who've raided and killed? Go on, you're the do-gooder. You go and tell them."

"You're the tough one," Gary pointed out. "Why didn't you tell them?"

"Because they wouldn't believe it," McCabe said. "Not after farming a broken-down section and saving their money to come back and look. Jim, it's a shame that people care so much."

"You're working yourself up to a boil," Gary said, smiling. "I thought you didn't give a hoot."

"I don't. If I did, I'd go back to Tascosa and sit with my feet on the desk. That dumb deputy of mine probably has everything messed up by now." He got up and walked to the door to stand. Someone came across the parade ground and onto the porch. Gary caught a glimpse of skirts and recognized Jane Donovan's voice when she spoke.

"Mr. McCabe?"

"Yes."

She looked into the room and saw Gary; he stood quickly, then came to the door. "Won't you come in?" he asked.

"No," she said. From a pocket in her apron she produced a tintype. "This isn't a very good picture, Mr. McCabe, and he was very young when it was taken, but it's all I have." She handed it to him. "I've been saving it, thinking that it might help, but it's been ten years, and I don't suppose he would even speak English. He could only say a few words and ——"

Jim Gary took her arm. "Perhaps I'd better walk you back to the grove."

"No, it's kind of you to offer, but I'll be all right." She turned then and hurried across the parade, and Guthrie McCabe watched her for a moment. When he turned back into the room he kicked the dresser solidly.

Jim Gary said, "Kind of gets you, don't it? I mean, hanging onto so thin a hope all these years."

"Damn fools! They're all blind fools who can't understand that there isn't any hope." He tossed the picture on the bed, not looking at it. "I don't know what they're thinking, Jim. Probably that all I'll have to do is to ride into Iron Hand's village and tell him to cough up the prisoners. There must be twenty villages between here and the Rio Bravo, and if I do find someone, getting them back won't be easy. They just won't want to come back."

"Maybe they'll see it after we camp south of here," Gary said. "Like you say, they're not hard to discourage. They went back home once. They might do it again."

"That's a thin hope." He waved his arms. "Prisoners are traded and killed, and they die. It'll be like combing a dog for fleas, then trying to match up the parents with the children. And what about the years in between, Jim? All those years of living like an Indian? Thinking like an Indian?" He slapped his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An experience I'll never forget!"

You will agree the first time you try The Lowrey Organ...

It's easiest to play of all musical instruments!

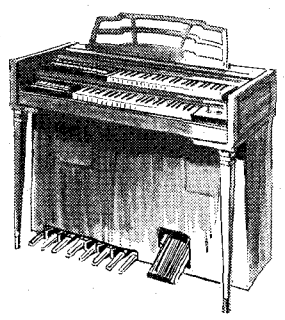
You needn't even play at first. Just experiment with the keys and let the rich sounds of The Lowrey well up around you. Pick out a simple tune with one finger and thrill to the way The Lowrey transforms it into magnificent melody.

This is the way thousands of people have discovered a wonderful new way to enjoy music. Men and women who never considered themselves "musical" have found themselves playing several pieces on The Lowrey within just a few days—or even a few hours!

You can share this experience simply by visiting your nearby Lowrey Organ Studio. (It's listed in the Yellow Pages.) There you will have an opportunity to play The Lowrey by yourself, in a private room. Or, if you prefer, phone your Lowrey dealer and arrange to have a Lowrey brought to your home for a few days' free trial, complete with Lowrey's unique do-it-yourself instruction material.

Either way, you will be convinced of the truth of our statement that this is the world's easiest-to-play musical instrument. Equally important, you will see that The Lowrey's ease of playing does not depend on musical shortcuts that you could outgrow as your ability develops. It is a genuine musical instrument — satisfying to even the most talented musicians.

You will be glad to know that The Lowrey is as easy to own as it is easy to play. Complete with brilliant, new "percussion" effects, prices start as low as $995. Convenient payments arranged. The Lowrey Organ Company, 7373 N. Cicero, Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Ill.



THE LOWREY ORGAN

EASIEST TO PLAY OF ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Its patented and exclusive features make the difference

hands together. "She brings me a picture! A picture taken when he was two years old and hopes I can see the resemblance ten years later."

"Give it up then."

McCabe shook his head. "No, there's been too much giving up in that camp. Would you give it up, Jim?"

"I might because I'm not as tough as you. I'm the kind who cries at funerals."

"You'll never learn," McCabe said, "but then, with some people, it's just as well." He took out his watch and wound it. "I figured we could move out day after tomorrow; they can pack up and be ready to leave by tomorrow night." He put the watch back in his pocket.

Jim Gary picked up his hat and turned to the door. He paused there and said, "I'd have tried to tell them the truth about how hopeless this all is. I'd try because I'm soft and I can feel sorry for them. Maybe you're doing them a favor, Guthrie. I mean taking them back to where it all began and rubbing their noses in it for one final time. But I don't know. There ought to be an easier way."

"There is. I could go back to Tascosa and leave them standing there." He sat down and took off his boots. "But there's no profit in that. For them or for me."

"Yes, I guess it boils down to that when all's said and done," Gary said. "I'll see you in the morning." He stepped out and walked rapidly down the walk toward his own quarters.

Gary had a letter to write to his sisters next morning; then he changed out of his uniform, rolled what gear he would need and carried this to the stable, along with his rifle; the sergeant would see that his horse was saddled and that everything was stowed.

He spent the remainder of the day in the grove, helping them get ready to move in the morning.

The farrier sergeant checked the stock, and Colonel Frazer detailed C Company to help them with their wagons and buggies and buckboards; one man drove a brewery wagon, the barrel racks removed so he could carry his possessions. At four in the afternoon an orderly summoned Lieutenant Gary to the commanding officer's office. Guthrie McCabe was there, his chair tipped back against the wall. Frazer maintained an unfriendly silence until Gary closed the door.

"Take the other chair, lieutenant." He rustled some papers, stuffed others in a dispatch case and handed it to Gary. "Here is the list of missing, classified as to name, age when taken and any physical description—hair, eyes, scars or marks. I want a thorough check made on anyone returned by Mr. McCabe."

"Yes, sir."

McCabe cleared his throat. "Which brings us to the trading goods. I thought I'd better mention it."

"What trade goods?" Frazer asked.

"Well, you don't expect them to give up a slave just because I ask them to, do you? I'll have to dicker a little, offer a trade. That's what I mean, trade goods. Something to exchange."

"I could have sent anyone down there to trade," Frazer said. "McCabe, I wanted you because we could dispense with that nonsense."

"Not nonsense to the Comanches," McCabe said. "No trade goods, no prisoners. I suggest you load two wagons from the sutler's and take them along. This is just another little expense you're going to have to absorb, colonel."

"I'm afraid he's right, sir," Gary said. "Shall I attend to it?"

"Yes," Frazer said. "But in a few minutes. That will be all, Mr. McCabe." He waited until the Texan went out, waited until the door closed and his footfalls had receded. "Take an inventory of the trade goods, lieutenant, and keep accurate records. I don't want anything to find its way into a Tascosa hardware store."

"Yes, sir."

"And there's one more thing. When someone has been recovered, to the best of your ability make certain that he is returned to the proper family. God knows I don't want someone to say later that we pawned off someone else's kid."

"That might be difficult to establish, sir."

"Difficult? Likely it will approach the impossible, but this whole thing is impossible, a political move to make the voters happy."

"Will that be all, sir?"

"Yes, and the best of luck. You'll be in a country rarely frequented by white men, and you'll be dealing with basically hostile forces, regardless of the treaty. On top of that you'll have to ride herd on a group of people who were never meant to live here, and you'll have to keep your eye on that thief with a sheriff's badge." Frazer spread his hands. "A captaincy comes hard, Gary, but I'm sure you'll earn it."

They shook hands briefly, and Gary left the building. McCabe had gone back to the civilian (*Continued on Page 76*)

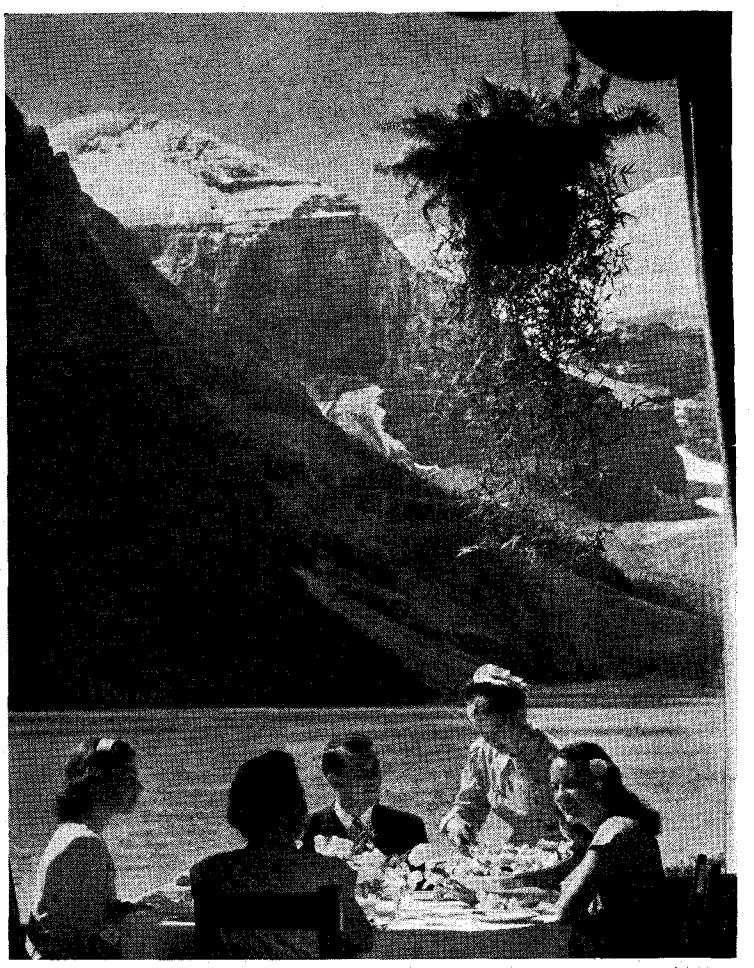
"You need a haircut."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

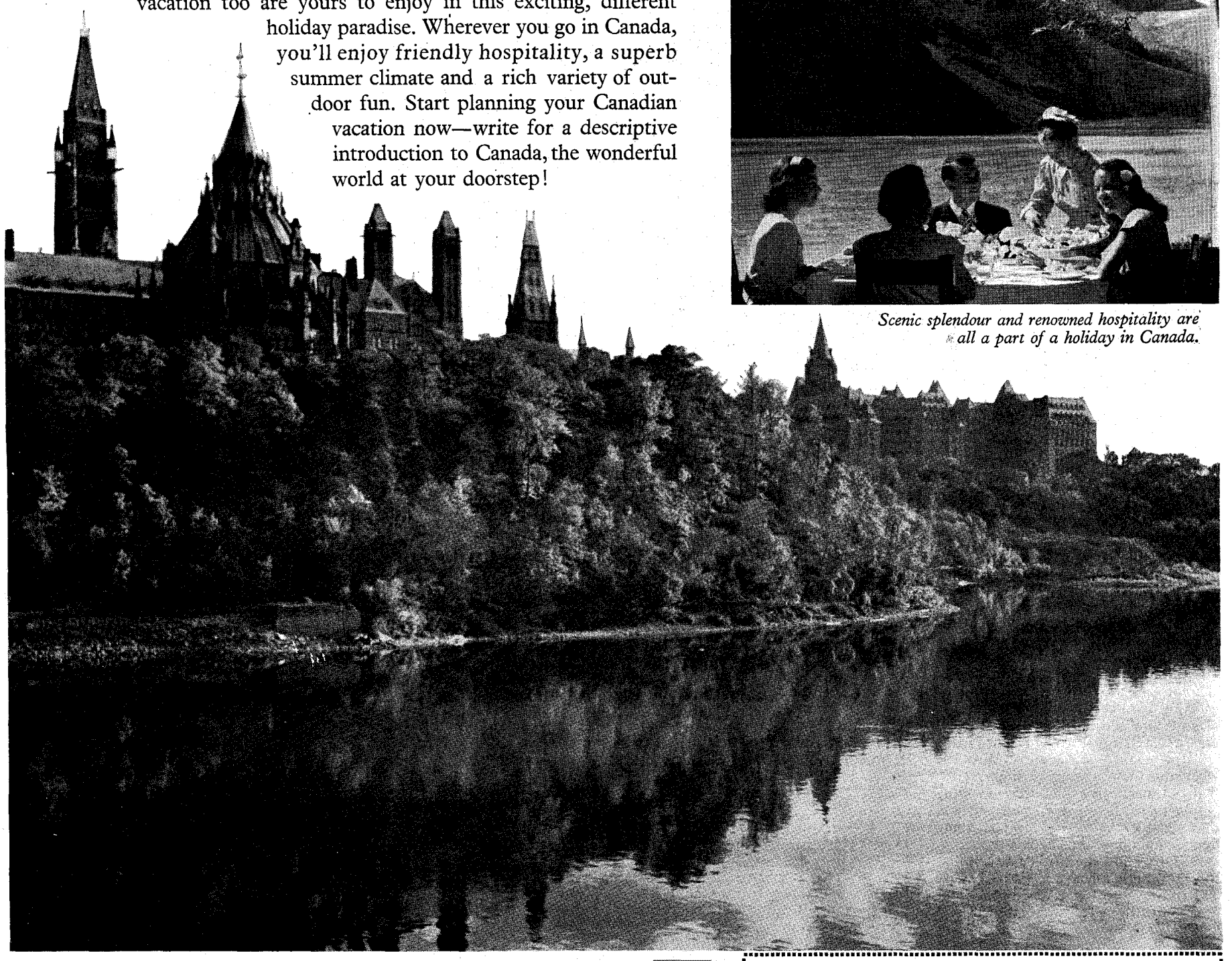
Canada

. . . the wonderful world at your doorstep!

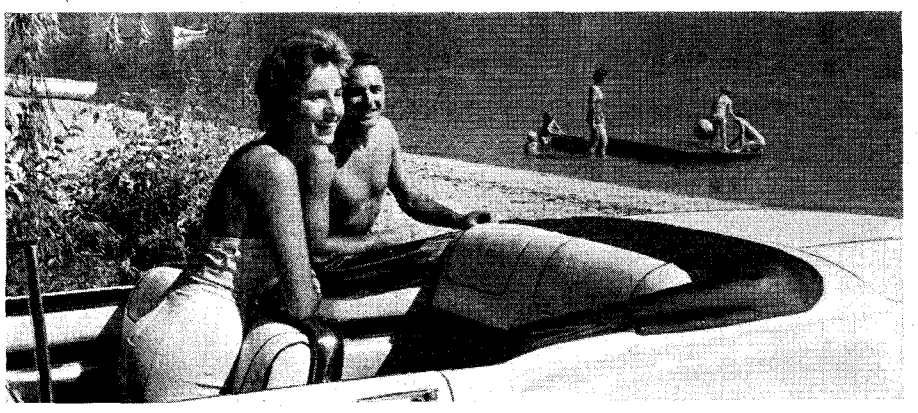
COLORFUL TRADITIONS, distinctive cities, exhilarating resort playgrounds and National Parks—all this and a *foreign* vacation too are yours to enjoy in this exciting, different holiday paradise. Wherever you go in Canada, you'll enjoy friendly hospitality, a superb summer climate and a rich variety of outdoor fun. Start planning your Canadian vacation now—write for a descriptive introduction to Canada, the wonderful world at your doorstep!



Scenic splendour and renowned hospitality are all a part of a holiday in Canada.



Ottawa, Canada's majestic capital on the banks of the Ottawa River.



Stick this coupon on any postcard or enclose in envelope

G-1-02-03

FREE! CANADIAN VACATION PACKAGE

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send the Canadian Vacation Package to:

NAME_____
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS_____

TOWN_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 74*) camp, so Gary had two wagons brought to the sutler's place and began to select trade goods. He and three enlisted men loaded tools, blankets, bright cloth, beads, trinkets and two cases of worn-out military rifles.

That evening the sound of music and laughter from the grove drew his attention; they always had been a solemn lot, and these sounds seemed out of place, alien to them. He left the post and walked to the creek, stopping at the Donovan wagon. Sean and Liam were sampling a jug while Jane sat on the food box and tapped her foot to the saw of violin and the wheeze of a small accordion.

"Not dancing?" Gary asked. He spoke to Sean Donovan, but his eyes sought the girl.

"The night's young," Donovan said and offered the jug. Gary took a sip to be polite, but he cared very little for whisky. "Good to be leaving tomorrow. A man thinks of something for a long time, and then it comes true." Donovan tapped his son on the arm. "Let's go see where the fun is." He looked sternly at Jim Gary. "You keep good company with my girl—you hear?"

He stomped off, followed by his son, and when they were gone, Jane said, "He embarrasses me sometimes."

"No need to be," Gary said. "You don't mind my being here?"

"I'm glad you came," she said. "How long have you been in the Army?"

"Nine years."

"Always out here?"

"Most of it."

"It must be lonely for you," she said.

"Yes, it is, but a man can't have everything. You see, I always wanted to be one of those men who forged ahead, found new horizons, but I've never had the courage alone."

She looked at him quite frankly. "Doesn't it bother you to admit that?"

"No. Should it?"

Her shoulders rose and fell slightly. "It's something I'd want to keep for myself, something I'd be ashamed of." She was silent; then, "Lieutenant ——"

"Jim. I wish you'd call me that."

"All right, if you like. Jim, I hope Mr. McCabe doesn't find my brother. I hope he's dead." She put her hand over her face and rubbed her eyes. "That was a terrible thing to say, but I've been thinking it a long time, so I decided to say it. It's not easy to say, and harder to keep thinking, but I'm not strong enough to live around him and have him know that I once deserted him when he was helpless."

"How many in the grove stuck by when the Indians attacked them? How many of them carry some secret loathing within them, Jane? How many do you think blame themselves for something that couldn't have been avoided?"

"I don't know, but if they all felt that way it wouldn't help me." She got up and pushed the blackened coffeepot nearer the fire. Then she turned and looked squarely at him. "Jim, haven't you ever done anything you've been ashamed of? Haven't you ever wanted something you knew you had no right in having?"

"Sure, but I always got over it. Jane, suppose McCabe is lucky. Suppose he finds your brother. What then?"

"I don't understand. That'll be the end of it."

"No, I mean what will you do? Go back to Iowa?"

"I suppose. The farm is all we have, and pa spent the last ten years working his fingers to the bone, paying for it." She got two cups out of the wooden locker and filled them with coffee. When she handed him his cup, she asked, "Is it important w[illegible]?"

"It would be to your brother. No one is really going to understand, or make allowances, not even here in Texas. It'll be much worse in Iowa."

"We never thought of that. You ought to talk to pa about it." She sat down across from him and folded her hands in her lap. "You think we're wrong, coming here now that there's peace, don't you?"

"Yes, it was a mistake. With good intentions, but a mistake. You did your crying once. Why do it again?"

"Because a thing isn't really done until it's finished," she said. "And until we know whether or not he's dead, it never will be finished."

"I understand," Gary said. "When I was a kid I remember this preacher who came into the saloon every night to deliver his sermon against drink. Every night the boys threw him out, but he came back. Nothing could stop him, Jane. It was like he had a disease that only dying could cure." He finished his coffee and threw the grounds into the fire. "It's late and we have an early start in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," she said and watched him turn away. "Jim!"

He stopped, looked back.

"Jim, you don't like us very much, do you?"

His frown was only momentary. "I never thought of it that way," he said. "Perhaps you could say that I don't understand why, since you found failure and heartbreak once, you would subject yourself to it again."

"Then you don't hold much hope that we'll find our kin."

"I'm afraid I don't." He tipped his hat and walked rapidly back to the post. As he passed through the water gate, he saw the courier arrive from Tascosa, mail pouches swollen. Perhaps there was something there from his sisters. He started toward headquarters to check the mail, then changed his mind and went to his room. If there was anything, Sergeant O'Reilly would pick it up.

His window was bright with lamplight, and Gary opened the door. McCabe was on the bunk, reading; he put the book aside when Gary hung up his hat and pistol.

"I thought you'd be at the whoop-up," Gary said.

"Later," McCabe said. "There's some pretty fair-looking women in that camp." He patted his pockets for a cigar, found one and tipped the lamp toward him for a light. "I think we ought to have a little talk, Jim. About how it's going to be when we get into Comanche country." He thumped himself on the chest. "It's going to have to be my way, the way I say, and no arguments."

"I'm not going along to argue with you, Guthrie."

"Sure, sure, but you wear that soldier suit and the colonel gives you orders that I don't know anything about, and you're the kind who obeys orders." He looked steadily at Jim Gary. "Don't buck me, Jim. I won't stand for it."

"Then you play it straight," Gary said.

McCabe gave him a look of complete innocence. "Why, sure. What did you think?"

"I'm saving that for the time when you tell them that Guthrie McCabe never works for free."

A smile built on McCabe's face, then he laughed. "I never charge more than the traffic will bear. That's why I get so few complaints. I charge high, but a man gets his money's worth with McCabe." He got up from the bunk, the book still in hand. He glanced at the title, then tossed it on the dresser. "You understand that stuff? Hell, I can't even pronounce his name: *G-o-e-t-h-e*."

He walked out and Jim Gary closed the door, sliding the bolt. The brooding, forbidding presence of Guthrie McCabe remained in the room, along with the aroma of his cigar. This disturbed Gary; he was a little in awe of McCabe, and a little afraid, for the man seemed to reach out and squeeze. There was a tremendous capacity for good in the man, and a talent for evil, and in Gary's mind he could never separate the two.

He thought it strange that he could go through life with all good intentions, yet actually do very little that was materially good. McCabe, on the other hand, cared little for good intentions, and never entertained them, yet he left a wide path for a man to see, leaving in his wake somewhat of a mess; yet much of value came out of the things McCabe did.

Like McCabe and Iron Hand. It had been worth a man's life to travel south in the Comanche stronghold; some who tried never came back. Then McCabe hit on the idea of trading with the Comanches. They'd run down the horses, and McCabe would trade for them. Most men said it couldn't be done, but McCabe did it. He made a lot of money and broke a few local horse ranchers in the process, but Gary knew that McCabe had broken the trail for other traders, and that trail widened soon into a full peace negotiation with Iron Hand and the United States Army.

Running for sheriff had been an entirely selfish move on McCabe's part. He'd been rustled and didn't like it, and when no one else would do anything about it, he did it for himself. Some said that he could be bought, and Gary halfway believed it; but, for all that, he did clean out the county so that it could grow.

Settling down for the night, Jim Gary thought it strange that he could respect and resent a man at the same time. "I've got to get over this," Gary told himself. "I've got to live with him for a while, so I've just got to get over this. Damn it, I'm my own man!"

A day south of Fort Elliott the land began to change, opening into gullies and rising to low ridges which made traveling more difficult with wagons. The first night they camped on the flats near Joe Sutro's place; this was the last white habitation for nearly eighty miles. Some of the travelers talked with Sutro and stared at his graveyard; a wife and nine children were buried there, all killed by Comanches during the raids to drive him away.

Gary had supper with Sutro; he liked the withered, rawhide-tough little man. The meal was simple—some sowbelly and beans and coffee strong enough to float a railroad spike; Sutro believed that coffee ought to be a meal unto itself.

"Surprised to see you with this bunch," Sutro said. "The Army ain't often given to foolishness." He filled his mouth and chewed rapidly; he had only four front teeth left. "How far you taking them?"

"Sand Creek," Gary said. "McCabe will go on alone from there."

"McCabe?" Sutro put his knife and fork down. "I didn't see him." He grunted once and began eating again. "Don't want McCabe around here. The sooner he moves on, the happier I'll be." He looked at Gary and grinned. "Nothin' personal, you understand, but I traded horses with him once. He talks too good and I persuade too easy. Trouble is, I need McCabe but I don't know how to tell him without lettin' myself wide open to a slick deal." He pushed the tin plate away from him and hunched around in the chair. "A month ago I lost some saddle stock. Couldn't afford to lose 'em either; a dozen horses represent a lot of money. Some of Iron Hand's bunch stole 'em, but I'll be damned if I'll risk my hair to go after 'em."

"You want McCabe to do it?"

"He could if he would," Joe Sutro said. "Likely his price'll be high."

"I'll see what I can do," Gary promised. He finished what was left of his meal and walked over to where the wagons were parked. He asked at three different fires for McCabe, but no one knew where he was. Gary turned to the Donovan wagon, parked on the other side of camp.

Jane was alone, washing the pots left over from supper. "Have you seen McCabe?" Gary asked.

"No. Is there something wrong?"

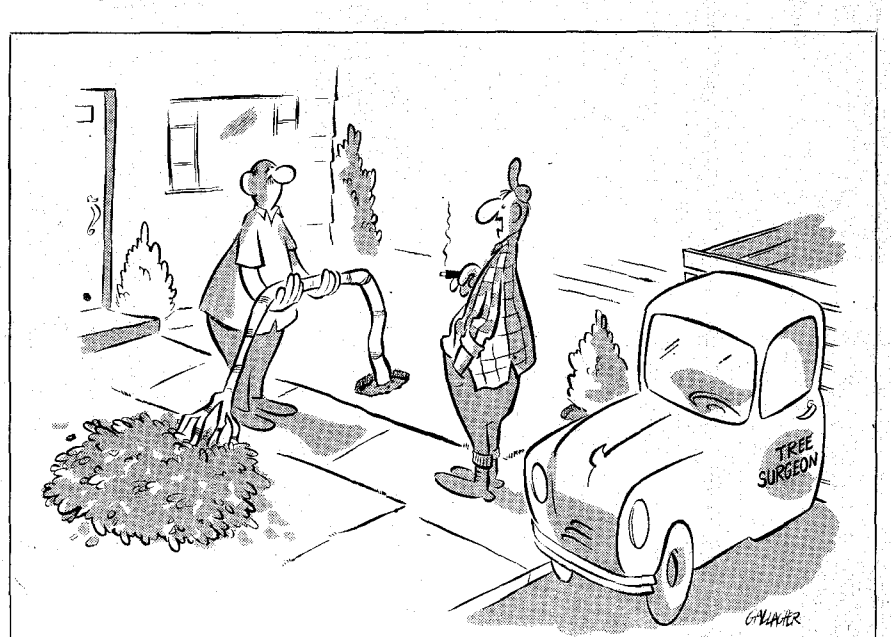
"I just can't find him, that's all. Don't you ever stop working? I mean, every time I come around you're busy." He observed her a moment longer, then reached down and took the wet cloth from her and kicked the dishwater into the fire. "Let's go for a walk, Jane."

Her eyes were round and surprised. "I can't."

"Sure you can." He took her arm and started her away from the steaming fire. "Out there the grass is talking and the night is black and the earth smells good. I want you to listen to the sounds and feel the darkness like a touch against your skin." He started to walk, and she held back slightly, then gave in to his whim and walked beside him.

"Pa'll be roaring mad," she said.

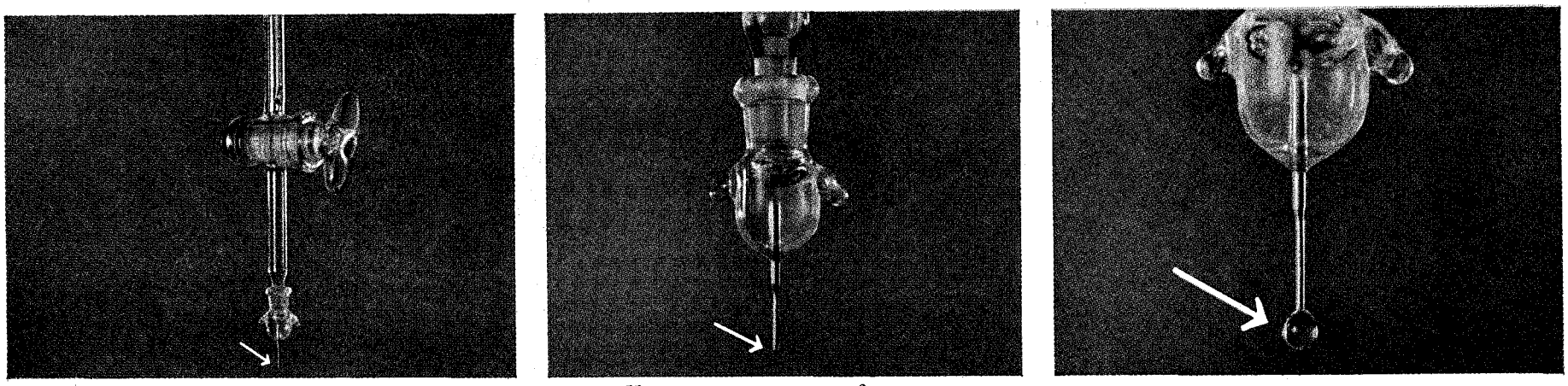
"Let him be mad. I'll stand up to him if I have to." She seemed willing to let him have his way, (*Continued on Page 79*)



"That's a very sick tree."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Platinum-alloy tips . . . measure drops as small as 1/100,000 of a quart

From Owens-Illinois comes the Kimble micro-buret —a child's life can depend on it

The Kimble *micro-buret* is a unique piece of technical glassware with a platinum-alloy tip for measuring tiny amounts of liquids. It has many uses. For example:

Employed in children's hospitals, the Kimble micro-buret is used for serum chemistry tests involving premature infants. The minuteness of the drop is of vital importance, since smaller drops mean greater control over the proportion of liquids being added to a given solution. The accuracy of such tests can mean the difference between life and death. The platinum-alloy delivery tip of the Kimble micro-buret produces a drop equivalent to only 1/100,000 of a quart. Being detachable, it can be easily and quickly cleaned.

The continuing ability of Kimble to set new and higher standards has made "Kimble" mean "accuracy" in laboratory glassware. A subsidiary of Owens-Illinois, Kimble Glass Company has full access to the broad facilities of research and engineering which stand behind all O-I products.

CONTAINER	Duraglas bottles & jars • closures plastic containers • plastic fitments corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes
INDUSTRIAL	Kimble all-glass television bulbs glass insulators • glass tubing & rod
SCIENTIFIC	Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls
	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
BUILDING	glass block • hardwood panels & doors

KIMBLE MICRO-BURETS
AN (I) PRODUCT

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

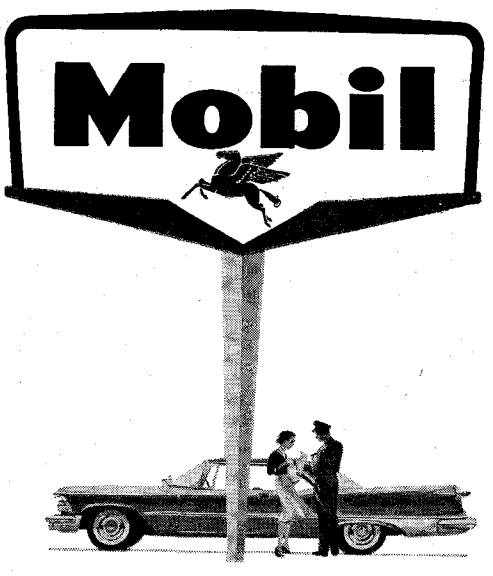
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep that new car thrill alive–with

The New Car Gasoline

Fill up with

'59 Mobilgas SPECIAL



Gives you high energy performance that means top miles per gallon!

Top mileage economy . . . are *you* getting it? You can—from your new *or* late model car—if you power it with *'59 Mobilgas Special—The New Car Gasoline!*

You get high energy performance with '59 Mobilgas Special that adds up to *top miles per gallon.* And you will be sure of quick starts in all weather . . . fast, economical warm-up . . . exciting pick-up and power when you need it. Keep that new car thrill alive in *your* car with '59 Mobilgas Special—*The New Car Gasoline.* See your friendly Mobil dealer.

YOU'RE MILES AHEAD WITH MOBIL!

Tune in "TRACKDOWN" *every Wednesday night, CBS-TV.* SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 76*) and he wondered whether or not he should relax his grip on her arm. He was reluctant to do so, for her flesh was warm to his touch and he had almost forgotten how soft a woman was.

Fifty yards from the camp Gary stopped.

"What's the matter?" she asked, then gasped when a man reared up from the knee-high grass.

Guthrie McCabe reholstered his pistol as they came toward him. He said, "I thought fifty yards was far enough. Maybe I should have made it a hundred and fifty." He peered at Jim Gary. "You had a lot of other directions to take to do your courting. Why pick this one?"

"An accident," Gary said. "I've been looking for you, Guthrie."

"So? If I'd wanted to be found, I wouldn't be out here."

"Just why are you out here, Mr. McCabe?" Jane asked. "I'd think you'd want to be around people. Do you like it alone?"

"McCabe's afraid to have friends," Gary said, half joking, then realized that he had inadvertently hit upon the truth, for McCabe stared at him rudely, then sat down.

"You're here. You might as well stay a while. What did you want, Jim?"

Gary took off his coat, so that Jane wouldn't have to sit on the ground. "I was talking with Joe Sutro. He's lost some horses."

"And he wants me to find them?" McCabe asked. "All right. Tell him I'll do it."

Gary did not try to hide his surprise. "No hitch, Guthrie?"

"Sure, but one Sutro wouldn't care about." He waved his hand to the south. "In three days I'll be leaving you, going into Iron Hand's country. But I've got to have a reason, one he'll buy. Joe Sutro's horses will do nicely. After I move around from village to village, looking for the horses, I'll have some idea of how tough this job is going to be, and who's left to bring back, or who'd be fool enough to come back." He laughed. "I was figuring to run some stock south as soon as we camped permanently on Sand Creek. Sutro's saved me the trouble."

"Still works out in favor of Guthrie McCabe, doesn't it?" Gary said.

"Mr. McCabe, why is it that no one likes you?" Jane's question was so pointed, so blunt, that he could only look at her, his mouth slightly open.

"That's a good question," Gary said. "I'd be interested in your answer, Guthrie." He waited for McCabe to speak. "Or maybe you don't care to give it." He got up and took Jane by the arm. "Let's go on back. He wants to be alone."

"Hold on a minute," McCabe said. "Sit down. . . . Miss Donovan, you just stuck your nose into my business, and I've never liked that from anyone. But since you asked, I'll tell you why no one likes me. It's because I don't want them to like me. Does that make sense to you?"

"No," she said; "because it goes against human nature. You care, Mr. McCabe. I know you care, and because you do, I wanted you to tell me why."

"Figure it out for yourself," McCabe said flatly. "I never give free handouts, and that applies to advice. The world's full of mean people and sad stories, and if a man caught all the kicks that were aimed his way, or listened to the stories, he'd be aching or crying all his life. A friend always wants something, and I've never felt obligated to give; no one gives to me."

"Perhaps they would if you'd let them," Jane said. She got up and handed Gary his coat. "I'd really better be getting back, Jim. If pa and Liam found out I'd gone off—well, I'd just better get back."

"Of course," Gary said.

McCabe rose. "I'll walk back with you." He slung his coat over his shoulder and trailed them into the wagon park. As they approached the Donovan wagon, Gary saw Sean and Liam turn; there was a scowl on the old man's face.

"I'll have a word with you, Mr. Gary!" He waved his hand. "Get in the wagon, girl."

"Pa, don't say anything! Not anything at all!"

"You want me to be silent?" He looked at Gary. "I spoke to you before, but it seems you ignored my advice."

"We went for a walk," Gary said. "I don't know what you can make of it, but it seems that you're going to try."

Sean Donovan took off his coat and laid it to one side. Then he rolled up his sleeves carefully and hitched up his pants. Gary stood there while the promise of trouble collected a crowd, and he wondered what he should do—talk or fight. Talk would make him look weak, and fighting would be something he'd have to answer for to the colonel.

"My daughter is a good girl, Gary, and a good girl has nothing but her good name, which is an easy thing to lose. Then she has nothing." He pushed his son aside. "Are you ready, Mr. Gary? Or do you wish to strike the first blow?"

Jane put her hands over her mouth, then whirled to McCabe. "Can't you stop him?"

"What for?" McCabe asked. "This is Gary's ball."

Sean Donovan was not a man who liked to wait for anyone; when Gary just stood there, he lost patience and charged, arms working like a two-bladed windmill. One fist caught Gary alongside the head, then he side-stepped the rest and danced back, fists cocked, but making no attempt to strike. Drawn up short, Donovan whirled and came in again, and this time Gary tried to smother the flurry of fists, getting a cut lip for his trouble, and a smarting patch on the cheekbone. He heard McCabe say, "You going to dance with him or fight him, Jim?"

He was right, Gary knew, and he hit Sean Donovan, the blow a solid, axing drive that propelled him backward into the side of the wagon. In Gary's past was his share of barracks fighting, and he knew the dirty tricks, but had a gentleman's reluctance to use them. But when Donovan came at him spitting blood, Gary hooked into him, making him goggle-eyed.

Donovan was the heavier of the two, and he chose to wrestle, hugging Gary around the neck with a vise pressure, then flinging him over his hip to the ground. Donovan intended to fall with his weight on Gary's abdomen, but the young officer had seen that once before and swayed to one side, leaving Donovan nothing but hard ground to break his fall. Gary forced Donovan's head back until he could raise a leg and hook the back of the knee behind his chin.

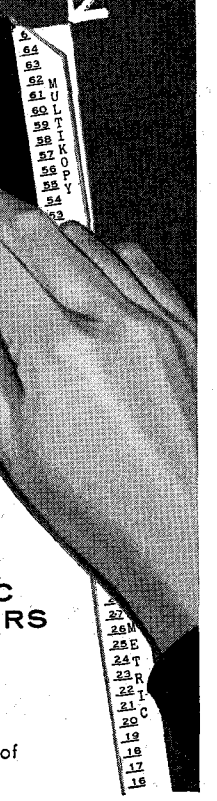
With a surge of power he brought Donovan head down to the ground, then twisted and carried him over to land flat

---

Many a smart brunette has finally caught a man by becoming a dumb blonde.

HAL CHADWICK

Webster MULTIKOPY® Durametric has the edge over every other brand of carbon paper!



Only Webster puts a scale edge on carbon papers. It assures neat, well-spaced typing the first time. The edge is uncoated, too, for cleaner letters, cleaner fingers and cleaner carbon handling. MULTIKOPY Durametric Carbon Papers are made of the finest materials so that every sheet gives superior performance and longer service every time. And it's curl resistant even in extreme temperatures.

Perfect typing companion — Webster's Silk Star Typewriter Ribbon —

MULTIKOPY® DURAMETRIC CARBON PAPERS

by F. S. Webster Company • 11 Amherst Street
Cambridge 42, Massachusetts

FREE SAMPLE: Write on your company letterhead — specify make of typewriter and the number of carbons you usually require.

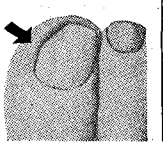
Protect YOUR HEART!
VIOBIN WHEAT GERM OIL
HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •
9 Years University Experiments, 400 Persons PROVE VioBin Oil helps heart action - increases endurance.
Liquid - Capsules
Send — FREE BOOK No. 7
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS
Refuse substitutes. Only VioBin proved effective.

Don't Neglect Slipping
FALSE TEETH

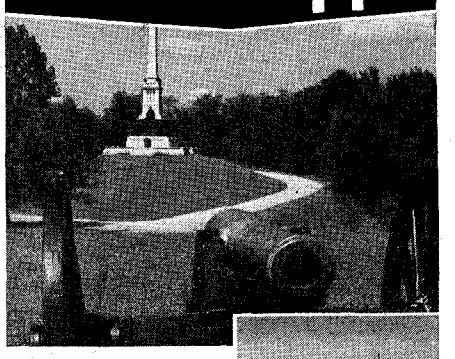
Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at drug counters everywhere.

LIPS SORE?
Blistex
POCKET SIZE 39c
HIGHER IN CANADA
BEST FOR COLD SORES CHAPPED LIPS FEVER BLISTERS

INGROWN NAIL
PAIN STOPS FAST! A few drops of Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in the nail groove relieve soreness, pain — soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL.



Mississippi



rich in history, legend and year-round good living

Visit the Hospitality State, where history and romance are delightfully preserved. Thrill to enchanting antebellum homes, historic parks and battlefields, scenic highways. Climax your stay with sun and fun on the fabulous Gulf Coast, America's family playground.

Miss Hospitality SP39
Travel Dept., State of Mississippi
Jackson, Mississippi
Please send your new, full color vacation booklet.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

THE HOSPITALITY STATE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on his back. For several minutes the two men strained against each other, one to hold and the other to get free. Finally Donovan broke away, and they both came to their feet, more cautious now and more determined. They drove together like two bulls in the first battle rush of spring, pawing, striking, grunting, cutting the earth with their boots, then Gary caught Donovan behind the knee with a leg chop and hooked him to the ground. He hit him, a dry-twig-breaking sound, and strength ran out of the Irishman.

Quickly Gary got to his feet and stood over Sean Donovan as the man tried to rise, but could not make it. Liam, his son, was at his side then.

"Pa! Get up, Pa!"

Donovan shook his head. "Can't. You finish this."

"I'll sure do that," Liam said and started to peel off his coat.

When it was halfway down his arms, Jim Gary struck him, kicking him clear off his feet. Liam Donovan rolled twice and ended on his face and knees. He struggled to his feet, ripping free of the coat; he threw it aside while Jane jumped between them.

"No! Liam, no!" She grabbed his arms while she made an appeal to Guthrie McCabe. "He can't fight two in a row! Help him!"

McCabe rolled a cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other before speaking. "I make it a point to keep out of another man's fights."

Liam shoved his sister aside and went after Gary, who was more tired than he realized. Sean Donovan had mauled him, worn him down, sapped his young first strength and his speed. The two men rammed together, and it was Gary who gave ground this time, backing quickly to keep out of Liam's way.

He went down once, but was hardly conscious of it; the young Irishman was like the wind, coming in, bowling him over, then retreating to strike from a new direction. Gary put up his fight, but it was not enough. Each second that passed seemed to take more out of him, and then he passed that point when he knew he could not possibly win this; just stay as long as he could stand.

Blood ran from Gary's nose and his mouth and a cut over the eye, but he seemed numb, and when Liam hit him, he did not feel pain, only the jar of the fist landing. Twice more he fell and somehow he got up and was promptly knocked down again.

Then someone fired a gun, and he looked around to see who did it and saw Jane standing there with a cap-and-ball pistol in her hand, smoke issuing from the barrel and cylinder. Liam was by the fire, shirt in shreds, blood and a surprised expression on his face.

"That's enough!" Jane said, tears in her eyes. She looked at the curious gathered around the fire. "Get out of here. Get!"

They moved when she flourished the pistol at them. Her father was standing by the wagon, and Liam joined him. McCabe remained back a few paces; then Jane put the pistol down and picked up the water bucket. Using her apron for a washcloth, she bathed Jim Gary's face.

Finally he sat up and drew up his knees, resting his head on them. He felt sick and angry and sorry that he hadn't whipped Liam Donovan.

McCabe said, "You did all right while you lasted, Jim."

Gary remembered that he was there and swiveled his head around so he could look at him. A new anger came to him, the anger of being let down, deserted, like that time when he was a boy, and a "friend" had agreed to help him beat up two other boys, then ran out and left Jim Gary to do it alone. Gary said, "Guthrie, you'd better hope the day never comes when you have to ask me for anything."

"You'll turn me down?" He shrugged casually. "What does it matter anyway? I've never asked you for anything yet, have I? One way to look at this is that I did you a favor. You'd have had to fight both of them anyway; they're Irish. So a man might as well do it at one time and get it over with."

He turned then and walked back through the grass to his lonely camp. Gary stared after him for a moment, then murmured, "A man doesn't know what to believe, whether he was lying to cover himself or telling the brutal truth." He looked at Jane Donovan then as though he expected to read the answer in her face.

She only helped him to his feet.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Mysterious Mourners (Continued from Page 33)

"By the way, my dear," said the general casually, noting with satisfaction that his wife's finger was beginning to swell, "I shall be going to London tomorrow."

Lady Cumberbatch, with the evidence of the five-year diary to stimulate her imagination, believed that she felt a cold hand clutching at her heartstrings. She remained silent. She could only conclude that there was another woman. But even she found it hard to reconcile this conclusion with the facts as she knew them. What kind of romantic attachment was this which blossomed only once a year—and always on the same date?

Their daughter Janet, who also had a five-year diary, the gift of her father, was upstairs thinking along similar lines.

The general, heavily conscious of the uneventful futility of retirement, made his excuses and escaped to his study, where he gave himself over to a mood of self-pity. His musings were interrupted by a tap at the door and the entry of Janet's boy friend, a somewhat scruffy individual with hair which, by military standards, was far too long.

"Well, what do you want?" The general surveyed the young man with distaste.

"I'd like to talk to you, sir. Can I sit down?"

"Surely, my dear fellow, you're the best judge of that? Unless you're deformed, or have a boil on your stern, you should be able to manage it. Why not try?"

"Thank you, sir."

"Well, having learned to sit down, what is it you want to talk to me about?"

"About Janet, sir."

"What about her?" asked the general, who was not making things easy.

"I want to marry her, sir," the young man blurted, "and I want your permission to ask her."

"What has Janet to say about this?"

"Janet is quite willing, sir."

"Then if Janet is quite willing," snarled the general, "you must have asked her already. Trying to use me as a rubber stamp, eh? What's your name?"

"Calder, sir. James Calder."

"There was a chap in my battalion called Calder. Went mad with heatstroke in India thirty years ago. Bit the regimental sergeant major. Any relation?"

"So far as I know," replied Jimmy Calder, trying hard to control his temper, "none of my relations has been in India."

"Well, that's something. I shouldn't care much for a son-in-law who went around biting people. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a reporter on the Daily News Letter, sir."

"Good heavens! A reporter!" echoed the general in a voice of doom.

"It's a perfectly honorable occupation!" snapped Jimmy.

"I didn't suggest that it wasn't, my dear chap, so don't be so infernally touchy. Cleaning sewers is probably quite honorable, too, but it isn't everybody's taste ——"

"Is there anything else you have against me, sir?" asked Jimmy, rising from his seat to leave.

"I've nothing against you personally, my dear chap," replied the general more kindly. "It's just that—well, if you must have it, I don't think I could stand a grandson who looked like you. But don't take it to heart."

"Well?" asked Janet, who had waited in the garden.

"No!" replied Jimmy. "I don't think he likes me—much."

It is five o'clock in the morning. The general, clad in a dressing gown and carpet slippers, wades through the dew which spangles the lawn of Nether Wallop Manor. In his left hand is a shallow basket, while in his right he carries a pair of pruning shears. Looking furtively over his shoulder to make sure that he is not observed, he enters the rose garden. Here with swift precision he cuts four dozen dark red roses, each almost perfect of its kind. These—still stealthily—he takes to the garage, putting them in the rear locker of his small car. This task completed he returns to the house and takes his morning bath. He sighs deeply. It is July twenty-eighth.

The general brought a healthy appetite to breakfast, which except for perfunctory "good mornings" he ate in silence. At eight-forty-five he rose from the table and remarked, "Just a nice time to catch the nine-fourteen—see you this evening, my dear."

"Your father seems very preoccupied," said Lady Cumberbatch to her daughter. "It's my opinion that he's up to no good."

It was Janet's opinion, too, but she remained silent.

At ten o'clock in the main street of Nether Wallop, Janet chanced to meet an old friend, who remarked innocently, "What a glorious bunch of red roses your father took to London with him!"

Ten seconds later, to the amazement of her friend, Janet was in a phone booth, putting through a call to the Daily News Letter. She caught Jimmy just as he was leaving the office. "This is urgent, Jimmy. Even if you're fired, drop everything. Daddy caught the nine-fourteen for London with an enormous bunch of red roses. Meet the train and find out who he gives them to."

Jimmy was hiding behind the newsstand at the Paddington terminus mainline arrival platform when the nine-fourteen from Nether Wallop pulled in. He watched the general descend, carrying an enormous bunch of red roses. Jimmy's staff car, with a large "Press" on the windshield, was parked at a point which covered the taxi rank. The rest was easy.

That evening, at an agreed time, Janet was waiting at the telephone for a report from Jimmy. The general, Jimmy reported, had taken a taxi from Paddington Station to the West London Cemetery. Here without any hesitation he had walked to a grave whose headstone marked the last resting place of one Mabel Huggins, who had died on July 28th, 1937, aged thirty-eight. The general had spent more than an hour tidying the grave and, when satisfied with its condition, had filled an alabaster urn with water, arranging in it the red roses he had brought. To these he attached a card.

"What was written on the card?" asked the practical Janet.

"'Santa Eulalia—1925.' That's all. Mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing!"

Santa Eulalia, 1925! What did it mean? Janet recalled that her parents had been married in 1926. Their engagement had been a long one. It followed, therefore, that at the time of her father's entanglement with Mabel Huggins he had been engaged to Lady Cumberbatch.

The general returned from London a few minutes before dinner was served that evening. He sat through the meal deep in thought, merely replying in monosyllables when addressed.

"Surely, Algernon," said Lady Cumberbatch over the coffee, "something must have happened in London—something amusing or interesting?"

"I saw a chap run over by a bus," said the general gloomily. "Would you like the macabre details?"

"No, thank you. Nothing else?"

"Nothing that I can think of."

"I wonder, Algernon; I wonder. I have a strong feeling that you are keeping something from me."

Putting on her martyred look, Lady Cumberbatch went to bed, leaving father and daughter together. "I think mother's quite right, daddy," said Janet sweetly. "Maybe she knows about those red roses and wonders who you gave them to."

"What red roses?" The general looked like a small boy caught stealing the jam.

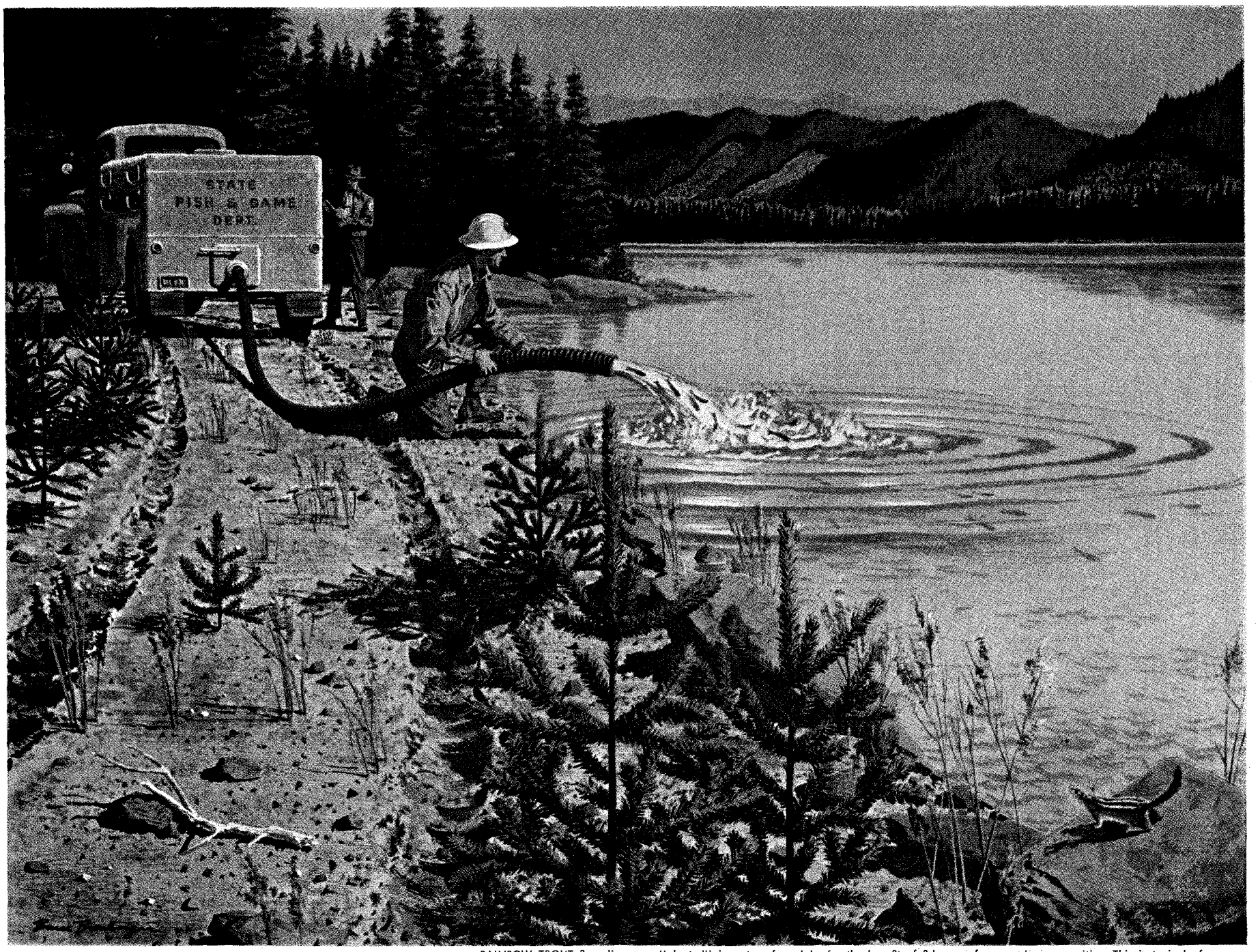
"The ones you took to London, daddy—Good night!"

Janet shrank from the look which her father turned upon her, compounded as it was of hurt wonderment and fierce indignation. His bushy silver eyebrows went up a full inch before he turned on his heel and left her. General Cumberbatch did not take kindly to threats, however delicately expressed.

Soon after this Janet went to London for a week to stay with an old friend, whose house was within walking distance of the West London Cemetery. Curiosity to see the grave of Mabel Huggins took her there one day. The grave was littered with the petals of dark red roses. Rain had smudged her father's bold handwriting on the card accompanying them: "Santa Eulalia, 1925." What did it mean?

More recently than the red roses, someone had placed a great sheaf of Madonna lilies across the grave. Attached to these was a card bearing the single word "Gomez" and at the top of the card was what seemed to be a flag comprising green-and-red stripes, while on a medallion in the center was a design which looked like a swarm of bees. As Janet was studying this, she became aware that she was not alone at the graveside. Her eyes met those (*Continued on Page 85*)

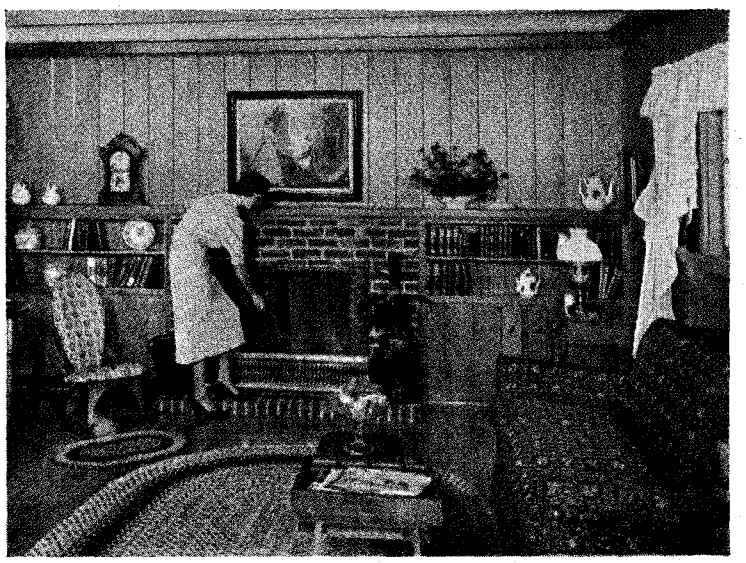
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RAINBOW TROUT fingerlings are "planted" in a tree farm lake for the benefit of fishermen from nearby communities. This is typical of cooperative efforts among private timberland owners and various government agencies designed to broaden public benefits from commercial forestlands.

perpetuating nature's bounties by careful forest management...

Beautiful homes of wood are still America's best building buy. For fine quality west coast woods, select from the many species marketed nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.



Quiet lakes and cascading streams cast silvery accents in the dark green forests of Weyerhaeuser tree farms in the far west. Fed by moisture husbanded in spongy, tree-shaded forest soil, they provide both water and recreation for man's needs. Reflected in each is the evidence of careful forest management.

Today, our industrial foresters are keeping company lands productive by growing successive crops of trees for both present and *future* generations. The techniques used are compatible with sound watershed and wildlife management practices. As a result, our managed forestlands will be able to supply wood, water, wildlife and other values year after year. Translated into benefits for the public, this means abundant wood for forest products, continuing water supplies and opportunities to fish and hunt in rugged areas dedicated to perpetual timber production.

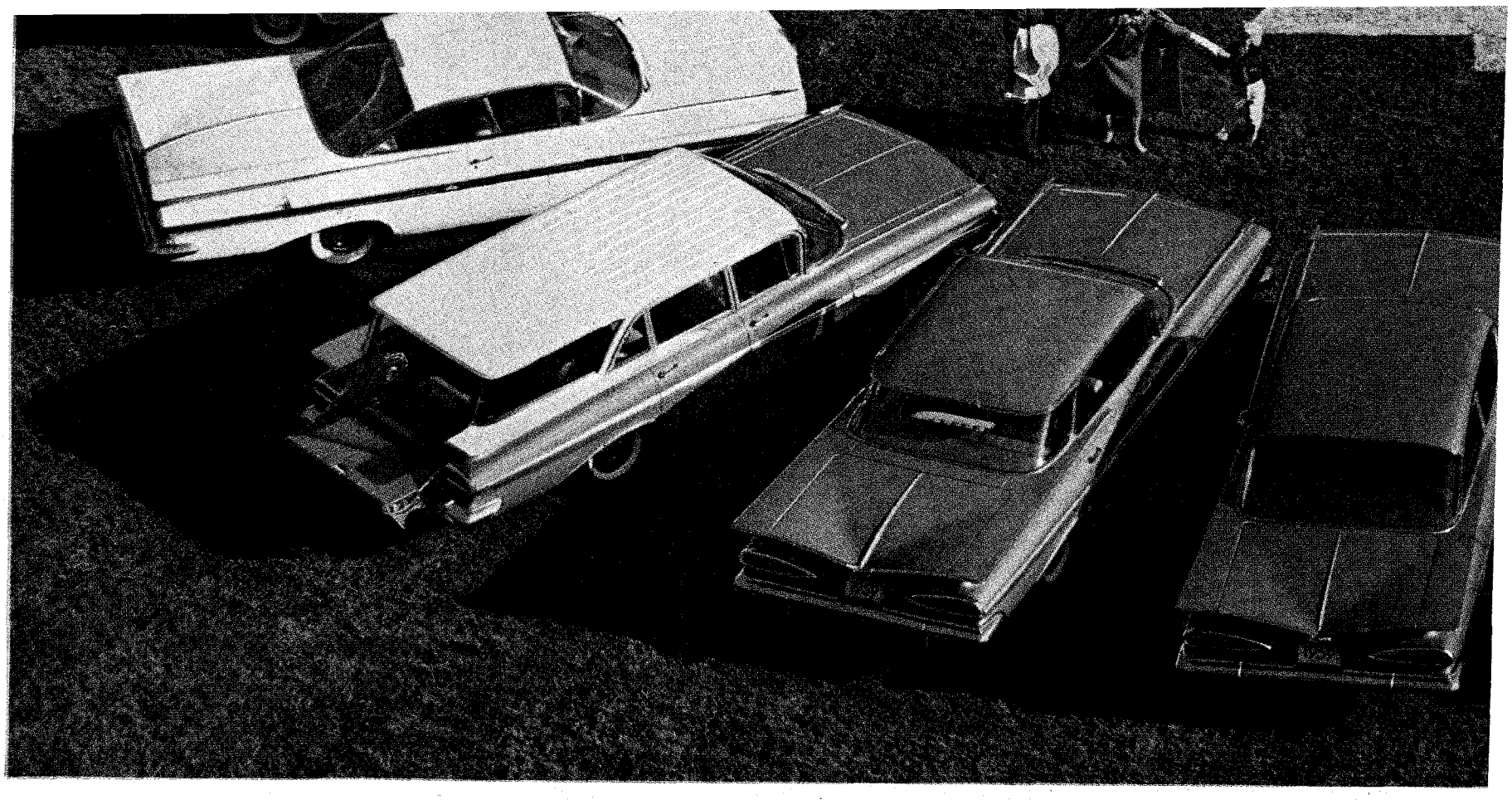
To learn more about the results of good forestry, *write to us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

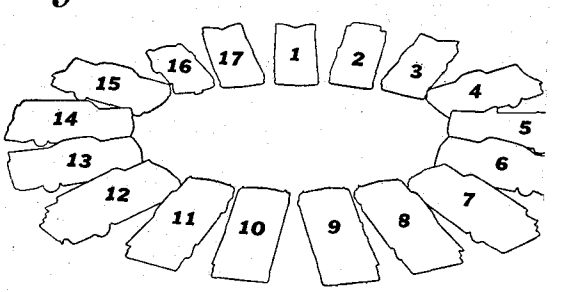
MANUFACTURING AND SELLING THESE FOREST PRODUCTS: 4-SQUARE® LUMBER AND PLYWOOD
WOOD PULP AND PAPER BOARD • SHIPPING CONTAINERS • FOLDING BOXES • MILK CARTONS
SILVATEK HARDBOARD, PARTICLE BOARD AND PLY-VENEER® PANELS, BARK AND FIBER PRODUCTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



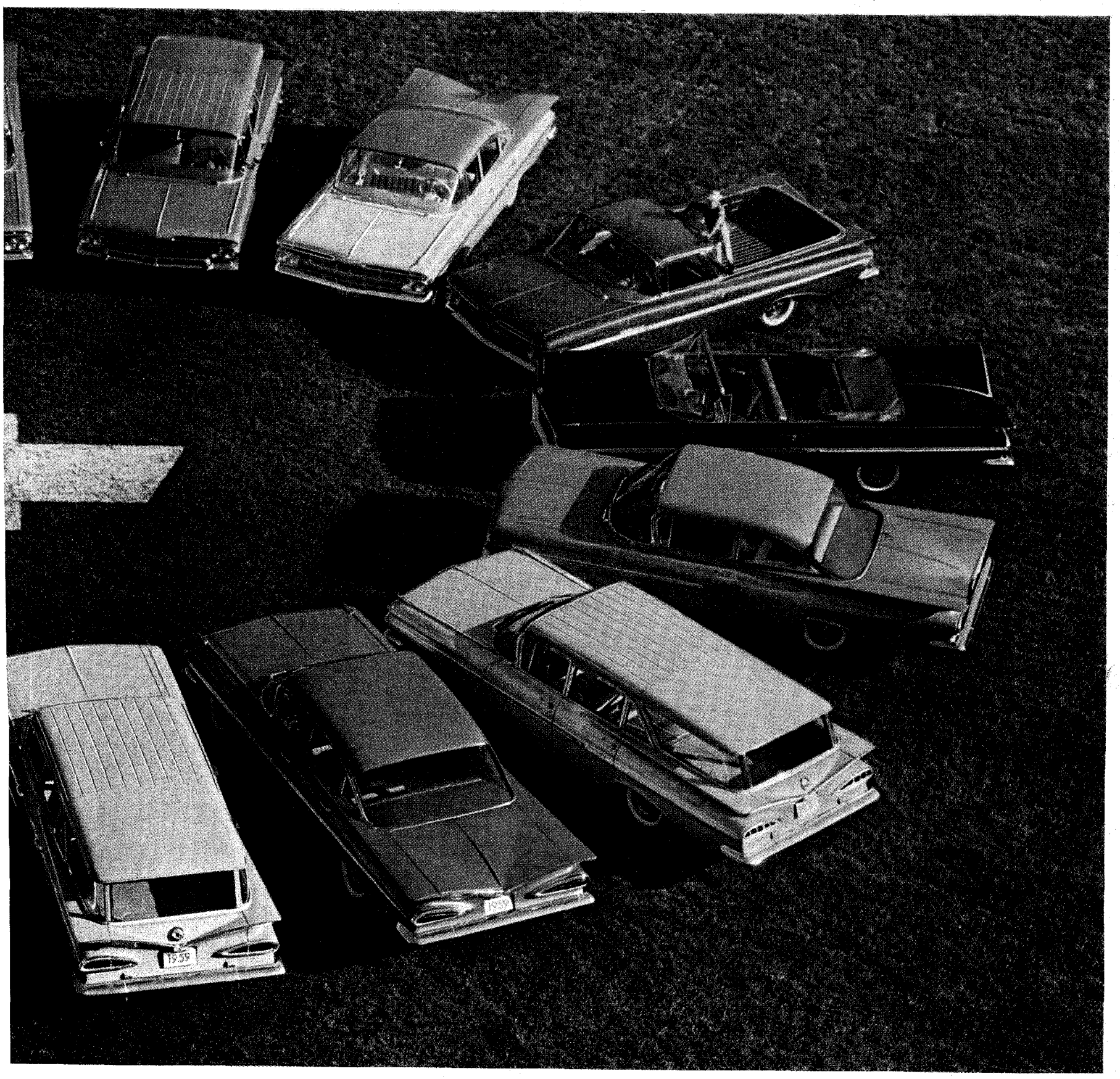
CHEVROLET—What could beat one of these beauties

(unless it's two of 'em!)



Fresh-minted models for every taste. All with a remarkable new ride, new room, new safety, new handling ease—and Chevy's own special brand of economy and reliability. What more could you want?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BISCAYNE UTILITY SEDAN. Chevy's low es start right here—a handy, handsome 2-door with :u. ft. of cargo space behind front seat.

· ***BROOKWOOD 2-DOOR,*** Chevrolet's lowest ed wagon, is as dutiful as it is beautiful. Seats 6, ls up to 92 cu. ft. of cargo.

· ***IMPALA 4-DOOR,*** most elegant family sedan in line, makes you wonder why anyone would want a that costs more.

· ***EL CAMINO*** combines stunning passenger car ng with the load space of a pickup. Good looks :r carried so much weight!

IMPALA CONVERTIBLE. Chevy's got a ial formula for carefree top-down fun.

BISCAYNE 2-DOOR. This beauty's the lowest :d 6-passenger Chevy you can buy!

7— ***NOMAD 4-DOOR,*** 6-passenger station wagon—finest of Chevrolet's 5 wonderful wagons.

8— ***BEL AIR 4-DOOR.*** As luxurious as it looks, yet priced just above Chevy's thriftiest sedans.

9— ***BROOKWOOD 4-DOOR.*** Chevy's lowest priced 4-door wagon seats 6, holds 92 cu. ft. of cargo with rear seat down.

10— ***BEL AIR 2-DOOR,*** distinctively styled inside and out, carries a price tag just a notch above Chevy's thriftiest 2-door sedan.

11— ***IMPALA SPORT SEDAN.*** Here's a 4-door hardtop with the kind of looks and luxury you'd expect only on the most expensive makes.

12— ***KINGSWOOD 4-DOOR,*** 9-passenger station wagon, offers rear-facing third seat and power-operated rear window at no extra cost.

13— ***IMPALA SPORT COUPE.*** It's one of Chevy's full series of elegant Impalas for '59. And you won't find a handsomer hardtop anywhere!

14— ***PARKWOOD 4-DOOR,*** 6-passenger station wagon, distinctively trimmed inside and out, priced a shade above the thrifty Brookwoods.

15— ***BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN.*** It's Chevy's lowest priced hardtop—and it makes beautiful sense!

16— ***CORVETTE.*** Take the wheel of America's only authentic sports car and treat yourself to the snappiest, happiest driving you've known.

17— ***BISCAYNE 4-DOOR,*** thriftiest 4-door sedan in the line, is another big reason Chevy's the car that's wanted for all its worth!

Chevrolet Division of General Motors
Detroit 2, Michigan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TESTED for perfection...then SEALED to stay *new* for *you* !

You are the first to use them!

You *know* these pens and pencils will write perfectly. Scripto tests them at the factory then seals them. No one can touch them, drop them, use them. Full ink or lead supply—perfect writing condition *guaranteed.*

And how easy to pick the one you want—from this handy, new Scripto service-station display. From 29¢ to $1.95, Scripto now offers pens and pencils *factory tested . . . factory sealed . . . factory perfect in every way.*

Unconditionally guaranteed for perfect writing

Scripto pens and pencils available with trade mark, company imprint, etc. Write for information.

Scripto® M. R.

FACTORY-SEALED
Pens and Pencils

The best in writing . . . at any price!

SCRIPTO, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA
SCRIPTO OF CANADA, LTD.,
TORONTO, CANADA
SCRIPTO PRODUCTS AVAILABLE
IN CANADA
AT SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 80*) of the newcomer across the grave and her first thought was that she knew the tall, handsome man with the dissipated face who stood there.

"She was very lovely, wasn't she?" he said. "So kind, so brave, so generous!"

"I don't know," Janet faltered.

"Of course—you wouldn't. I doubt if you were born when she died—and even then, she had been forgotten for years."

The newcomer stooped to set down a pot of bright blue hydrangea. "This was her favorite color," he said.

"Did you—love her very much?" asked Janet.

"Of course! Everybody loved her. The world was at her feet. She died of a broken heart."

"What happened?" asked Janet, trembling with curiosity.

"She wasn't the only one. The 'talkies' did it. She only made one, you know. Poor darling! She had a voice like a magpie. Nothing could be done about it. Her rise to fame was like that of a rocket—her fall too. It didn't seem possible that she could be forgotten so soon."

Putting on a pair of glasses, the newcomer stooped to read the card attached to the lilies. "I see that Gomez remembered—as well he might. But I wonder who brought those red roses ——"

"My father brought them," said Janet. "He brings her red roses every year."

"Your father, eh? He must be that soldier chap—mustache like a wire brush. He and I didn't get on too well, I'm afraid, but I'm glad he remembered too. I don't think your father understood our profession. Anyhow, it was all such a long time ago that it doesn't matter now. Give him my regards, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Janet, "but won't you please tell me your name?"

The stranger winced under the question, as though his face had been slapped. "Fame—immortality—rot! There's no such thing. Poor girl! I begin to understand better what it did to her—why she took to the bottle. And now, by heavens! it's happened to me too. Who am I? I'll tell you, my dear—I'm just another forgotten old has-been, a bit hurt in his pride by your question. Good-by!"

With an almost hysterical laugh, the other turned from the graveside and strode away, leaving Janet in a state of utter bewilderment. She stooped to read the card attached to the hydrangea. It said simply: "Sylvia, dear, you were the brightest star of them all. J.M."

For Jimmy Calder the next days were busy, for in addition to his own work, he was instructed to explore several avenues of research. Part of the job was done for him when an evening newspaper published a picture of Julian Merrivale, not long come from Hollywood to play a secondary role in a B picture to be made in an English studio. He achieved the headlines again when arrested for drunken driving. Janet at once identified him as the stranger at the graveside. She could not escape a sense of guilt in the matter, for, almost certainly, her own artless question had prompted the actor to seek solace in the bottle.

With the aid of his paper's film editor, Jimmy learned that Sylvia Grayson, star of the silent films, who had earned eight thousand dollars a week until her eclipse, had been born Mabel Huggins in the back street of a London suburb, where she had returned to live in alcoholic obscurity. Diligent research brought to light other significant facts which helped to fill in some of the gaps in the puzzle. Santa Eulalia, it seemed, was the capital city of the Central American banana republic of San Felicidad. In 1925 there had been a revolution in San Felicidad. Power had been usurped by an obscure army officer named Gomez, later known euphemistically as Gomez the Liberator because—if the cynics were to be believed—he had liberated all the portable wealth of the unhappy republic, transferring the same to accounts in foreign banks in case of a rainy day.

Inquiry of the London florist who had delivered the Madonna lilies to the grave revealed that every month since the death of Mabel Huggins in July, 1937, they had, upon instructions received from a lawyer, whom they declined to name, delivered flowers to the grave. The accompanying card was always the same. The green-and-red-striped flag with the curious bee motif was that of the Republic of San Felicidad, designed by Gomez the Liberator when he assumed power in 1925.

In the morgue of the Daily News Letter was a large file of press clippings on Sylvia Grayson, who—her death never having been announced—was assumed still to be alive. The clippings were chiefly the vapid outpourings of her studio's publicity department, but there were two interesting finds. One was that Sylvia Grayson, on the verge of a nervous breakdown from overwork, had in the latter part of 1925 gone on a yachting cruise in the Caribbean. A member of the yachting party had been Julian Merrivale.

The strange thing about this period—strange because the studio publicity department had permitted Sylvia Grayson the luxury of a private life—was the total absence of any press clippings dealing with this Caribbean cruise. For some seven weeks, it seemed, Sylvia Grayson had been in total eclipse. The only pay dirt Jimmy struck was an item from a Hollywood gossip column dated December, 1925, at the time of her return from the cruise. It looked promising:

Rumor has it that Gorgeous Sylvia takes her meals standing up these days. Our roving reporter, before being ejected from Grayson Towers, heard much buzzing of bees. One unconfirmed report has it that on her recent yachting cruise Sylvia stirred up a bees' nest in one of the banana republics. Why not? she has stirred up many a hornets' nest in Hollywood—although here she is careful not to sit on them.

Bees! What was so significant about bees in the life of Sylvia Grayson? Why were bees embodied in the San Felicidadian flag? Why did three such disparate men as Gomez the Liberator, General Cumberbatch and Julian Merrivale deck her grave with flowers? From these questions stemmed another: What had a starchy British soldier like General Cumberbatch to do with such ill-assorted people as Sylvia Grayson, Julian Merrivale and Gomez?

Janet, to whom Jimmy presented this slender store of facts, was unable to relate them to anything she knew about her father. Had he, she wondered, married her mother on the rebound from a hopeless attachment for Sylvia Grayson? The general and Lady Cumberbatch became engaged in late 1924. They were married in early 1926. That much Janet knew.

"Mother," she said softly after a day spent turning these matters over in her mind, "what was daddy doing in 1925?"

"I've often wondered about that myself," replied Lady Cumberbatch, a strange, baleful light in her eyes.

"The plot thickens," Janet told Jimmy over the phone that evening. "But I've an idea. Doesn't the library of the British Museum keep files of newspapers published everywhere in the world? Well, wouldn't the San Felicidad newspapers for November and December, 1925, tell us everything we want to know?"

Jimmy agreed that this was a good idea, making immediate arrangements to inspect them.

And so matters stood for several days until the (*Continued on Page 87*)

The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Gottwealth, having suddenly inherited a small fortune, considered herself too good for the small town in which she lived. Her attitude created havoc in the town's one modest department store. She swept through it several times a week, seldom purchasing much, but always leaving merchandise in chaotic piles and clerks unnerved.

One hectic day, in the shoe department, she glared in disgust at the litter of shoes she had tried and discarded. "Why I bother to come here, I don't know," she proclaimed. "This store never has a thing that I can use—absolutely nothing."

The weary clerk looked up and managed a little smile. "No doubt you're right," he said politely, "but have you noticed our nice manners?"

Kerry Caine

Enjoy
CORONET
VSQ
BRANDY
The lighter, brighter brandy!
Great straight... superb in mixed drinks!
CORONET
VSQ
Brandy
Connoisseurs will delight in this finest selected grape brandy of Very Special Quality bottled for sole distribution in U.S.A.
BRANDY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y. & SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
CORONET BRANDY
BRANDY DISTILLERS CO., 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.
CALIFORNIA GRAPE BRANDY • 84 PROOF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why didn't somebody think of this before? Swivel seats make these the easiest cars to get in and out of you ever saw—even with your arms full! You get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation.

Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
The quality Cars of The *Forward* Look
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
out the difference great engineering makes.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 85*) general's eye was caught by an advertisement in the "Personal" column of The Times:

SAN FELICIDAD: Historian engaged in writing story of 1925 Revolution anxious to meet persons having first-hand knowledge of events and personalities involved. Write 47a Widdicombe St., Bloomsbury, W.C.1.

The general took the offensive. Giving no sign of his emotions, he resumed his dissection of a kipper. "Where," he asked Janet a few minutes later, apropos of nothing, "does your friend—Calder, I think his name is, live?"

"In Bloomsbury, daddy. Why?"

"What address?"

"Widdicombe Street, Number forty-seven-a."

"When is he coming to see you again?"

"I don't know, daddy. After the way you treated him last time, he isn't very keen on coming again."

"Nonsense, my dear; nonsense! He's too sensitive—that's his trouble. He'll have to get over that, because he's in a job that demands a thick skin. Invite him down for the weekend."

Greatly wondering, Janet did just that—conscious as she did so that, in military parlance, her father had wrested the initiative from her.

Jimmy, during the few minutes they had together alone when he arrived on the Saturday afternoon, reported that at the British Museum Library he had drawn a complete blank. During the weeks covered by the revolution, no newspapers whatever had been published in the Republic of San Felicidad. The five newspapers in existence before the revolution—an excessive number in a land which boasted 89.72 per cent illiteracy—ceased to exist. Five new ones came into existence when the revolution was over and even these, except for frequent references to "our beloved President, Gomez the Liberator," made no direct reference to the revolution which had taken place.

The general, his daughter noted with interest and vague alarm, had shed his air of gloom. He looked different, walked jauntily as though enjoying a private joke. To Jimmy Calder he was almost polite, agreeing with great cordiality that journalism must be a fascinating and rewarding occupation. "You really feel," the general asked at dinner, "that you have found your true niche, so to speak?"

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Jimmy, walking into the trap.

"Then, if I am not being too curious," asked the general, "why are you abandoning journalism to become—a historian?"

Janet looked blank and uncomprehending, Lady Cumberbatch's ears flapped almost visibly, while Jimmy—his mouth full of warm bottled beer—erupted like a geyser.

"I might be able to help you in your research," continued the general, thrusting home his advantage while Jimmy was still groggy on the ropes. "Is there any particular aspect of the revolution in San Felicidad that interests you, my boy? And, by the way, did you get any replies to your advertisement?"

"Only one, sir," replied Jimmy, goggle-eyed at the turn of events. "That was a chap called Julian Merrivale."

"That ham! Take anything he tells you with a pinch of salt. When the trouble started, he ducked for cover and didn't come up until the shooting was over——"

"Algernon," boomed Lady Cumberbatch from the far end of the table, "what is all this nonsense about a revolution in San Whatsisname?"

"Jimmy here is writing the history of it and—well, I'm trying to help him. He's come to the right place, too, because I doubt whether anyone's alive today who knows the full story like I do."

"Have you gone mad, Algernon?" his wife demanded. "When was this revolution?"

"In the latter part of 1925, my dear. Early December to be precise."

"Indeed. Pray, why is it that I have to wait thirty-three years to be informed of this? You've never so much as mentioned this San Whatsisname to me."

"Well, maybe you'd like to hear about it, my dear. I was going to tell Jimmy here—save me having to tell the story twice. It all happened when I was on the way back on leave from Hong Kong. In San Francisco I bumped into an old pal, Bingo Summers. Hadn't seen him since we left school. Well, Bingo at that time had made a pot of money rum-running, and, at the time I met him, was about to do a spot of gun-running. A pal of his called Gomez was about to start a revolution in San Felicidad. Everything was ready, except that he had no guns. Bingo, as a blind for the gun-running, had invited a lot of people on a yachting cruise in the Caribbean. The idea was, you see, to arrive in the port of Santa Eulalia—that's the capital—looking like a pleasure

... ...

The Shape of Things

How optimistic can we get?
It's fifteen years since last
we met,
And though we've cooed,
"You haven't changed,"
I fear at best we're
rearranged.

Irene Warsaw

... ...

party. Well, Bingo invited me to join the party and, naturally, I jumped at it."

"Naturally," said Lady Cumberbatch in sepulchral tones.

"Well, we sailed from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Lot of film stars and so forth joining the yacht there. All mad as hatters, of course. Never be suspected of gun-running. Smart idea, what?

"No trouble whatever getting the guns ashore—five hundred surplus American machine guns and a million rounds of ammunition. But not so easy to get the money out of Gomez. Poor Bingo struck a snag there, but Gomez promised that when the revolution had been successful he'd pay the agreed price plus a fat bonus. That meant we had to hang around until the fun was over.

"Well, we didn't have to wait long. The balloon went up three days later and on the fourth day a few of the hand-picked guests from the yacht were invited to stay at the presidential palace while Gomez was using the thumbscrews on the outgoing administration to find out where the boodle was. There was a tremendous sensation when it was discovered by the populace that Sylvia Grayson was one of the party——"

"Sylvia Grayson!" echoed Lady Cumberbatch. "She was just—wonderful as Susie in Desert Madness—and to think that you actually knew her, Algernon, and never told me anything about it."

"Didn't think you'd be interested, my dear," said the general uncomfortably. "Anyway, thousands milled round the palace gates in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. Our party, I should have mentioned, comprised Bingo, Sylvia Grayson, a conceited ham called Julian Merrivale, and myself. Everything was fine—lashings of good booze, excellent service, fine horses to ride. Believe me, Gomez did himself well. Then on the evening Bingo was due to be paid, there was a counter-revolution. The army switched its loyalty and we learned that the palace was about to be attacked. It looked as though the lot of us were going to be scuppered——"

"Was Sylvia Grayson as lovely in the flesh as she was on the screen, Algernon?" asked Lady Cumberbatch.

"Never saw her on the screen, my dear, so I can't reply to that—but if she was half as good-looking on the films as she was in real life, you can take it from me that the films would have caught fire. She was a—well, a smasher. What's more, if it hadn't been for Sylvia, I wouldn't be here tonight telling you the story. She saved us all. That's why all those bees were incorporated into the new San Felicidad flag. Very delicate gesture on the part of Gomez, don't you think?"

"If you ask me what I think, Algernon, I think you're potty," snapped Lady Cumberbatch. "What have bees got to do with the matter?"

"I was about to explain all that when you interrupted me, my dear," said the general. "Well, things didn't look so good. The palace guard had bolted, and from the windows of the palace we could see the counter-revolutionary army coming up the Avenida Bolivar, marching in a huge dust cloud. Our only chance was to take the fastest horses in the stables and make a bolt for it. With luck we might reach the yacht. Then somebody drew our attention to the fact that Sylvia wasn't there any more. She'd disappeared while we were talking. By the way," added the general, "I should explain that Sylvia was a blonde and that these Central Americans love blondes——"

"Does it matter whether they liked blondes or brunettes? Get on with the story, Algernon, and stop waffling."

"It mattered that day, my dear, believe me, because the next we saw of Sylvia was when, mounted on an Arab horse that Gomez had pinched from his predecessor, she was calmly riding toward the gates, slap at the approaching army. Never saw anything like it—never will again now. A dead silence fell, broken only by a curious mechanical sound. It was some moments before we realized that it was the sound of five thousand soldiers grinding their teeth. They could take brunettes or leave them, see? But it was Sylvia being a blonde that saved the day."

"I hope," said Lady Cumberbatch acidly, "that you don't expect us to believe this tarradiddle of nonsense."

"Believe it or not, my dear, as you please. But I was there and you weren't. There was Sylvia, cool as a cucumber, facing a demoralized army. No discipline, you see? Then fate took a hand. There came from behind the palace the fierce buzzing of ten thousand bees. One of them stung Sylvia's horse on the rump and that did it.

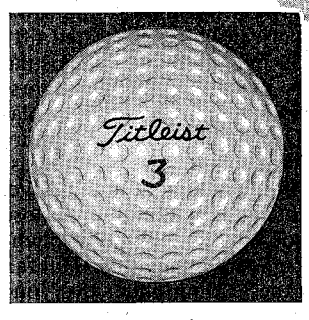
"Sylvia was lost to sight in a cloud of dust with the entire counter-revolutionary army—cavalry in the lead to begin with, but soon overtaken by the infantry—in hot pursuit. That was the end of the counter-revolution, and for the next thirty years Gomez was never challenged."

"Surely you didn't leave the poor girl to her fate—you heartless brute?"

"Of course not, my dear; of course not. I grabbed a pot of cold cream and set off after her, being the best horseman there."

"Cold cream? Whatever for?"

"Bee stings, my dear. Only thing I could think of. A sting from one of those brutes was like being stabbed with a red-hot needle. Poor girl! . . . It didn't bear



TRADEMARK

For the 10th year in a row more professionals and amateurs played Titleist in the major tournaments of 1958 than any other ball — and remember, no one is paid to play Titleist.

Don't you owe it to yourself and your game to play this superb ball? — the ball preferred by the best players in the land? It is sold, like all Acushnet balls, thru golf course pro shops *only*.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinking of. Well, I galloped my horse to a standstill before I found her, having outdistanced the army an hour previously. Left them grinding their teeth in futile anguish."

"Were you grinding your teeth, Algernon?"

"Of course not. I was engaged to you then. It doesn't take me that way—but I'll admit I had a bit of trouble getting my eyeballs back in their sockets. Well, I administered first aid and, after watering and resting our horses, we—well, we rode back to the palace. The poor girl was badly stung and—well, that was that. Interesting, what?"

"What seems so amazing, sir," said Jimmy, who had been listening goggle-eyed, "is that the press didn't get hold of the story."

"Nothing amazing about it, my dear chap, because on the following morning there was no press. Gomez, who realized the debt of gratitude he owed to Sylvia and knew it would embarrass her if the studio got hold of the story, fixed that all right. He had the newspaper offices burned down. The journalists, of course, were shot. They'd said some very nasty things about him. Gomez had very sound ideas on the whole, so he made a clean sweep of them. Taught 'em not to interfere in things that didn't concern them, eh?"

Lady Cumberbatch rose majestically from the table. "I don't believe a word of it, Algernon, because if a tenth of it were true, I know you couldn't have kept it to yourself all these years." She swept out.

The general helped himself to a glass of brandy. "Well, my boy, there's your story. Make the most of it."

Janet broke the long silence that followed. "Was she badly stung by the bees, daddy?"

"Shockingly, my dear; shockingly! The fact is that I personally pulled about forty stings out, and the doctors were working on her for hours when I got her back ——"

"But like mother, daddy, I just can't understand why you have said nothing over all these years."

"It was for Sylvia's sake. Sylvia had got where she was by simpering prettily at the moon-faced yahoos they dredged up to play in her films. She couldn't afford to have it known that she mixed herself in Central American revolutions. See?"

"And that's the only reason for keeping quiet after her death?"

"Surely you can see that having kept my mouth shut at the time, it would have looked somewhat odd to have spoken later? It wouldn't have hurt Sylvia, of course—but it would have wanted some explaining, and your mother is curiously obtuse in some ways."

"Yes, daddy," said Janet thoughtfully, "but I still think there is a missing piece in the puzzle. You haven't come clean."

"Well, my dear," said the general unhappily, "there was one other consideration which sealed my lips. Your mother has always been a highly sensitive woman, and I—well—didn't want to hurt her feelings."

"Go on, daddy. Out with it!"

"Well, it was like this, my dear—what I omitted to mention was that when poor Sylvia routed the army she was—well, in her birthday suit, so to speak. Doing a Lady Godiva, if you know what I mean, and wearing nothing but a cascade of golden hair. And rightly or wrongly, I've always felt that your mother wouldn't have—well—appreciated my predicament. That's all."

D Day (Continued from Page 43)

12:20 A.M. A force in gliders to land at the Orne and canal bridges. Pathfinders to drop by parachute, to mark out dropping zones for the main parachute forces.

12:50 A.M. Main parachute drop to begin. Objectives: to demolish the Dives bridges, reinforce the defense of the Orne and canal bridges, capture a coast-defense battery, seize the territory between the rivers and clear landing zones for the main glider force.

3:30 A.M. Main force of seventy-two gliders to land with antitank armament, transport and heavy equipment.

Each of these separate actions depended on the quick success of those before it. And dawn began at 5:30. Much had to be accomplished in the seven hours' darkness of the late-spring night.

The pathfinders and the first gliders of the British Army came down in groups between the rivers. At almost the same moment, American landings started fifty miles away on the Cherbourg peninsula. Whoever was the first to land, the first troops in action were probably three platoons of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, for this was the force assigned to capture the Caen Canal bridge.

At midnight these platoons were close to the coast of France, cooped in pitch-dark Horsa gliders towed by Halifax bombers. In the leading glider everyone was singing Abie, My Boy. Almost all the men were Cockneys, and wisecracks flew around. Over the channel somebody dropped a machine-gun magazine with a metallic clang. "Old so-and-so's dropped 'is false teeth," a voice said cheerfully. It seemed tremendously funny at the time, but heaven knows what fears were hidden behind the laughter; for apart from the apprehension of the coming battle, these men knew that their glider was going to crash deliberately.

The situation of the Caen Canal bridge demanded this desperate measure. The bridge is a large steel structure which can be raised to let ships through. At its western end are the first houses of the village of Bénouville. A quarter of a mile down the road in the other direction is the bridge across the Orne.

British Intelligence had learned that both these bridges were under guard and wired for demolition. Air reconnaissance had shown trenches, barbed wire and concrete pillboxes. To capture them was therefore a matter of split-second surprise. It had to be done before the guards had time to make up their minds to press the blow-up button. The glider pilots confidently promised to crash-land six gliders within three minutes of 12:20 A.M., three at each bridge and all within a few paces of the abutments—and to do it without killing their passengers.

The passengers in this deadly experiment were led by Maj. John Howard, one of the company commanders of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire. Howard was a regular officer, thirty years old, who for the first two years of the war had commanded a training company. Angrily impatient for combat duty, he heard in 1942 that the "Ox and Bucks" were going airborne and decided to join them.

Just before he made that decision, John Howard had married a pretty girl named Joy. On the day he told her he had decided to become a parachutist, she told him she was going to have a baby. That was an unpromising beginning for an airborne career, but Joy understood his professional pride and did her best to hide her anxiety. A month before D Day their second child was born.

The flight across the channel took one hour and twenty-four minutes, a curious pause between the end of the preparations and the beginning of battle. Howard's thoughts were a mixture. He thought about Joy. He thought that it was a wonder he was not being airsick—he had always been sick on training flights; it had become a standing joke in his company. And he thought with pride of his 160 men. Many of them were hardly more than boys; they had always done everything he told them, and he felt responsible for their fate.

Next to him in the glider, for example, was Lt. Den Brotheridge, the platoon commander. Brotheridge had been a cadet in Howard's own training company, and Howard had persuaded him to join the air-borne forces. Howard knew that Brotheridge had a young wife with a baby on the way, and he reflected now that without his persuasion Brotheridge would not have been there at all.

On the other side of Howard, at the controls of the glider, was Staff Sergeant Wallwork. Howard had told Wallwork and the other pilots that he wanted the first glider to stop with its nose inside the wire defenses of the bridge and the others to stop ten yards behind and five yards to the right. He had no idea how such precision could be achieved, but the pilots had made light of it, and his troops had caught their mood of confidence.

Sitting there in the dark, listening to the singing and the rush of air, Howard thought over these special worries of his own and also the worry which beset almost every man who was crossing the channel that night. Did the Germans know they were coming? Were they running into an ambush? In the pause between songs he heard a friendly shout from the back of the fuselage, "'Asn't the major bin sick yet?"

12:16: Wallwork turned in the pilot's seat and shouted, "Casting off!" Howard called for silence, and the singing died. The towrope fell away. As the glider's speed fell off, Brotheridge undid his safety belt and stood up, with Howard and the platoon sergeant holding him, and swung open the forward door.

Cold air streamed in. The glider banked steeply to the right, and peering into the darkness beneath, Howard glimpsed a dimly gleaming ribbon: the Caen Canal.

"Hold tight!" Wallwork said. All the platoon linked arms and lifted their feet off the floor and sat there waiting.

The concussion was shattering. The glider tore into the earth at ninety miles an hour and careened across the tiny field with a noise like thunder as timber cracked and split and smashed itself to pieces. Then suddenly everything was still.

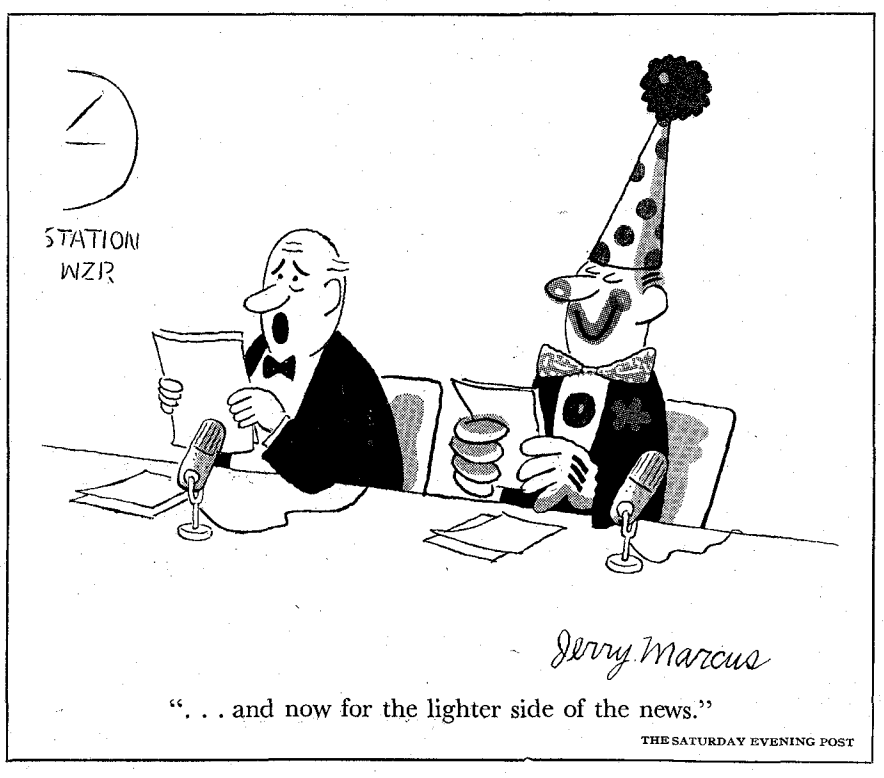
The doorway had crumpled into wreckage, but in front of Howard was a jagged hole in the glider's side. He went through it head first and fell on the earth of France, picked himself up and felt his limbs for broken bones. There against the night sky, precisely where it should have been, less than 100 yards away, was the steel lattice tower of the bridge. Brotheridge came running round the tail. "All right?" he said.

"Yes," Howard said. "Carry on."

Brotheridge shouted his platoon letter, "Able! Able!" to rally the men who were tumbling out of the wreckage, and the action began which they had rehearsed on bridges all over England. A phosphorus smoke bomb was thrown at the pillbox by the bridge. A machine gun opened fire from the pillbox, but one man ran forward under cover of the smoke and dropped a Mills grenade through the gun port, and the platoon scrambled across the wire barrier which the glider had demolished, up an embankment onto the road, and with yells of "Able! Able!" they dashed across the bridge against the fire of a second machine gun on the far side.

Howard made for the spot he had named as his command post, followed by his radio operator, Corporal Tappenden. He heard crashes behind him—the two other gliders coming in. Soon his second and third platoons came running through the darkness, shouting "Baker!" and "Charley!"

The German sentry on the bridge was a young man (*Continued on Page 91*)



". . . and now for the lighter side of the news."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

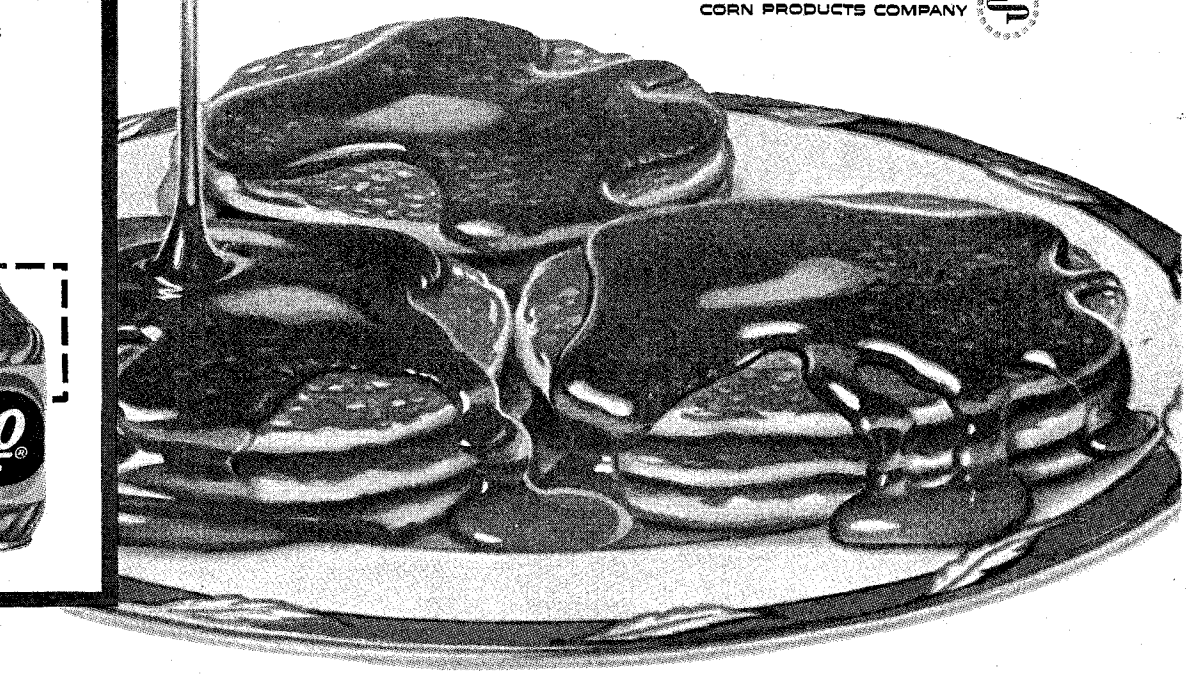
...wonder how they make Karo Syrup so Good!

It's no accident that Karo® Syrup is so *good*. Only the most skillful blending of syrups, sugars and flavors produces that unique sweetness, body and special flavor which Karo alone provides. That's why — for over 50 years — people buy more Karo than any other kind of syrup.

Karo Blue Label is America's most popular syrup because of its distinctive flavor and smooth, mellow goodness. It's hearty, dark and delicious.

Karo Syrup is rich in dextrose food-energy sugar.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY



Look for Karo Syrup in these beautiful

New Bottles

handsome, crystal clear, easy-to-pour

LIGHT SYRUP (Red Label) Preferred for cooking, baking, candy-making . . . for general table use and infant feeding.

●

MAPLE-Y SYRUP (Green Label) Such wonderful maple-y flavor . . . such a real taste-treat on pancakes, waffles and French Toast. Try it — you'll love it!

All 3 kinds of Karo are also packed in 1 quart decanters —great for table use.

NOTE TO GOOD COOKS:
Whenever a recipe calls for Corn Syrup...that's **KARO**!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fleetwood Body by Fisher in the 1959 Cadillac Coupe de Ville.

Makes time stand still–

THE "TIME PROOF" BODY BY FISHER

You buy *time* when you buy a new Body by Fisher–time that can be measured in *years.*

The secret? Built-for-keeps features like these:

Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher – the new acrylic lacquer that *stays bright* without waxing or polishing.

Life-Span Build–a rugged, rigid steel framework designed to hand out the silent treatment for years and years.

Living-Room Interiors – with rich-looking, contour-molded carpets and lock-stitched fabrics that take hard usage and never show it.

There are other "extras" at no extra cost: Vista-Panoramic windshields with areas increased as much as 50%; Safety Plate glass in every window, front, rear *and side;* the good looks of "inlaid" upholstery, deep-embossed by a Fisher-developed dielectric process.

So if you're looking for a body that is built with the extra dimension of *time,* check the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher. You'll find it only in the "GM Five": Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

LUSTER THAT LASTS—THE MAGIC-MIRROR FINISH BY FISHER

After 12 months' exposure to sun and weather, a test panel with Fisher Body's exclusive acrylic lacquer finish (right) retained its brilliant color and its mirrorlike gloss without polishing. The reflection of the model car proves it. Conventional lacquer finish (left) lost much of its color value, was dull, cloudy, and shows almost no reflection.

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
CADILLAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 88*) named Helmut Römer. He saw the first glider crash and thought it was a bomber, because there were heavy air raids going on in Caen and along the coast. When men with blackened faces charged across the bridge, he was taken by surprise. He ran for the trenches. There was no time for the guard to turn out, but a noncom fired the machine gun and shot down the first of the men who were coming across the bridge. Then the wave of them broke into trenches on the far side of the bridge, and the garrison scattered and ran.

Within three minutes of the crash the attack had succeeded. Engineers searched for the demolition wiring and disconnected it. With the bridge in their hands, the infantry went on to clear out the houses beyond it. One man came back to tell Howard they were finished. "But Mr. Brotheridge is hurt, sir," he said.

By Howard's side, Corporal Tappenden was trying to call on his radio the other half of the company, which by then should have landed at the Orne bridge down the road. He could get no answer. Men came back over the bridge carrying Brotheridge on a stretcher. He was still alive, but Howard knew that the man he had persuaded to go air-borne was going to be the first to die in action. Tappenden looked up from his radio. "I've raised them, sir! They got the other bridge!"

The attack on the Orne bridge had been a walkover. The leading platoon, commanded by Lieutenant Fox, got to the bridge just in time to see the German defenders running for their lives. It was just like an exercise. The commander of the second platoon, running breathlessly onto the bridge, found Fox there, staring down at the dark water of the Orne.

"How's it gone?" he asked anxiously.

"It's gone all right," Fox said. "But where the hell are the umpires?"

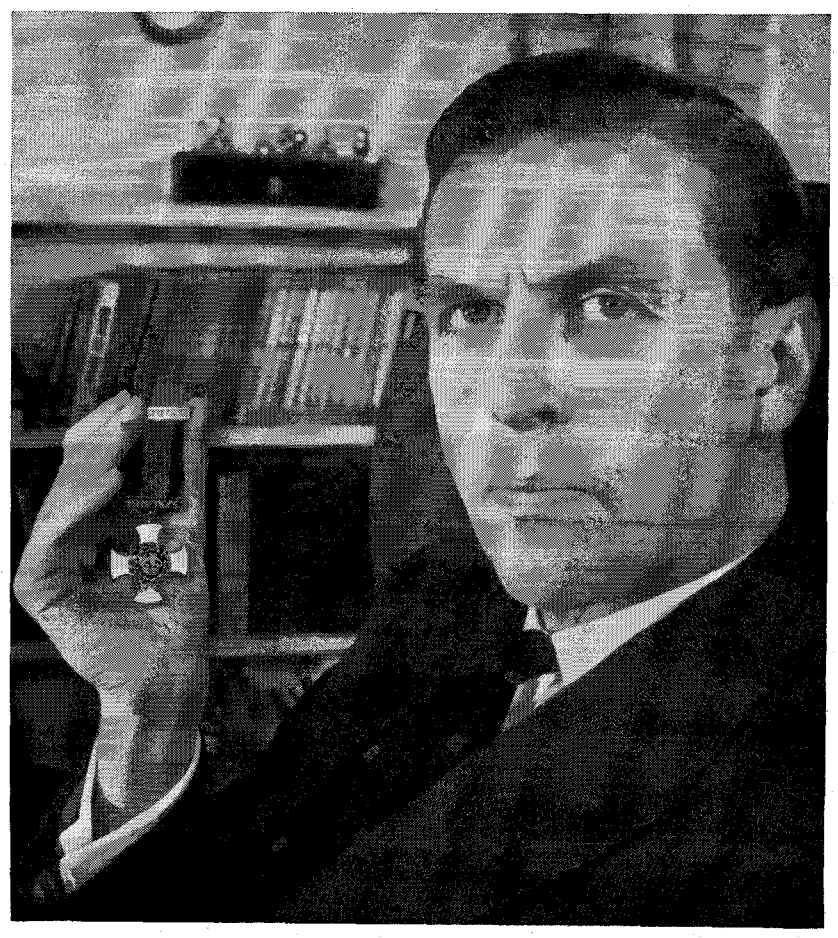
Howard had been allotted two code words to signal the success of his attack. The capture of the canal bridge was to be reported by radio to brigade headquarters by the word "ham." For the Orne bridge the word was "jam." Corporal Tappenden could not get an acknowledgment from brigade, and for half an hour, squatting by the roadside, he broadcast those pregnant words, "Ham and jam."

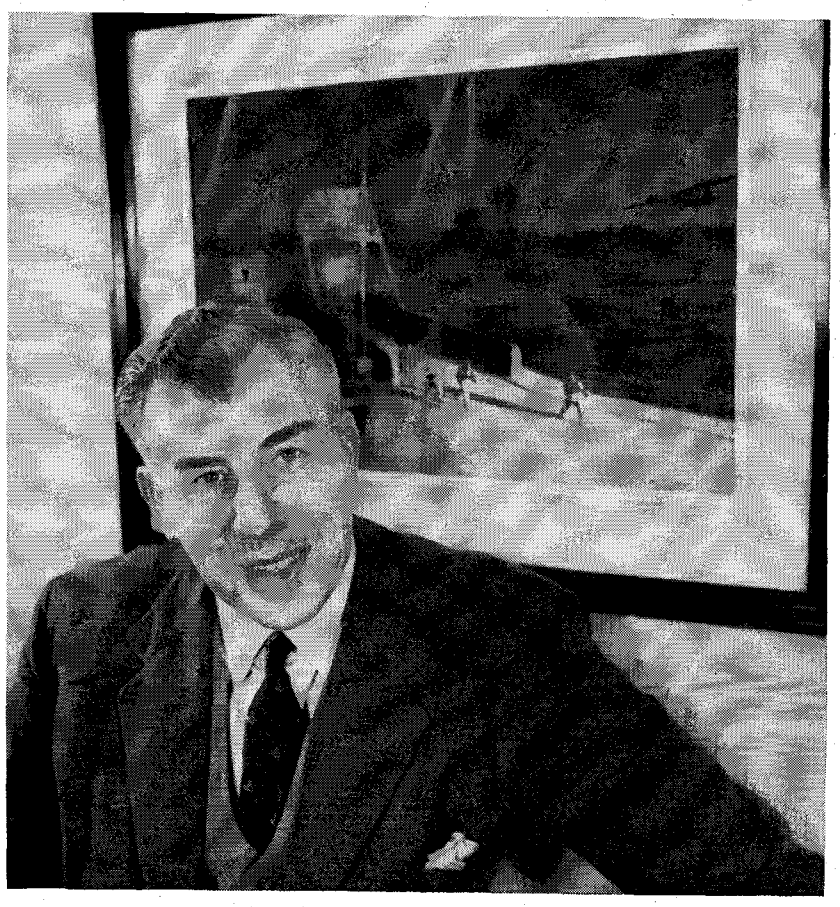
Nobody at brigade headquarters heard Howard's signal because all the brigade signal equipment had disappeared in the drop—the first symptom of a difficulty which was to bring the whole air-borne attack to the edge of disaster.

The pathfinders of the division were parachutists carried in six aircraft. Their job was to set up lights and radio beacons on which the main parachute forces would be dropped. Troubled by wind and cloud, air crews had dropped the pathfinders farther eastward than planned. They had to set out their beacons where they were, although one of the improvised zones was dangerously close to the floodlands of the Dives.

Close behind the aircraft of the pathfinders were those of the 3rd Parachute Brigade, assigned to destroy the five bridges across the Dives River and a powerful coast defense battery at Merville, near the mouth of the Orne. The Merville battery commanded the beaches on which the left flank of the British 3rd Division was to land at dawn. If the battery was still in action at the break of day, it would cause havoc. The job of silencing it was given to the 9th Parachute Battalion, whose commander was Lt. Col. T. B. H. Otway.

When the brigadier had first given Otway his orders he had described the job, quite rightly, as a stinker. Reconnaissance had shown that the guns were in bombproof emplacements, surrounded by machine-gun positions and a belt of barbed wire. Outside this was a mine field thirty yards wide, and outside that a second barbed-wire entanglement. Beyond all this was a further 100 yards of mines surrounded by a wire fence. Intelligence estimated that the place was held by 200 men with ten machine guns and two dual-purpose cannon.





Two of the heroes of page 43 as they appear today, 15 years after D Day: Terence Otway (above), now an advertising executive, holds the medal of the Distinguished Service Order, one of Britain's highest awards for valor. John Howard (below), who is a civil servant, also won the D.S.O. He is shown with a water color of his force taking the Caen bridge.

Otway's battalion had to march a mile and a half to this stronghold and capture it by 5:15. At that moment, if they had not fired a colored rocket as a signal of success, the Navy was to shell the spot. The only support offered to Otway was a preliminary bombing attack by 100 Lancasters of the R.A.F. But neither shelling nor bombing was expected to destroy the battery. The only way to destroy it was to get inside it.

Terence Otway was twenty-nine, and at that age he commanded 750 of the toughest of British troops. He was slim and lightly built; one might have taken him for an artist rather than a colonel of paratroops. But such appointments are not made by chance. When he was nineteen he had entered the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and been commissioned into the army, intending to stay only five years. The five years expired a few months before World War II began, so he had not been allowed to resign. By D Day he had served for ten years and had revealed—perhaps to his own surprise—an incisive military brain.

When he had been told—four months before the invasion—what his battalion was expected to do, he began to train his men with fantastic thoroughness. He went out with the secret maps and photographs of Merville to find a stretch of English countryside which resembled the surroundings of the battery and found one near Newbury in Berkshire. Within two days he had had it requisitioned and persuaded the government to pay for 15,000 pounds' worth of crops which he had to destroy and had begun to build a duplicate of the battery and its defenses. On this artificial stage the battalion rehearsed its attack again and again, using live ammunition.

Otway decided that there was only one way to success—to put sixty of his men in three gliders and crash-land them inside the defenses, right against the walls of the gun emplacements, at the moment the attack began. But it was obvious that the sixty men would have even less chance than the rest of living through the action. He assembled his A Company, told them what he had planned and called for volunteers. This procedure was no more than a formality, because the whole company took a smart pace forward, and it was left to him and the company commander to select the sixty men.

Antiaircraft fire began as they crossed the coast of France. Otway had his first warning that the drop was going to go wrong when the pilot began to throw the aircraft about in violent evasive action. The effect on the drill of the parachutists was chaotic. When they tried to move down to the door to jump, the sudden lurches threw them off balance. Some fell on the floor, encumbered by heavy equipment. Others tripped over them in struggling, cursing heaps. Otway shouted to the pilot, "Hold your course, you fool!"

"We've been hit in the tail!" one of the air crew shouted back.

"You can still fly straight, can't you?" Otway asked angrily.

But before he was given an answer, the signal came to jump. Otway's turn was early. In those few seconds of heavenly quiet which reward a parachutist between the shock of the jump and the shock of the landing, Otway looked down, seeing the terrain clearly in diffused moonlight. There was the dark square of the wood which was his rendezvous. Beyond it, gleams betrayed the sodden marshlands of the Dives River. Below him were fields with thick black hedges, and across the fields, downwind, a farmhouse which he recognized. It was the last place he wanted to land, for it was marked on his map as a German battalion headquarters.

He hit the wall of the house itself, some feet above the ground, and dropped out of his harness into a garden. Two of his men were there already. A German threw open an upstairs window and leaned out. One of the men with Otway picked up a brick and threw it. There was a crash of glass and the German put his head in. Otway and his companions ran to the back of the house, while the German staff poured out of the front door.

Among the men who jumped with Otway was his batman, whose name was Wilson. Before the war Wilson had been a professional boxer and a professional valet, and nobody could have had better qualifications as an air-borne colonel's batman; but his drop was even unluckier than his colonel's. The German headquarters building had a greenhouse attached, and Wilson went through the roof

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and landed in a shower of broken glass among the flowerpots. None the worse, he set off for the wood alone.

As Otway hurried toward the rendezvous he picked up a few men heading for the wood in twos and threes. On the way they heard strangled cries and came to a branch of the flooded bogland. There in the mud was a parachutist, struggling, sunk to his shoulders in the ghastly slime. They reached his parachute and hauled in the lines till they were taut. Half a dozen men were on the lines before the end came, but fighting for a foothold themselves they could not overcome the suction of the bog. Still shouting for help, the man sank lower. The unknown man gave a last cry before the mud silenced him.

When Otway got to the wood he met his second in command, who said, "Thank God you've come, sir."

"Why?" Otway asked.

"The drop's a ghastly chaos. There's hardly anyone here."

It was nearly two o'clock. Only a few men had reached the wood. Glancing round, Otway became aware of Wilson, ever the perfect servant, proffering a small flask. "Shall we take our brandy now, sir?" Wilson said.

As time crept on in the darkness below the trees, more men arrived, but only a few at a time; and Otway had to face a disaster worse than anything he had imagined. His plans had been flexible, but nobody could have planned for a drop in which only a handful of men survived and only a few odds and ends of equipment could be found.

By 2:30 A.M., only 150 men had come in. Six hundred were missing. They had only one machine gun. Their mortars and antitank guns and mine detectors and radios and all their heavy equipment had disappeared.

Otway was in a dilemma. He had to decide whether to throw his remaining men into an attack which seemed to be suicidal and doomed to failure or whether to save them for secondary objectives, leaving the Merville battery to the Air Force and the Navy. If he decided to attack, he had to decide exactly when to move. There was still a mile and a half to go, and the Germans were thoroughly alerted. If he moved too soon, he would lose the help of any men who might still turn up at the rendezvous. If he waited too long, he would not be on hand when the gliders came in.

So for an hour, in the solitude of command, Otway prowled round the group of men who were waiting in the wood and wrestled with his problem. The only man to whom he showed his fears was Wilson. At a quarter to three, the time of final decision had arrived. "What the hell am I going to do, Wilson?" Otway said.

"Only one thing to do, sir," Wilson answered. "No need to ask me."

Otway laughed. "Yes, I know," he said. "Get the officers and N.C.O.'s. We'll move in five minutes."

The officers and noncoms gathered round him, and he told them they were going to attack with exactly one fifth of the battalion. At ten minutes to three they moved out of the wood in single file. Shortly after the start, Otway met the commander of a reconnaissance party which had dropped a little early. Some of his news was good, and some was bad. He had cut the outer fence and crossed the large mine field to the inner belt of the wire. Engineers who had landed with him to clear a path through the mines had not found their mine detectors, but they had got through by searching for mines with their fingers.

But the bombing attack had been a washout. The Lancasters had loosed their bombs not on the battery but half a mile away on the dropping zone of the reconnaissance party. Men drifting down on their parachutes had heard bombs whistling past and seen them explode below.

When the 150 men reached the outer wire the final blow awaited Otway's plans. It was 4:30 A.M. His gliders were due. Until that moment he had clung to a hope that somebody would turn up with the mortar flares with which he should have signaled the gliders in to land. But no flares came.

Precisely on time he saw two of the three gliders and their tugs approaching. The tugs flashed their headlights, signaling that they were casting off their tows. The gliders circled down. Otway had no way of telling them he was there and ready to attack. Without a signal, they would veer away. He saw one glider skim over the battery, a hundred feet up, but it turned off to come down behind him. With this last hope gone, he gave the signal to attack.

The battle was short and terrible and bloody. Otway established his command post beside the gap in the outer wire and waited there with Wilson and his adjutant and signal officer, while the first men crept forward to blow gaps in the inner wire. He saw the explosions. At once a fury of fire burst from the battery defenses. Silhouetted against the tracers, his men were moving across the mine field, running and dropping down to shoot or to lie where death had found them.

The price of success is neatly tabulated on the income-tax scale. CARL ELLSTAM

That was his own moment to advance. Irrelevantly the thought flashed through his head of what Wilson would think of him if he hesitated. He shouted, "Come on!" and ran forward into the flood of fire. The officer beside him fell, shot through by a machine gun. Otway flung himself down inside the wire. The remnants of a company he had kept in reserve came through behind him and dropped down, waiting for his orders.

He had planned that the leading companies were to go straight in for the guns, wasting no time on troops outside the casemate. This they did. In a few minutes he could see them right up against the casemates, firing through the openings. He ordered the reserve company up to clear the trenches. Soon shouts in German were heard—"Paratroops!"—and Germans began to surrender. In twenty minutes from his first order it was over. His men were in the casemates, doing their best to blow up the guns by stuffing German bombs into the breeches. The rocket was fired to signal success. A spotting aircraft passed on the signal to the Navy, fifteen minutes before the shelling was due to begin.

Otway's gallant remnant of a force had won by nothing but the unhesitating fury of their hand-to-hand fighting, but victory gave them no feeling of elation. On the contrary, when the men assembled they were pale and silent. Of the 150 who had charged twenty minutes before, seventy-five, exactly half, were now lying dead or wounded; and of the 200 Germans in defense, only twenty-two could still rise to their feet to surrender.

The battalion had other assignments that morning, and before dawn Otway marched off, with one out of ten of all the men who had embarked with him. They were extremely angry with the Air Force for the chaos of their drop. Later, when they heard what had happened to their vanished comrades, the news did nothing to calm their feelings.

Some had been landed twenty or thirty miles away. Navigators had mistaken the Dives River for the Orne River and cast out their troops on the wrong side of the marshes. Some of these scattered men got back to their unit in the end. One sergeant turned up four days later, bringing with him a whole planeload of men who had dropped thirty miles inland and bringing also, like scalps, the paybooks of a number of German officers. But a great many of the scattered troops were killed or captured. Of Otway's 750 men, 192 were never heard of again, alive or dead. Very likely the quagmires of the Dives closed over their heads and their bodies lie buried there today.

Fortunately, Major General Gale, the divisional commander, was not discouraged by the scattering of his forces. He knew that no other battalion had suffered quite so much as Otway's. Besides, he was an old soldier, used to the setbacks of war. Richard Gale had fought in the bloodier battles of the First World War and had won his Military Cross in 1918. He was six feet three, and he would have been delighted to think that his juniors feared his displeasure—as they did—more than they feared the Germans.

The general himself landed with the main glider force at 3:30 A.M. With him were his aide-de-camp, his jeep and driver, a dispatch rider with a motorcycle and two or three of his headquarters staff. His landing was rough, but nobody was seriously hurt, and the general stepped out to a scene which in less experienced eyes appeared disastrous.

With the help of two air-borne bulldozers, the parachutists had cleared the glider landing zone in time, removing the posts which the Germans had planted. Of seventy-two gliders dispatched, forty-nine landed on time and right on the cleared meadow. For two or three minutes they converged from all directions in the dark. Wheels, undercarriages, wings were torn off. Some buried their noses in the soft ground, some collided. One went right through a small cottage and emerged bearing with it a double bed—rumor said that a French couple were still in the bed when everything came to rest. By 3:35 the meadow was covered with wrecks—yet most of the passengers survived. Upward of 1000 men scrambled out, dragging with them their jeeps and ten out of eighteen of the antitank guns.

The general's jeep was stuck in the wreck of his glider, and rather than wait he set off for his headquarters in Ranville on foot. The night passed without any news of the demolition of the five bridges on the Dives River, by which the division's flank was to be protected. One troop of Royal Engineers, assigned to destroy the Robehomme bridge, had fallen mostly in the marshes. The bridge was blown by a solitary sergeant who happened to drop nearby; he had borrowed explosives from Canadians who had come down there by mistake.

The most important of the bridges was the one which carried the main road from Caen to Rouen and Le Havre across the river, just beyond the small town of Troarn. This bridge was four miles outside the area which the division intended to hold. It was planned that a troop of engineers under Maj. J. C. A. Roseveare, protected by infantry, should dash for this bridge while the Germans were still confused. They were to carry explosives in jeeps and trailers—to be landed in gliders. But this plan also went astray.

When Roseveare came to earth, he could see no landmarks which he knew. Gliders were landing in the darkness nearby, but not the gliders which were carrying his jeeps. He rallied what men he could—six officers and about forty enlisted men; of the protecting infantry there were only twenty. They found plenty of explosives, but there was nothing to carry them in except handcarts.

This party set off under mortar and machine-gun fire to haul the carts up a steep hill. Before long they came to a crossroads signpost which told them they had dropped two miles too far north. The Troarn bridge was seven miles away, and there was little hope of hauling the carts that far before dawn—no hope at all of hauling them through the town by day.

Just then a jeep with a trailer appeared from the darkness. It was not an engineers' jeep; it belonged to the Royal Army Medical Corps, and it was full of medical supplies. The engineers dumped the medical stores and loaded explosives. By then it was four o'clock—just over an hour to dawn and five miles still to Troarn. Roseveare sent most of his force across country to another, nearer bridge. He himself took the wheel of the jeep and piled one officer and seven other men on the jeep and trailer.

When they reached the main road on the edge of the town, Roseveare sent two scouts ahead. A German soldier rode past on a bicycle. The scouts pulled the unlucky man off his bicycle and, because he began to shout, they killed him; but they foolishly did it with a Sten gun and so gave the alert to the town.

Stealth was useless after that. Roseveare trod on the gas, but the overloaded jeep and trailer would do only about thirty-five miles an hour. Soon they were under fire from the houses. One man by then had dropped off somewhere. The remaining seven passengers fired back with Sten guns and a Bren. At a bend in the road they saw the main street extending for a mile, downhill toward the bridge. There the firing was intense.

Roseveare drove on, with his foot hard down on the floorboards. The overloaded jeep ground slowly forward. The passengers blazed away in all directions. It was the hill that saved the situation. On the downward grade the jeep picked up speed, swerving from side to side of the road as the trailer swayed behind, and tore out of the town pursued by shots from a heavy machine gun. They came to the bridge and found it unguarded. Five minutes later the job was done. The blast dropped the center span of the bridge in the river. They drove the jeep up a side track and ditched it, just as the sun was rising; and they reached the air-borne perimeter again that afternoon.

By dawn, in spite of the scattered drop, the division had achieved every one of its immediate objectives. But it was still too soon for General Gale to congratulate himself: A counterattack was certain to come. Men were still creeping lost through the hedgerows and forests or lying alone in pain. Many who had started the night in hope and vigor had already met death. But at dawn the living heard a sound which encouraged them: Behind the sound of aircraft and bombs and small guns close at hand, an even deeper thunder shook the earth.

On the canal bridge, one of Major Howard's corporals listened. "Hear that, sir?" he said. "That's the Navy."

Before long the enormous naval shells were passing overhead, ranging on targets ten miles inland. One could hear them rumbling across the sky from north to south. The corporal, hearing this extraordinary noise for the first time, looked up as if he hoped to see the shells. "Cor," he said, "what next? They're firing jeeps."

Editors' Note—Next week the author describes how 14,000 American paratroopers dropped among the heavily armed Germans, and finally fought their way out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New skillet cooks king-size quantities... automatically!

New General Electric king-size Automatic Skillet gives you a PLUS ...it's completely immersible!

Now, you can cook 18 frankfurters...a 5-pound pot roast or over 3 quarts of stew in one king-sized pan, quickly, *easily*—automatically!

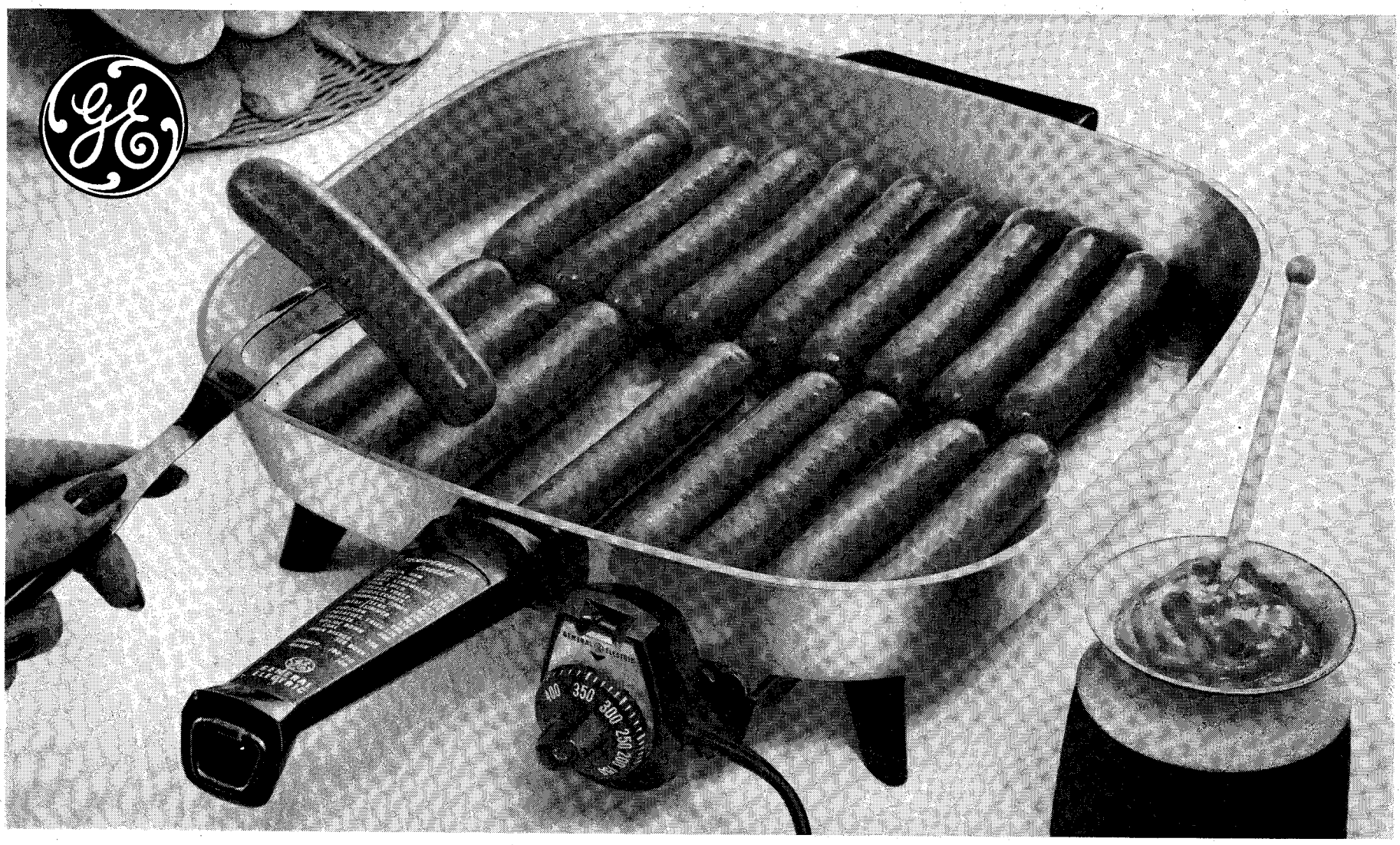
And, the new General Electric king-sized Automatic Skillet is so easy to use. Just dial the correct temperature for each food (there's a handy chart on the handle). The accurate temperature control maintains just the right amount of heat—cooking each food to its tender, *succulent* best.

No burning! No smoking! You'll try *new* recipes you never dared before. Fries, *bakes* and stews. **Completely immersible!** Just remove the temperature control, then wash like any pan. Control also fits the General Electric Saucepan.

See it at your dealer's now! General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

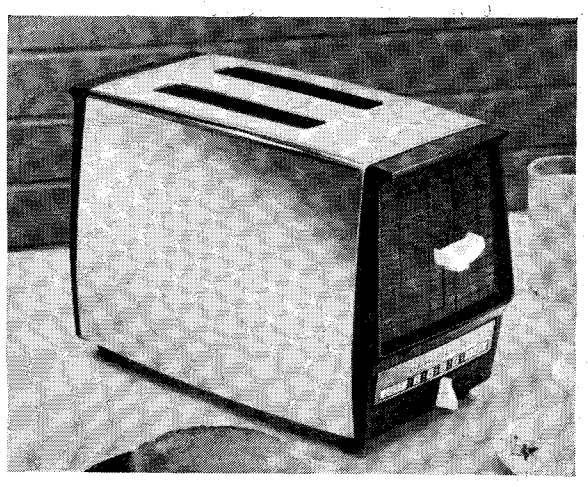


There's always a PLUS in General Electric

Does any mixing job!

PLUS...new drink-mixing attachment

General Electric Portable Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds, yet it's powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter. Convenient heel rest, beater ejector, removable cord—plus special drink-mixing attachment.



Makes 9 shades of toast!

PLUS...new "Straight-Line" Design

Lovely, new General Electric Automatic Toaster has a 9-position browning control. Now, you can have toast exactly the shade you like it—from pale golden to crisp-crisp brown. Toast pops up extra-high!

Brews delicious coffee automatically!

PLUS...new gauge counts the cups

New General Electric Peek • A • Brew* Coffee Maker has an outside level that shows you at a glance how much water to use *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it!*

**Trademark of General Electric Company*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Russians Go for Broke

(Continued from Page 36)

dream—that while they build themselves up, the West, particularly the United States, can be tricked into holding back or even tearing itself down. The Soviet hopes that its ability to turn on, like a faucet, military crises which we must meet will prove destructive to our economic development, will burden us with crushing military costs and dissipate our strength. In this context, threats such as Quemoy and Berlin fit neatly into the grand design.

The Seven-Year Plan has many remarkable features—and is one of the greatest gambles the Soviets ever have taken. It is a pioneer effort, in a way, being the first Russian master plan to treat the whole Soviet bloc as an economic unit, and to undertake the bloc's permanent integration as a confederation. The plan allocates an unprecedented portion of Russian resources to development of Communist countries outside Russia, particularly Red China. The chief target set for the Soviet bloc is to equal or surpass by 1965 the production of the entire non-Soviet sector, including the United States.

When a man's money runs out, a woman usually accompanies it.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

This demands a tremendous economic growth by Russia; more by Red China.

So far as Americans are concerned, the most welcome feature of the Seven-Year Plan is its premise that there will be no major military conflict during its span. A third world war would wreck the plan and the hopes of the Soviet, of course. However, Moscow spokesmen don't pretend they have produced a peace plan. Quite the contrary, they frankly label their blueprint a war plan, but point out that the war it anticipates is economic, not nuclear. In effect, they are saying, "We are set to go all-out in the economic competition we have talked about since our 1917 revolution. We have spent years training for it. We don't think you can keep up with the pace we have set for Soviet countries because this requires our kind of planning and controls."

The mysterious feature of the plan is its timing—why it superseded a previous master plan which had more than two years to run. In September, 1957, the Russians were well started on their sixth Five-Year Plan, which was supposed to extend through 1960. Then Moscow scrapped that economic guidebook and put thousands of technical experts to work on a substitute. They were kept working fourteen months before the first summary of the Seven-Year Plan was published last November, and during those fourteen months the Soviet government operated without a formal master plan—but didn't explain why.

Some American economists guessed that the sixth Five-Year Plan was canceled because its goals had proved unattainable. But that hardly squares with the fact that the Seven-Year Plan has raised many economic targets. In fact, its aims are so ambitious that they cannot be reached unless the Russian people continue to work harder and longer than workers in other industrial countries—at the same time accepting comparatively few creature comforts.

Why did Russian leaders embark on this great adventure, and why did they decide to do it so suddenly?

Some American experts find a solution to this puzzle in relations between Russia and Red China. They believe that the plan is properly described as a Russian-Chinese plan which draws more tightly the economic ties which bind together the first and the most populous of the Communist countries. This answer discourages the wishful thinking which has pictured Russia and Red China as natural enemies who sooner or later will finish off each other and stop bothering us.

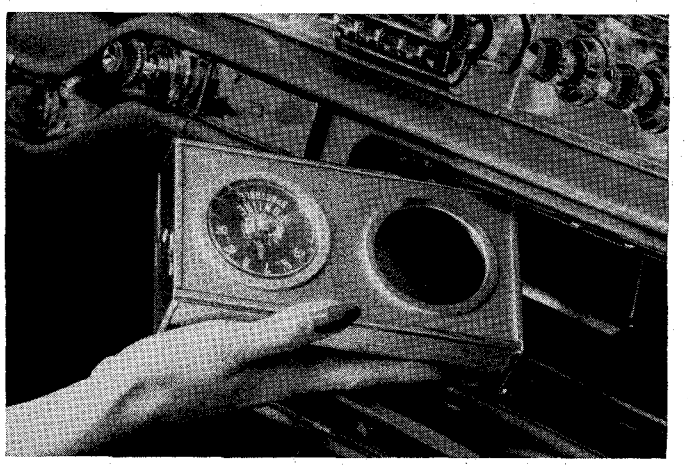
Whatever may happen in the future, the two huge Communist countries are co-operating closely today. They demonstrated this dramatically last summer while I was watching the special session of the United Nations General Assembly, convoked to consider the Middle East crisis. The news spotlight was focused on the landings of the American troops in Lebanon and British in Jordan, and the U.N. was trying to put out the fire kindled by the Iraqi revolution. As the assembly was more or less stalemated, most of its delegates were delighted when Nikita Khrushchev proposed a summit conference with the western powers—a proposal so popular that the United States Government reluctantly accepted it, although our policy makers suspected more harm than good might come from a spectacular Khrushchev visit to New York.

Then came the startling news that the Russian premier had flown to Peking for a secluded visit with the Chinese dictator, Mao Tse-tung, and was no longer interested in a summit conference. At the United Nations, the astonished delegates, representing eighty-one nations of almost every race and color, gathered excitedly in their picturesque lounge overlooking the East River and asked each other questions. Why had Khrushchev changed his mind so abruptly? Could the Chinese dictator veto Russian proposals? The delegates, who included some forty foreign ministers, could generally agree on only one point: Some kind of showdown must have occurred at Peking, and apparently Mao Tse-tung had gotten what he wanted.

However, two American experts on Russian-Chinese economic relations, with whom I was working, surmised immediately that the meeting of the two Communist dictators had nothing to do with the Middle East crisis. They were convinced that Mao Tse-tung had become aroused only because Khrushchev proposed meeting with President Eisenhower before the Seven-Year Plan had been published and formally approved. Mao Tse-tung's reputation had been staked on assuring a massive flow of supplies from Russia and her satellites. Chinese Communists had gone way out on a limb with their ambitious industrialization program—hoping to accomplish in fifteen years what Russia had done in forty. Any slowdown of Russian deliveries would be catastrophic to Red China. Mao Tse-tung feared that if Khrushchev could reach even a partial settlement with the United States, he might be tempted to cut shipments to China. The only way Khrushchev could reassure Mao on this point was to drop his summit-conference proposal in the full glare of world publicity—which is exactly what he did.

After Mao and Khrushchev met, the Seven-Year Plan was again postponed while Moscow technicians worked on it for almost four more months. The final product unmistakably reveals Red China's influence. Although Soviet Russian leaders always have (*Continued on Page 97*)

DELCO'S all-transistor car radio is PORTABLE



It's a full-size push-button car radio, but when you remove this unit, you have a powerful pocket-size portable.

Now with Pontiac for '59, you can enjoy the fine full-throated power and performance of a big car radio and get the convenience and pleasure of a portable, too!

It's the new dual-purpose Delco, actually two radios in one—a full-size push-button car radio and a good-looking portable that locks safely away out of sight!

The portable unit of this radio is lightweight, so small it will fit in your purse or coat pocket. It's powered by tiny transistors that require less space and use 90% less power than vacuum tube sets. When you slip the portable into a special compartment in the dash, it becomes part of the car radio, operated by the regular push buttons. It uses the car's battery, audio system, antenna and big full-range speaker, and plays without warmup or mechanical noises.

Delco's new two-for-one radio provides a true bonus in listening. For tonal range, clarity and all-around bright new sound, you just can't beat it. Visit your Pontiac dealer soon to see and hear this wonderful, all-transistor Delco exclusive—**the car radio that goes where you go, plays where you play.***

**Also available and individually styled for the 1959 Buick and Oldsmobile*

DELCO RADIO

Division of General Motors • Kokomo, Indiana

WORLD LEADER IN AUTO RADIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Cat cracker"—heart of PURE's refining operations

It's PURE's 45th birthday-but we're not taking time out for cake

We're working hard today—and every day—to keep the sure in PURE for customers in 24 states

It all started in 1914. We were drilling for gas in West Virginia and struck oil instead. We were in the oil business to stay.

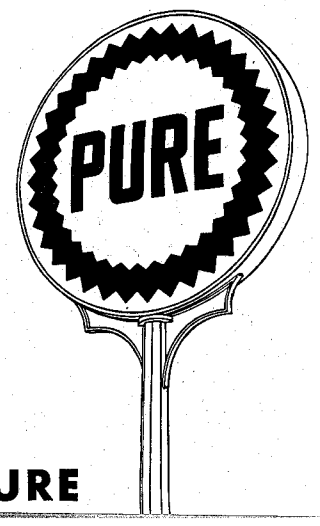
PURE has been moving fast from that day on. Through plenty of hard work and careful planning, we've brought our total number of producing wells to 5,400; stretched our pipeline system to over 13,000 miles, wholly or partially owned; built our fleet of ocean and lake tankers, towboats, tugs and barges.

Our four big modern refineries have already processed well over a billion barrels of oil—the first 100 million barrels took 10½ years, the last took less than 2 years.

Today PURE's plans for the future reach farther than ever. To increase our already-large oil reserves we've leased 4.3 million acres of potential oil land in the U.S. and Canada, and have an interest in 29,700 square miles in South and Central America. Our Research Center at Crystal Lake, Ill., is constantly developing new products and improving old ones, to meet tomorrow's needs for petroleum products.

In its 45th year, PURE is still growing like a youngster. Good reason why you can be *sure* with PURE in the years to come, just as you can today at the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 94*) called themselves internationalists because they preach world Communism, the Seven-Year Plan is Moscow's first genuinely international plan. It shows how drastically the emergence of Red China has transformed the economic shape of the Soviet bloc. The Peking Government controls almost twice as many people as all other Soviet governments combined. Moreover, as Moscow is well aware, Red China's influence upon other Asiatic countries is potentially greater than the Soviet fatherland's. But Red China is one of the most underdeveloped portions of the earth, far behind Russia and its European satellites. The modernization of Red China is a formidable task, big enough to absorb indefinitely whatever resources the rest of the bloc can spare. What the new plan blueprints, therefore, is another Operation Bootstrap, similar to the one Russia started for itself more than forty years ago.

One American economist estimates that almost one fifth of Russian national profits are designated for use outside Russia under the new plan, most of it in other Soviet countries. This implies that the Russians, having forgone individual comforts to modernize their own country, now are required to make similar sacrifices to modernize the Soviet bloc, including some 600,000,000 Chinese. The Soviet Government, which owns and operates everything in Russia, can fix the percentage of production which goes into food, clothing, housing and other consumer goods, and that which goes into capital investment. It also can set the amount of foreign aid and capital investment abroad, with small regard to domestic political pressures. The Seven-Year Plan does not pretend that by 1965 the Russians will have access to the same abundance and variety of consumer goods enjoyed by Americans and West Europeans. It merely assures them of some improvement in living standards while they are helping to create a gigantic modernized Soviet bloc. But official Washington no longer jeers at the Russian economic system because it has not produced our abundance of consumer goods. Washington has learned to respect the Soviet system's formidable ability to set its goals and achieve them with ruthless determination. It has been shaped for that purpose from the beginning.

A brief flashback will show how much of a new departure the Seven-Year Plan represents. We Americans carry on a nonstop debate about our Government's international activities—whether they should be increased or reduced—and a curiously similar debate has preoccupied the men in the Kremlin since Stalin died. The struggle for power among Stalin's successors has dominated the news from Russia, but also involved has been a running dispute between Soviet equivalents of our nationalists and internationalists. Until recently Russian nationalists prevailed. All of Russia's six Five-Year Plans were essentially Russian national plans, devoted almost exclusively to promoting the interests of the Soviet Union. Joseph Stalin set the pattern. Under his ruthless rule everything was subordinated to Russian advancement. Stalin argued that world Communism could never get far until its Russian base became impregnable.

After World War II Stalin led Russia through an almost incredibly speedy recovery. By the time he died in 1953 the Russian economy was far ahead of that of the prewar period, although the country during the war had suffered at least twenty million casualties and lost almost two thirds of its heavy industry. However, Stalin accomplished this only by savagely exploiting Sovietized countries in Europe and bringing them to the verge of open revolt. This danger became apparent when Tito, also a nationalist, refused to tolerate the exploitation of Yugoslavia for Russian aggrandizement and took his country out of the Soviet bloc. Stalin kept other European satellites under control only by murdering hundreds of their Communist leaders suspected of similar rebellious tendencies. Stalin's successors managed to hold their shaky European empire together by relaxing somewhat the pressure on the satellites. The last Five-Year Plan undertook to improve the living standards of satellite Europeans as well as of Russians. The satellite governments were given more of a voice in economic planning. After the Hungarian revolt in 1956, American economic experts concluded that Khrushchev and his associates would follow a more cautious world policy, perhaps for several years.

But now the Seven-Year Plan again steps up the pace. Russian leaders have decided to gamble for an unprecedented economic development of the vastly expanded Soviet bloc. Although Red China's ambitious rulers probably have become the pace setters in this accelerated campaign, there is no evidence that Russia is being dragged into the gamble against its will. The Seven-Year Plan was not hastily improvised and apparently has been approved without serious opposition in Moscow.

What effect has this latest Soviet economic strategy had in Washington? It has strengthened the position of policy makers who have been arguing for years that the economic aspects of the cold war should have top priority. It has given economic-warfare specialists a larger voice in the Government's highest councils. Our Central Intelligence Agency has reinforced its staff of economic experts on Russia and China. The State Department's economic planners have been dragged out of obscurity by C. Douglas Dillon, the first man to occupy the newly created post of Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. Mr. Dillon, an investment banker, gave up his pleasant post as Ambassador to France to build up this section. Economic warfare has become such a "hot ticket" in Washington that several departments, led by Commerce, are demanding a piece of it.

President Eisenhower recently drafted a former Dillon business associate, Maj. Gen. William Draper, (Ret.), as chairman of a nine-member committee to see what can be done about unscrambling our confusing tangle of economic and military commitments around the world. Mr. Draper's experience includes a leading role in bringing some order out of the economic chaos created by Washington's original occupation plans for Germany. The Draper appointment has been especially welcome to the Pentagon, because American military chiefs have not been happy about their outsize responsibilities for global economic policy. They respect the American tradition that the armed forces should be confined to military matters; but they have been compelled for years to devise and administer foreign aid and development projects in more than a score of countries. This undesired function has been thrust upon the armed forces mainly because the magic word "defense" has assured money from Congress for many economic projects that could be presented under such labels as "defense support."

The Seven-Year Plan has stimulated comprehensive official analyses of the Soviet-American economic race and its probable course for the next few years. These analyses may be summarized in the following points.

1. The men in Moscow, despite their murderous internal quarrels, have pursued a more consistent foreign policy than the men in Washington. Soviet Russian leaders have unwaveringly assumed that the Soviet-American rivalry is basically economic, and have ruled out the likelihood of great-power nuclear warfare. This was Moscow's guideline while the United States held a monopoly of nuclear weapons, and it has not changed since a nuclear balance was struck. This policy has given Russia the jump on Americans ever since the cold war started,

"I keep wanting to reach out and turn up the volume."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

C.A.R.

Certified Associated Restaurants

A new standard of "Dining Pleasure" for motorists!

A nationwide network of independently owned on-the-highway restaurants pledged to give you, the traveler, good food, convenience and service at popular "family" prices... this is **C.A.R.**

your positive assurance of *good eating* **for the entire family!**

Yes, *THIS* IS C.A.R.! Now, no matter where you travel, you'll see the C.A.R. emblem on the signs of the nation's SELECTED and INSPECTED highway restaurants. No longer need you search for that good place to eat when you are on the go. C.A.R. is ALWAYS right on your way. It's the sign of everything *you* want in a restaurant for your entire family.

Copyright 1958

ONLY the restaurants abiding by these standards may display the C.A.R. emblem

- Located directly on a highway
- Convenient parking facilities
- Serve good food at all times
- Maintain popular "family" prices
- Provide adequate menu selection
- Children's portions at lesser prices
- Give prompt and courteous service
- Maintain sanitary restrooms
- Provide clean and pleasant surroundings

CERTIFIED ASSOCIATED C.A.R. RESTAURANTS

Registered Trademark

WATCH FOR THIS EMBLEM!

C.A.R. 1521 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

Gentlemen: Please send me your pocket-size directory listing hundreds of highway restaurants across the country displaying the C.A.R. emblem. I enclose 25c in coin to cover handling and mailing costs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and largely explains why our Government usually has seemed to be on the defensive. For Americans have been slow to make up their minds about the real nature of the struggle. Two opposing viewpoints have competed for control of our cold-war policy, and neither has completely prevailed. One comparatively small group has insisted that nuclear warfare is just around the corner. A larger but less self-confident group has argued that nuclear weapons have made great-power wars suicidal for everybody, and thus military forces must be organized to act as a deterrent while other means, notably economic forces, bring the world back in balance. This clash of viewpoints has been particularly confusing because it has cut through the middle of almost all official agencies, including the armed forces. Only a few military chiefs have clung to the belief that nuclear warfare must be considered imminent; indeed, most of our generals and admirals have opposed it more vigorously than many civilian leaders because they have a better idea of what it would mean.

2. The very title of the Seven-Year Plan is a timely reminder that our economic competition with the Soviet bloc has settled down for a long pull. But also, this aggressive blueprint is accompanied by a fifteen-year supplementary forecast which outlines that bloc's program through 1973—and this plan also openly proclaims continued economic warfare as the Soviet sees it. So nobody can properly accuse the Russian planners of not giving us fair warning of their intentions to outstrip us.

3. The American response to the Soviet economic challenge obviously can be met only in our own way, not in the Soviet way. Americans are neither able nor willing to adopt a Soviet-type Seven-Year Plan based upon totalitarian controls. Americans live in what economists call a pluralistic society, meaning a society in which many diversified groups play independent roles. Washington must assume that farmers, labor unions, business groups and many others will continue to press for their separate interests, which sometimes conflict with the national interest. Americans also belong to a worldwide alliance which is even more pluralistic. The Soviet bloc consists of governments which share a single creed—Communism—and almost identical economic and political views. Against this bloc Americans have organized an alliance which we label the "free world." Some critics denounce this label as a fraud because our alliance includes tough dictatorships, whose subjects are far from free. But the alliance certainly is free in the sense that it accepts every kind of government existing today, including one Communist government—Yugoslavia—as an associate member sharing most of the privileges. This kind of freedom complicates foreign policy, just as the cross currents of American domestic groupings do. But this is our kind of world, and we couldn't trade it for a Soviet-type world even if we wanted to.

4. The future has begun to look brighter for our side since the Washington Administration has tacitly accepted the Russian thesis that the deciding battle between Soviet Communism and western capitalism will be fought on economic terms—at least for the present. The Soviet clearly intends to prove to its own people and the uncommitted peoples of the world that its system can develop their economic strength faster than our system can. And it intends to trip us up politically, economically and militarily, whenever and wherever possible.

In this light, Washington has been taking a hard new look at our worldwide commitments, with special attention to exposed positions where Soviet-created emergencies may trap us into defensive actions that waste many billions of dollars and unmeasurable political prestige. This problem is illustrated by the two contrasting flare-ups recently in the Formosa Strait and in Berlin.

In the Formosa Strait our cost of operating convoys so far from home is bound to be wildly extravagant. Just how costly came out when Adm. W. S. Post, director of the Far Eastern Office of the Defense Department, appeared before the House Foreign Affairs Committee and asked for an extra billion dollars to meet the problems caused by Red Chinese shelling the offshore islands. He admitted that another extra billion might be needed if Peking renewed its all-out barrage. The Congressmen were gentle with Admiral Post. They did not ask him to justify as a military-defense item the expenditure of one or more billions in one year to defend Nationalist Chinese islands, which President Eisenhower himself had admitted were more of a liability than an asset to American security or to our commitments to defend Formosa. The Congressmen knew as well as the admiral that our relations to the Quemoys had been permitted to dangle until we found ourselves in a position from which we could not honorably withdraw under fire.

Unlike Quemoy, the absorption of Berlin by the Soviet bloc, as the Reds now threaten, would be an incalculable loss to our side from any point of view—strategic, political, psychological and economic. Berlin, as much as any European city, can be considered the key to that continent's future. So nobody in Washington has seriously considered the possibility of American withdrawal from Berlin under any circumstances. However, the situation in Berlin is another "mess swept under the rug" by Washington. As a correspondent on the spot, I watched this particular mess being concocted during World War II and afterward. I was in touch from the beginning with the Americans chiefly responsible for the imprecise negotiations which made Berlin so vulnerable. After reviewing all the evidence, I have reached the same conclusions about Berlin as Stewart Alsop did in a recent article about Quemoy [THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, DECEMBER 13, 1958]: There are no real American villains or heroes in this story. It is even doubtful whether the Russians fully appreciated what a predicament they were creating for us when they retained control of all roads to Berlin except the air road. But this mess, like Quemoy, never was cleared up. The Allied airlift which broke the Russian blockade of Berlin a decade ago was hailed as a great victory, but it did not solve the basic problem that was left dangling.

5. As Washington now views the world situation, the Seven-Year Plan shows that Russia and Red China propose to follow the same guideline they have followed throughout the cold war. They still rule out the likelihood of nuclear warfare and plan to continue taking great risks, as they have in the past, upon that assumption. What the American Government needs most, then, is a guideline of its own, and it now is beginning to shape one. Washington has made the surprising discovery that the correct guideline for us is the same one which the Soviet bloc has used with such effect. We, too, can safely rule out the likelihood of nuclear warfare and give top priority to building our economic strength.

Despite its loud boasts, the Soviet bloc has never been more vulnerable economically than it is today. Nobody can be sure how the rash experiments in Red China will work out because there are no precedents for them. Yet Russia is committed to support the Chinese experiments willy-nilly, and therefore has more reason than we do to avoid even limited war. This situation gives Washington the best opportunity in years to gather up the loose ends of our global commitments, stabilizing those positions which unmistakably involve our national security and gradually liquidating those which don't. During this process we can ignore Soviet threats more confidently than ever.

The time has passed, Government analysts believe, when the United States needs to be rushed into extravagant "crash" programs to meet so-called emergencies which have usually proved in the past to be planned distractions. The high cost of "crash" programs accounts for a painfully large portion of the national debt. The Soviet bloc certainly can be expected to continue its attempts to create artificial emergencies designed to force the United States to waste more billions. But this particular gambit seems almost to be played out. Most Americans are getting more bored than scared with every succeeding crisis. President Eisenhower has won widespread approval for his concern about the budget and inflation. Fortunately, the world situation has reached a point where the American Government can afford to pay more attention to its own economy and its financial responsibilities to the American people. For there is one fact about economic warfare upon which everybody agrees: Our side can win, but to do it we must maintain a sound economic base in the United States. THE END

NEXT WEEK

WHO WILL BE THE DEMOCRATS' CANDIDATE?

Stewart Alsop Rates the Entries in the 1960 Presidential Race

I CALL ON MARY MARTIN

By Pete Martin

IN COLOR:

THE EMPEROR'S ISLAND

New Rage for an Old Resort

MY ROAD TO CRIME

By a Young Hoodlum
As Told to Helen Parkhurst

D DAY

THE AMERICAN AIR DROP

By David Howarth

PANIC IN THE SKIES

A New Serial by Steve McNeil and N. B. Stone, Jr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Road to Crime (Continued from Page 25)

vigorously. In his own words, "I just never went back any more." For young boys like Tony, who leave school at the age of fifteen, there were two ways to spend time—in gangs and in candy stores. Tony did both. He soon became the leader of a gang which started out with good intentions, as a kind of team. It was composed of people like him—the outcasts of the neighborhood—and they planned to buy uniforms and play baseball. But they never quite got around to playing games. There were more exciting things to do.)

"It happened this way. One night we were walking along First Avenue. There were a couple of drunken Puerto Rican guys, and they got smart with us. We gave them a beating and we took the watches off them. The next day we were all talking about it. We got such a kick out of it that we went out and did it again.

"Then we broke up into groups. Some of us would go to Roosevelt Drive to roll people, others would do it on First Avenue. If a new guy wanted to join our crew, we'd make him go to Third Avenue to prove he had enough heart to do what we were doing. Third Avenue was where all the cops were. He had to roll a Spick, or Puerto Rican, on Third Avenue and bring back a watch or a wallet to prove he'd done it. Some of them never came back. Some got pinched on the spot.

"We started out with ten guys in our gang. Soon we had thirty-five. You had to be a little above the average, a little crazy, to be one of us. You had to stab a guy or do something outstanding that no other kids in the neighborhood would do. We called our gang the Red Wings. You've read about it in the papers. It was all Italian—no Spanish, no Irish, no nothin'. Just Italian. We decided to keep the people we didn't like in line—other races, religions, gangs.

"A lot of Puerto Ricans were moving in, and the girls in the neighborhood told us they were being bothered—you know, whistled at and cursed in Spanish. The girls wanted a little excitement, too, I guess. They'd tell us about some guy that was bothering them and we'd go and give him a beating. If he wasn't where he was supposed to be, we'd give another one a beating—any Spick who happened to pass by.

"Once we burnt a church. A lot of Spanish people had rented a store and made a church out of it. We burnt the front while the people were inside. One woman got burnt on the hands trying to get out. We didn't care. To us it was a big joke. We used to go looking for Puerto Ricans, mugging them, taking money off them, stabbing them, beating them up, going into the candy stores where they hung out and breaking up their jukeboxes. They finally got tired of it and formed their own gang. They called themselves the Copians. They'd fight us and we'd fight them. It got to be a big thing, especially with the girls. They'd say, 'Did you hear what the Red Wings did last night?' We liked that.

"Some of the weaker fellows in the neighborhood stayed with us for protection. They'd run our errands, bring beer and stuff for us. In return we'd make sure they didn't get in any trouble. They were like apprentices.

"After I'd been out with the gang, my mother would see me coming home, my arms and face all cut up, with bullet holes in my leg. She tried to stop me, but I always ran out of the house. I remembered reading one day in the paper about a young guy I knew who was in jail and was about to go to the electric chair. His mother came to see him and he bit her nose when she kissed him good-by. 'You shoulda stopped me when I was a baby,' he told her. I thought about that afterward, but I knew *I* wasn't going to jail.

"I was busy building up a record. I was also building up a name with the kids. I'd been in Youth House, in Warwick. I began to feel I was a pretty big guy. I got a kick out of it, and I could handle myself pretty good. If one kid started to get a little braver than me—in other words, if he rolled four Spicks in one night and made a lot of money—I had to do something crazier than him. I didn't want to lose what I had with the rest of the fellows. I wanted people to look up to me."

(In many slum neighborhoods, gang members hang out in candy stores. They are run by modern Fagins, with back rooms where anything goes—drinking, gambling, dope and other vices. In the short block where Tony lived there were no less than four candy stores.)

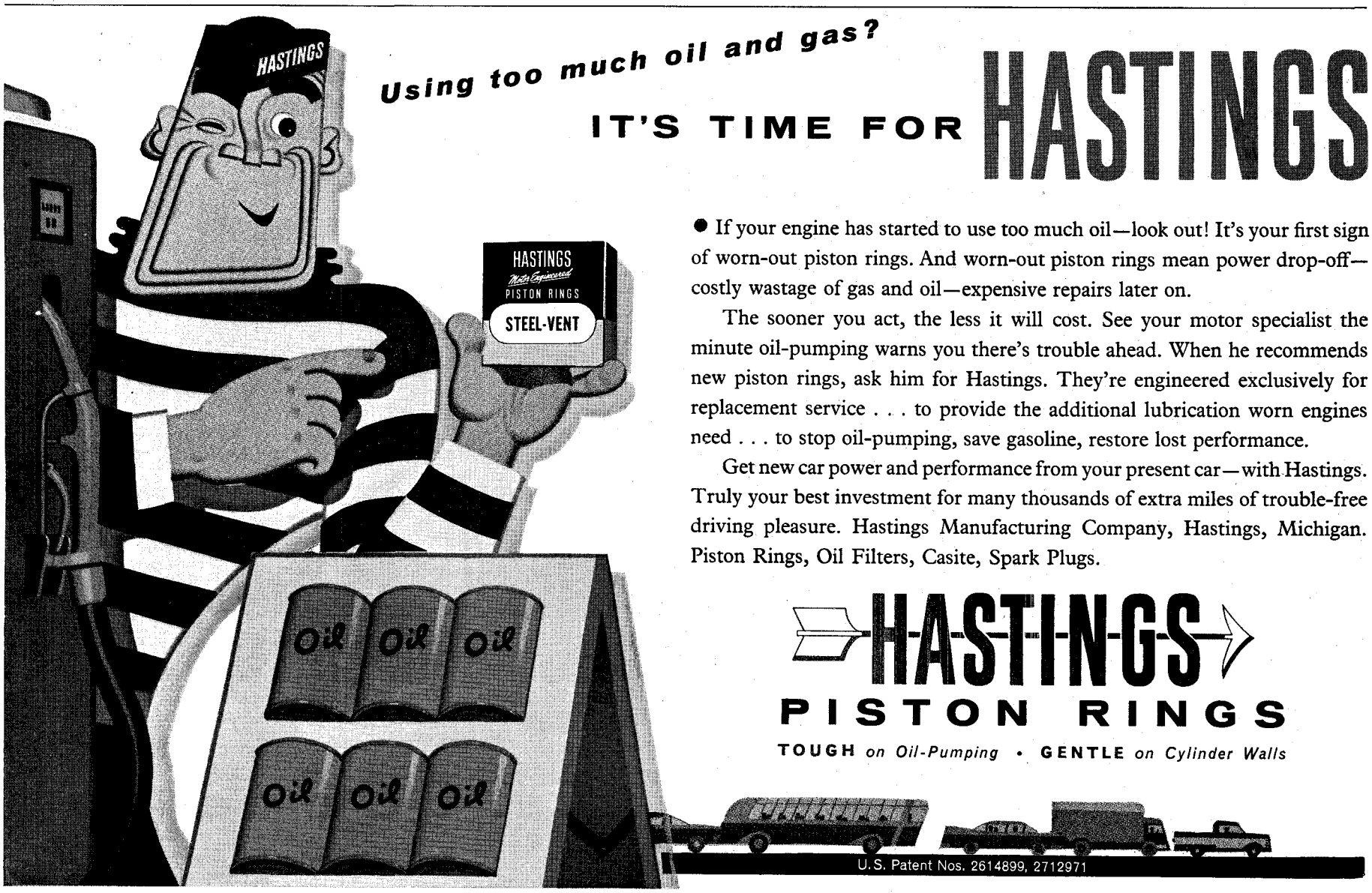
"Usually they open up around ten in the morning. The owner generally has a friend he's in cahoots with. They encourage you to steal, and tell you they'll buy anything you rob, especially around Christmastime. I robbed dolls, leather jackets, toys and perfume right off the trucks, and sold it in the back rooms. And when a holiday rolled around, the fence sold it right out in the open, or went from door to door with the boxes. If I robbed a box of dolls with, say, twenty dolls in a box, maybe they'd give me a five-dollar bill or perhaps a credit slip. With this, you could get all the cigarettes you wanted for a month, plus whatever you wanted to drink.

"At one time kids could buy counterfeit money in one of these stores. The bills were tens and twenties. They were selling a hundred dollars' worth of counterfeit money for twenty-five dollars to the kids. And the kids were buying it and putting it in coffee grounds and hair grease and stuff to make it look used. When kids in the neighborhood were doing dishonest things, their pockets were full. And they weren't going to school with the money. They were gonna hang around the candy store with the money burning a hole in their pockets. The jukebox was going all day long, cigarettes were being smoked, and there was drinking. And naturally the kids were looking to make another buck too.

"No cops came into the candy stores. In fact, they were usually on the owner's payroll. He gave them a five-dollar bill, maybe ten, each week to stay away.

"Who owns these candy stores? Generally guys who don't live in the neighborhood. Half of them live in Long Island, the rest in better parts of town. In the morning, bright and early, they came down there and hung around all day long, just sucking the blood off them kids. Then they went back to their nice homes. But there's one thing sure. You never saw the owner's kids hanging around the store. The owners made sure their kids were far away.

"Some of the fathers in the neighborhood knew what was going on, but what could they do about it? If a father raised a hand to one of those candy-store owners, he'd have every window in his house broken. If he had a car, he'd have four flats every day. If he hollered 'Cop' and called up the (*Continued on Page 101*)



Using too much oil and gas?

IT'S TIME FOR HASTINGS

● If your engine has started to use too much oil—look out! It's your first sign of worn-out piston rings. And worn-out piston rings mean power drop-off—costly wastage of gas and oil—expensive repairs later on.

The sooner you act, the less it will cost. See your motor specialist the minute oil-pumping warns you there's trouble ahead. When he recommends new piston rings, ask him for Hastings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service . . . to provide the additional lubrication worn engines need . . . to stop oil-pumping, save gasoline, restore lost performance.

Get new car power and performance from your present car—with Hastings. Truly your best investment for many thousands of extra miles of trouble-free driving pleasure. Hastings Manufacturing Company, Hastings, Michigan. Piston Rings, Oil Filters, Casite, Spark Plugs.

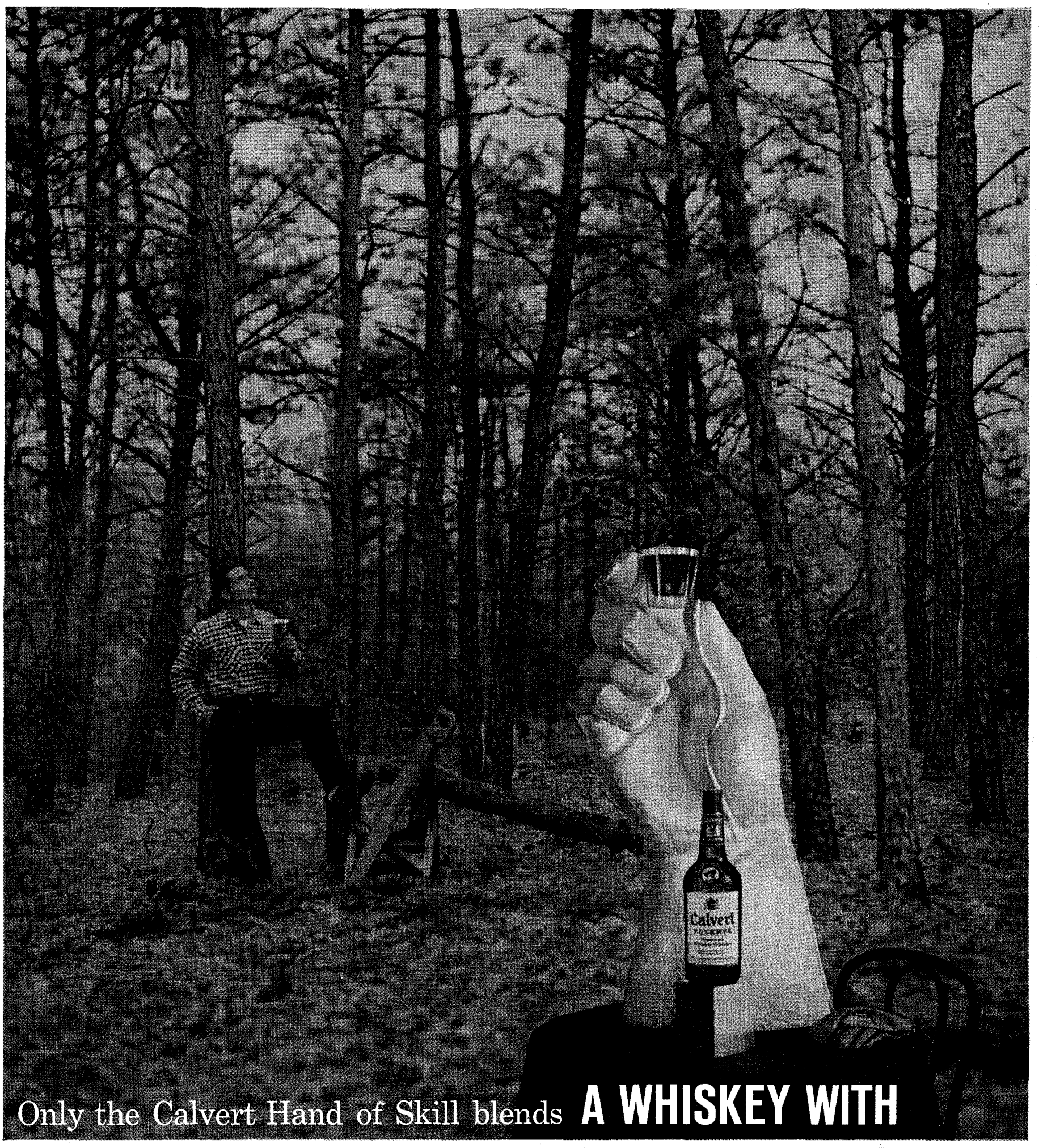
HASTINGS

PISTON RINGS

TOUGH *on Oil-Pumping* • GENTLE *on Cylinder Walls*

U.S. Patent Nos. 2614899, 2712971

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Only the Calvert Hand of Skill blends **A WHISKEY WITH**

SO MUCH POWER TO PLEASE!

Golden moment: the moment in which you leave the routine of the day and enter a warmer world, a world of zest and color. No other whiskey fits this mood like Calvert Reserve. It's blended to give you the full strength you want in whiskey, the easy-going taste you've always hoped for. It's whiskey with genuine power to please. Taste Calvert . . . a world of pleasure.

Calvert Reserve
clear heads agree it's better

BLENDED WHISKEY • FULL 86 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • ©1959 CALVERT DIST. CO., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 99*) police and said, 'My son's in the candy store, drinking,' how long would the man last in the neighborhood? No time at all. That's the law of the block. You don't holler 'Cop.'"

(In the candy stores, Tony got his first real taste for money. It was born of a desire to have prestige, to "be somebody.")

"I saw this older guy. He was flashing rolls of bills. I figured, 'Geez, what the hell! If that guy can get away with it, why can't I?' He would slap twenty dollars on the candy-store counter and tell everybody, 'Take something. You want a drink? You want a soda? Give that kid a pack of cigarettes.' I wondered why I couldn't be a sport, why I couldn't be like that."

(Tony's desire for big money led to his first armed holdup.)

"It was in the Bronx. You don't do those things in the neighborhood where you live. The older guys wouldn't stand for it. They don't want the cops coming around interfering in their business. So we went up to Brückner Boulevard. It was a tavern. I went with two fellows. One was fourteen, one was eleven. An ex-con that we met in a candy store told us where to get guns. We had to pay fifty dollars for one gun. If we'd lost the gun, the price would have been a hundred. The robbery netted $150, so we made a hundred. It didn't mean anything for kids like us to use a gun. They took pot shots all over the neighborhood, shooting at windows, lampposts, even the Puerto Ricans."

(Tony was big for his age, and during his early teens he looked and acted older. Along with various other gang members, he found it easy to get away with things older hoodlums did. Inspired by people he met in the back rooms of the candy stores, he went in not only for holdups but tire stealing, mugging of "Greenwich Village queers," breaking into apartments on tips from ex-convicts who couldn't afford another pinch and sent a kid, and delivering alcohol illegally across state lines. In fact, he bought his first car—for "flat thieving," robbing apartment houses—when he was fifteen.)

"I bought the car from a fellow in the neighborhood. It was a 1937 Buick, seven-passenger. We used it for holdups and flat thieving. You could put a lot of stuff in it. Later we bought other cars and never had a license or registration. And as long as we were in the neighborhood we were safe. The few times when we did get stopped we just gave the cop some money. Kids in our neighborhood were not afraid of the law because they knew the law would take a bribe. The only thing we were afraid of was new cops. We didn't know how they'd be. But nine times out of ten the cops we met would take a bribe."

(On several occasions, Tony had legitimate jobs, but they didn't pack the excitement of the illegitimate ones. They never lasted very long.)

"I worked in a gas station owned by two Jewish fellows. They seemed to like me. I got the job one night when some of the gang were hanging around the station. The elevator operator for the garage part didn't show up, and the owner asked me if I'd do him the favor of running it for him. He showed me how the elevator worked, and I ran it all night. I liked it. As a matter of fact, when it started getting morning, I swept the elevator out and shined up all the brass parts. Both owners were so pleased they gave me a job washing cars. But I didn't last long. The gang came looking for me, and once I tried to rob some tires out of the station because the father of one of the kids wanted to buy a set. But, I robbed the wrong-size tires. I brought them back, telling the Jewish fellows I'd found the tires for them. They believed me.

"Then I worked for an Italian fellow named Louie. He owned a restaurant. I was supposed to be a dishwasher, and on Saturdays wait on table. I didn't last long with him either. He had the habit of pulling on the ears. Whenever anything went wrong, he'd just grab me there. I didn't like it. Then he had a glass jar near the cash register, and he told me, 'Whenever you get a tip, put it in there. I'll hold it for you till the end of the week.' But the end of the week came, and he didn't want to open the jar. A week later, he still didn't want to open it. So one night, we had an argument about it, and he told me he'd open the jar when he was good and ready and to keep my mouth shut. Later, when he was in the back making pizza pies, I sneaked to the front, opened the jar and took all the money out. But he heard me and came running from the kitchen. He grabbed me by the ears and called me a crook, saying I'd touched the cash register, which I hadn't.

"I took the jar and threw it at him and started running out of the restaurant. He came after me. As he got near, I took a chair and threw it down near the door to try to stop him. The chair did stop him, and I never went back. As a matter of fact, I didn't have any more jobs after that. I made a living on my own, stealing, mugging and flat thieving. And pretty soon I discovered a way to make some real money."

(The "real money" came from dope, and it was probably inevitable that Tony would get into it sooner or later. In the back rooms of the candy stores where Tony hung out there was constant talk of the stuff, and the men in the business were always on the lookout for the kind of kid they could use. With their expensive clothes, jewelry and air of generosity, they prepared Tony for the role long before they were ready for him.)

"I wanted to get into it. I wanted to make money. I wanted to better myself. I didn't want to be a dog all my life, walking around with a dollar in my pocket. Half the girls hanging around wouldn't give you a flop if you didn't have a decent car or a different pair of shoes to put on every day. And my mind was on girls, cars, clothes and drinking."

(One day, when Tony had just successfully robbed a flat, the "pushers" were ready for him. He was not yet sixteen, but he was bright, aggressive and looked older.)

"It was the first time I sold 'junk.' This guy asked me if I'd like to make a few. I knew exactly what he meant and I said, 'Yeah.'

"'Between you and me?' he asked.

"'Between you and me.'

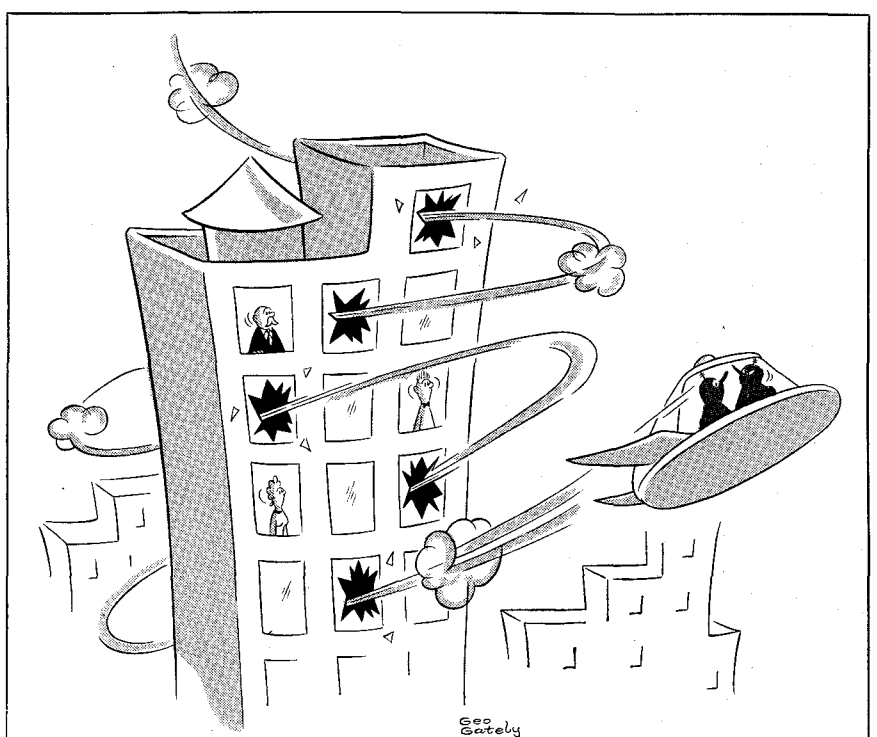
"'All right,' he said finally, 'you look like a kid I can trust.'

"That started it. I got fifty dollars a drop—that's a delivery—for every piece. A piece is an ounce. As soon as I got back from the delivery, I was paid cash. If I delivered two pieces, I got $100. If I brought half a piece—that's eight spoons—I got thirty dollars.

"The biggest part of the business was on the West Side, in the colored section. Some of it was in the theater district. But a good part of it was out of town—Detroit, Washington and Philadelphia. Washington was one of the biggest. Kids made deliveries there, but you can't be too young; otherwise they'll stop you on a plane or train. But if you looked older and had the gift of gab, the boss sent you out of town."

(Tony made lots of deliveries, but never saw anybody higher up than the man he was working for. He never knew where all the stuff was coming from.)

"Mostly, you get it from one man, your boss. He'll tell you, 'Go to such and such a building, pick it up under such and such a radiator and take it to your house.' You may get five ounces this way. When it's gone, the guy will tell you where to pick up another bundle. Sometimes it's mixed, sometimes it isn't. There are drugstores in the neighborhood that will sell you stuff to mix it with—quinine, baby powder with sugar, or other stuff. There are drugstores that sell everything you need—bags to carry it in, scales to



"Let's see them explain that one!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

KAYWOODIE

new Tricorn shape
sets the style for spring

Our new Tricorn shape adds sparkle to your Kaywoodie wardrobe. Entirely new in spirit, in design, in bold masculine good looks.

And more than just good looking! The imported Kaywoodie briar smokes cool, sweet, dry. Cool because of the rare dense grain. Sweet because it's cut from the heart of the burl. Dry because the exclusive Drinkless Fitment condenses tars, screens irritants, traps moisture.

Look for the Kaywoodie Cloverleaf—guarantee of smoking pleasure.

See the new Tricorn on the Shape-of-the-Month Display at your favorite pipe counter. Available in:

Standard $5	Super Grain $6
Natural Burl $5	Relief Grain $7.50
"600" Syncro-Lok $6	Custom Grain $10

FREE: Booklet P10 tells how to smoke a pipe. Also shows wide variety of Kaywoodie styles in full color. Write Kaywoodie Pipes, New York 22.

KAYWOODIE BRIAR

KAYWOODIE
accents the male look

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weigh it, everything to do with narcotics. Everybody makes a buck on the junky. A junky's the guy that takes it, and by the time he gets it, it's apt to be garbage, what with kids mixing it, and everything.

"After a while I got real good at the job—fast, I mean. I could mix it, cut it, test it, sell it. I was in demand and got all kinds of offers. I connived. If I knew someone who was paying five hundred dollars for the stuff, I'd figure out a way to get them up to seven hundred dollars. Then I went into partnership with another guy, an older guy, to make deliveries. He didn't trust me, and I didn't trust him. We had a good connection, and we had guys working for us. It was like a big dry-cleaning business. We had five cars and we handled junk in bigger and bigger quantities.

"But there was one thing we never did. We never fooled around with narcotics ourselves. I've never taken any. I've never even tried one of them junked-up cigarettes. I've carried it, delivered it, mixed it, sold it and even put it in people's arms when they were too sick to do it themselves. But in the dope racket you're considered very low if you use it. It's kind of a law of the underworld. You're not trusted if you use it. You're considered a junky. They want none of that going on because business is business. They're out to make a buck."

(With success as a "pusher," Tony felt the sudden elation of easy prestige. At sixteen he was at last getting the attention he'd always wanted.)

"I was living at home, but I kept my new clothes and all the things I didn't want my mother and stepfather to see at a friend's house. I gave him forty dollars a week just to let me use the house for this. Now I could dress up and flash money around.

"I felt more or less like something. I didn't feel like I was just a broken-down kid in a scurvy neighborhood. I felt like I had people looking up at me. I was proud. I was making money and I liked it. I went to night clubs and even to Florida. And I liked it because, although I was young, people treated me as if I was old. I went out with girls that were twice my age. I was young and didn't know the value of a dollar. If they told me they wanted a dress for a hundred dollars, I'd buy it for them. I was giving money to girls, loaning it to guys, and buying cars. I figured if I ever went broke or needed money, they'd give it to me.

"Girls who had never given me a flop now made up to me. I remember one of them in particular. A year or so before, I'd really cared for her. I was washing cars then, and I hadn't yet started to pay much attention to haircuts. I used a lot of grease on my hair and thought I was the best-looking guy in the world. One day I went into a coffeepot [coffee shop] and saw her. I wanted to pay for her coffee, but she hollered out in front of everybody, 'Instead of paying for my coffee, go and get yourself a haircut!' I felt terrible. I felt bad.

"But when I started making money and buying clothes and getting my hair cut, she started coming around and making up to me. One night we were driving in my car, and when we got to Pelham Bay, I stopped. 'How's this haircut I got now?' I asked. 'Is it all right?' She didn't say anything, and finally I told her to get out.

"'What's the matter?' she asked. 'What's happened to you?'

"I just repeated, 'Get out!' and when she didn't want to do it, I just shoved her out the door and shut it. 'Get a bus!' I shouted and drove off. When I saw her a week later, she said, 'I hate you.' I just laughed."

(Dope pushing was not all laughs, girls and driving around in cars, however. Sometimes there was someone who couldn't pay up, and it was necessary to give him a beating.)

"The boss would say so-and-so's got to get hit. And since I was the only one who'd given him the junk, the only one he knew, I had to hit him.

"Sometimes we hurt them pretty bad. At the start, I never wanted to hit the guy, but after the first punch I'd just keep going until my partner would stop me. Then we'd go through his pockets and take anything he had—money, watches, rings. After that, it bothered me the rest of the night. It bothered me most if the junky looked sick and begged for more stuff.

"The whole thing bugged me up and I didn't feel right after a thing like that for days. I felt like God was going to get even with me for doing a thing like that. And often, after a beating, if I saw a bum on the street, I'd give him five dollars. And I'd feel as if I'd evened the score with my Maker. I saw myself as a kind of Robin Hood, robbing the rich to give to the poor. Sometimes, if I didn't see a bum, I'd see one of those guys on Broadway playing an accordion, and I'd put five or ten dollars in his hat. After that, I felt relaxed, and nothing would bother me the rest of the night."

(On the whole, however, things were moving much too fast for Tony to worry about the disadvantages. At seventeen, he was making more money than he'd believed possible.)

MEET YOUR PLUMBING CONTRACTOR...

he's a good man to know

He's the neighborly, friendly business man who gives you professional assistance in planning the plumbing when you are building or remodeling. He is the man you can look to with confidence for the latest in plumbing fixtures and appliances ... their skillful installation and maintenance.

Your plumbing contractor is the man who can safeguard your investment and prevent needless annoyances by making a Plumbing Check-up of your home.

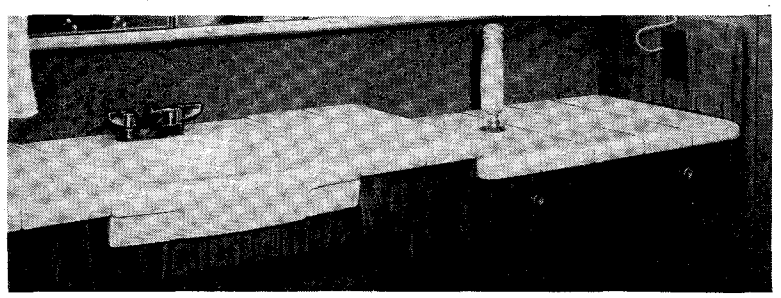
Ask your plumbing contractor for a plumbing check-up of your home

When you stop to think of it, you'll realize there are dozens of valves, faucets and controls ... connections, floats, traps, joints and stops in your plumbing ... all must function properly for your convenience, health and safety.

A Plumbing Check-up, now, may prevent things from happening later ... save you the inconvenience and expense of repairs.

The World's Finest Bathroom Fixtures

When you remodel, add a bath or powder room, or build a new home, your plumbing contractor will be glad to install Universal-Rundle Bathroom Fixtures. He knows they are the finest quality ... that you will appreciate the new trend designs. For example, see the new Versa-Tile® counter top and lavatory combination with continuous super-hard surface of color-matched "Hi-Fired" true vitreous china. It has new beauty ... new convenience.



If you do not know the name of the plumbing contractor who handles Universal-Rundle bathroom fixtures, ask your U/R plumbing wholesaler. Look in the yellow pages of the telephone directory ... or write Universal-Rundle Corp., 538 River Road, New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Universal U/R Rundle

THE WORLD'S FINEST BATHROOM FIXTURES

Plants in Camden, N. J.; Milwaukee, Wisc.; New Castle, Pa.; Redlands, Calif.; Hondo, Texas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A whole lot of my money went for clothes. I wore white shirts, hand-rolled, from Paris, France. I wore genuine alligator shoes, buckles with my initials and stones on them, pinkie rings and a white coat. I also bought a cashmere suit, and I let everybody know it was cashmere. It had silk even inside the pants. I used to dream of having an all-chrome car and being a big gangster—the kind that everybody would look up to and say, 'Here comes Tony! Geez, look at the nice suit he's got on.' I'd like girls to say that.

"We had parties every night. We went to exclusive night clubs regularly, to French restaurants, to Coney Island. Believe it or not, we averaged one hundred, two hundred dollars a night. We used to have egg fights with our brand-new clothes on. One of us would buy eggs, and we'd throw them at each other. We'd just destroy our clothes, throwing eggs all over the place. One night we spent forty dollars on eggs, buying them by the crate and throwing them around."

(Eggs, girls, night clubs and cashmere suits. Tony thought it would last forever. Then, all of a sudden, it came to an end. One night, when he and his older partner were walking along the street, a police detective stepped up quickly and arrested them. The rest of his associates were rounded up and taken to the police station.)

"We were all taken downtown to the Tombs and fingerprinted. I'd never been fingerprinted before. Then they put us in a cell and left us there overnight, all seven of us. In the morning they took us out and brought us into court.

"I expected a lawyer would be there. As a dope pusher, I'd been promised that if there was a pinch, we'd have a lawyer, be bailed out and given money, and that our families would be taken care of and all expenses paid. But the only thing that happened to my family was that the police came, searched the house, turned it upside down and got nasty with them. And no lawyer or money was ever provided.

"Now all of a sudden I was a big disgrace. And for the first time I felt bad for my family. My name was in the paper—my mother's name, my stepfather's name, his address.

"Finally, my mother and stepfather raised enough money to bail me out. I tried to get more money for a lawyer from the people I'd spent money on or loaned it to, but they all claimed they were broke. And I wasn't out on bail very long before I realized that I was out in the cold."

(Tony soon found he didn't have any friends, and he was more "disgusted" than he'd ever believed possible. He was disgusted, too, by what the papers wrote. They gave him aliases even though, as he says, "I'd never had an alias in my life.")

"The night before I had to go to court, I'd gotten to the point where I just didn't care any more. I wanted to run away, but I couldn't.

"The next morning I walked into the court [house] and saw a lawyer I'd seen earlier. 'I could still help you out,' he said, 'if you could give me a few dollars.' I told him I didn't have any more money and that it'd be better if he went away.

"Finally my case was called, and I went before the judge.

"'Do you plead guilty?' he asked, and I said 'Yeah.'

"'Did you have narcotics on you?' he asked, and I said 'Yeah.' I didn't, but I said 'Yeah' anyway. I was that disgusted.

"'Do you realize the danger you caused other people?'

"'Yeah.'

"'Do you always answer "Yeah"? Don't you know how to use the words, "Yes, sir"?'

"And so I said, 'Yes, sir,' and he told me, 'Stop leaning on the rail. Stand up straight, like a man.'

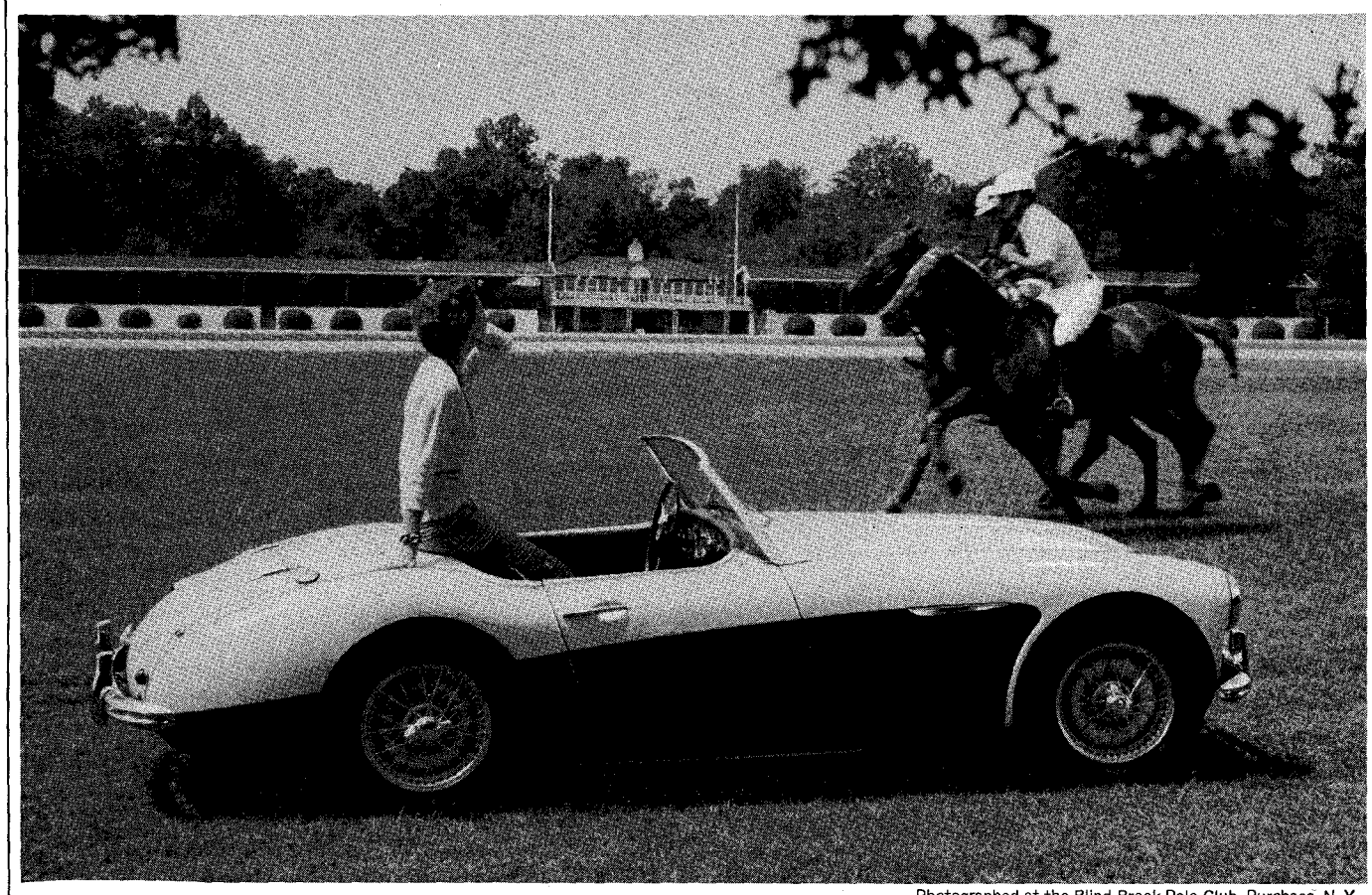
"'Yeah,' I said. 'Just give me what you think I deserve and let me start doing it.' I felt like I wanted to get it over real fast. I was so disgusted that if he'd said ninety years, I don't think it would have moved me. As it was, he gave me five years. I was the only one to go to jail.

"There was a woman standing near the judge, and I remember him saying to her, 'He's not going to change. It's the best thing for him!' And she replied, 'You're quite right.'

"For ten minutes, the judge had held me right in the palm of his hand. He could have sent me home, he could have put me on probation or he could have sent me to jail. But I felt the judge had no use for me, and I didn't blame him. I felt like the lowest thing in the courtroom."

(The doors of prison closed behind Tony three days before Christmas in 1951. He was seventeen years old. Of the six persons arrested with him, all escaped prison terms, including his partner, a man forty-two years of age who owned two cars and a house on Long Island and who had been arrested many times before, twice on narcotics charges. He received only a suspended sentence.)

Next week Tony describes his shocking experiences as a teen-age convict, and as a parolee who couldn't keep out of trouble.—The Editors.



Photographed at the Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase, N. Y.

THE SPORTS-CAR OF SPORTSMEN

Especially engineered to be driven by the man who lives for swift, sure-footed action in its fullest measure . . . *deliberately* styled to make him the envy of everyone else. Make a date for a test-drive today!

Austin-Healey

100-SIX

BUILT TO RUN 'TIL THE ROAD WEARS OUT

A product of **THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD.,** makers of Austin-Healey, Austin, MG, Magnette, Morris and Riley cars.
Represented in the United States by HAMBRO AUTOMOTIVE CORP., Dept. A, 27 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.
Sold and serviced by a nationwide network of distributors and dealers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ride With Death (Continued from Page 37)

voice rose. "It's the middle of the night. Why aren't you home?"

He tried to speak calmly, but nervousness had pushed his own voice up a bit, "I'm not home because I couldn't leave the damned convention till this late. I had to entertain those people from the Coast."

Miles away his half-asleep wife spoke in a dark bedroom. "How're you feeling?" she asked. "Is your stomach all right?"

They were reasonable questions, meant tenderly, but her sleepiness made them sound querulous, and Coombs' weariness made them an accusation. He was tired; and yes, he'd had a few drinks. Why the deuce does a man have to explain everything to his wife anyway?

"Are you there, Bert? What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," he yelled, mad at his wife and angry at himself for his childishness. *Gosh, I'm tired,* he thought.

He gripped the phone and let all the old bitterness his wife knew and understood so well pour out. "I'm an underwear salesman coming home from a convention, and I couldn't leave earlier because my best customers wanted to stay up and have a late, last-night party. That's what I do for a living, be nice to people I hate the guts of. Now I'm in some Godforsaken phone booth beside a lonely highway, bone tired from driving so I could get home to my family rather than stay away another day. I'm still a hundred miles or so from home, and I didn't want you to worry, so I called. I made a mistake." He slammed down the receiver, yanked three times to open the door, which stuck, and headed for his car.

On the way he stopped to light a cigarette. The fight with the door had used up his anger. He felt guilty, and he started back to call his wife again, but eleven years of marriage made him realize that it was unnecessary. She'd forgive him; she had before when these moods hit him. "You're a romantic," she used to say when they made up. "You want to be a football hero or a paratrooper again. You want to slay dragons, and all you've got is a sales quota. I understand." And she did, he thought, as he stared at the woods.

He had a funny feeling about those woods, the same kind of feeling he used to have during the war. For a moment he remembered his first combat night drop. As he stood there the whole feel of the old days hit him. It was amazing the way it came back. It was as if a lean, young man were there inside him, a man who never grew old or fat or woke up in the night wondering what his job was, wondering why he was alive. That thin man, head shaved, cheeks smeared with black, was combat-draped with ammunition, an M-1, a jump knife, hand grenades, K rations, morphine, escape kit with silk map.

He didn't remember the fear, only the impatience that the tough training had built up inside him. He did remember the rocking motion of the plane across the channel, their first antiaircraft fire, the waiting, and then the step out through the door, that one terrible step into nothing.

Standing beside the highway he could feel the slam of the prop blast, the wonderful, cruel shock of the opening chute, then the lulling moments before he saw the woods silhouetted against the sky and remembered to get his feet together before he hit the ground.

Looking into the woods beside the highway Coombs saw again the early dawn woods of France and felt the challenge of having a tough job to do—get the bridge; if anyone gets in the way it's his life or mine. It was a mission that allowed no second thoughts.

"And now I'm a ladies'-underwear salesman," he snorted. The fact that it was his father's business, and a good one, the fact that he liked it when the mood all men know wasn't on him didn't enter his mind. He spoke out loud. "A man didn't have to explain to a wife why he was going to be late in those days." The anger came back. What happened to a man?

He put out his cigarette, strode over and tugged open the door of his car. He was under the wheel before he saw a young man with an empty mask of a square face and blond hair almost shaved off. He wore some sort of gray uniform, and sat quietly beside him—with a gun in his hand.

"Sit down, Mr. Coombs. We're going to take a trip," he smiled, speaking softly. He laughed at the surprised look when he used Coombs' name and explained, "I've been through your registration in the glove compartment." He continued in his strangely gentle voice, "Now, I'm not going to kill you unless I have to. Right now you're more use to me alive. You're gonna drive me to your home; I need a place to put up. I know where it is; I got the address: Thirty-four thirteen Windham Drive, Villa Station. Know the area, mighty nice suburb."

Coombs sat paralyzed by the calm voice speaking the unbelievable words.

"Now, I could kill you and take the car, but I want through the police roadblocks, want a place to hide. Now just drive this car right down the road, nice and fast, but don't break the speed limit."

Coombs hesitated. Then came the soft command and a nudge from the pistol, "Like I said, drive along." Coombs knew what had happened. He had lost the moment for action. He'd been had.

Swallowing the green-tasting fear which came up from his stomach, he started the car. Automatically he looked back, checked the highway, not a car or truck in sight, and pulled away. Soon the pool of light blinked out of his rearview mirror, and there was just the white-lined road and the dark shadows pushed forward by the high beam of the headlights.

It was impossible, Bert Coombs thought, his aching for a man's job forgotten. Yet it was real, for there, between him and his kidnaper was Jimmy's baby seat, and on the front of it the silly toy wheel his son used for driving the car just like daddy did. But on the baby seat there was an unusual burden—an arm, a fist and a gun.

Who was this man? What did he want? How could he get rid of him? Where were the police? How could he call them? The thoughts jumped through Coombs' head, and the old lean fighter inside the heavy-set salesman tried to slow down the racing questions, attempted to stop the panic. Almost jovially he said, "Well, what's next? If we're gonna' be traveling together I might as well know your name."

"Gus March. That's my name," said the soft voice. He hesitated, waiting to see if Coombs recognized it. It was familiar, but he couldn't place it. March saw his look of puzzlement. He leaned over and turned the radio on. One of those crazy rock-'n'-roll tunes was pumped into the car with painful heaves of a voice grunting, "Ah'm ah-gonna haunt mah sweetee with a huh-ung-gree look when Ah'm dade."

Coombs grimaced, but a blank grin passed over March's face, and he beat his foot against the floor. At last he turned down the volume and said, "We'll get some news that'll let you know who I am." The voice was confident he'd be news, Coombs noted with a chill.

The voice certainly was weird, Coombs thought. It was manic, out of tune with the world, casual at a time that wasn't casual at all. It was frighteningly without inflection, controlled, but obviously so, as if the man who spoke was barely hiding some terrible passion. While March tuned in the radio he kept talking to Coombs, but Coombs didn't listen. His eye was on the rearview mirror. A car was overtaking them. What could he do? How could he signal? Wave his hand somehow? Turn off his lights? Sideswipe the other car? Force it off the road?

"You just don't do nothing, dad."

Coombs started; his mind had been read. The man beside him broke into a smile as empty as his voice. "That's right, you don't do nothing. You just keep driving right along."

The lights came up fast behind them, swung out, by, and then went on, with never a look from the other driver.

"See. That's the way it's gonna go," the voice said. "Now, we've got to get you a little straightened out here. I don't believe you really sit up like that with two hands at the top of the wheel when you're driving normally." The mocking, insolent voice lectured him.

"I think you stick one elbow out the window and grab the wheel with that hand, put the other one on top, kind of slump back in your seat. Now do it! There, that's better. Look relaxed, just like a salesman driving along the road with an old friend, telling jokes, planning a fishing trip."

Suddenly the music was cut off, and an urgent voice came into the lonely car and explained it all: "Mad Dog March is on the loose. He has killed three more. His total score: fourteen dead." Coombs remembered now all right.

"The soft-spoken, blond killer, who has delayed his execution for three years, was scheduled to die in the electric chair May nineteenth, two months before he would have been old enough to vote." Two trucks passed the station wagon; neither slowed down, just blinked their signal lights and pushed on down the highway.

"March bragged he had friends who would spring him," the announcer said. "He was being secretly taken to the death-house by two picked state policemen to make such an escape impossible."

March laughed. "Never had friends, haven't a friend now, but I fooled them." Coombs felt his hands skid in sweat on the wheel. This time the voice had changed tone. It happened when he said he didn't have any friends.

"Authorities believe," the radio voice went on, "that March, a deceptively soft-spoken blond youth, talked the two experienced officers into stopping at a lonely diner on Route Six outside of Middletown. Their bodies and that of a counterman were found an hour ago by a truck driver. The dead have been identified as Sergeant Charles——"

March flipped the radio off. "So that's all they've found," he mumbled. "We're doing all right." What else could he hide, Coombs wondered in terror. Middletown was thirty-five miles or so from the phone booth. Had there been another driver? Was he dead too? Why did March think there would be a roadblock up this way?

March was humming that dreadful rock-and-roll tune and drumming his fingers on the dashboard. He was hunched forward, and his face was empty, his mouth open as his head bobbed in rhythm to his humming.

Coombs remembered it all now. This was that wild kid they had found, the kid who had run off with a girl friend after killing her mother and father. They'd hitchhiked part way across the country, leaving death behind them. They'd confessed it all when they were caught, proud of their killing. Yet authorities had found them sane, able to stand trial for the murders he committed in this state.

"We'll hear more news, pops," March said, calm again. "Now, what do you think of that Mad Dog business?" His laugh had no humor. "I'm not much of a mad dog, am I? Where do they get that stuff? What do you think of the papers doing that to a man? Ruining his reputation, I mean. Injustice, isn't it?" He laughed again.

Coombs tried to joke, to fight with words, his salesman's weapon. "You look like a sharp dog to me."

"That's right, sharp. But no jokes." The voice was soft, but the words alert, mean. "I know what you're thinking, and I know what you're going to try to do, and I'm going to tell you not to do it before you do. I'm willing to kill you. It doesn't make any difference at all. They can't make my price any higher. I got reasons I don't care, reasons I was born with, reasons I've lived with.

"I've got people to get back at, things to do," his voice started to rise; again it broke. "I've learned to be tough. I've learned to take care of myself. I'm sharp and I'm hard, and I'm not fat like you." His voice rose to a laugh, broke, and went back to the calm, controlled voice of before, "You're just a fat cat, that's you. If anybody comes, if you tip 'em off, I'll kill you first. I (*Continued on Page 106*)

"There are a number of occupational hazards. I'll introduce them."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get a clean start!

AC OIL FILTERS protect the smooth performance of more new cars than any other brand! Millions of car owners, driving billions of miles in a year's time, protect their engines with AC. An AC Filter cleans *all* the dirt from your oil every 30 seconds at normal running speeds. It protects your engine from damage by dirt, dust, grit or bits of metal as small as 1/100,000 of an inch. Change to a new AC Oil Filter every 5,000 miles and get your car off to a clean start, too! Available from your nearby AC dealer.

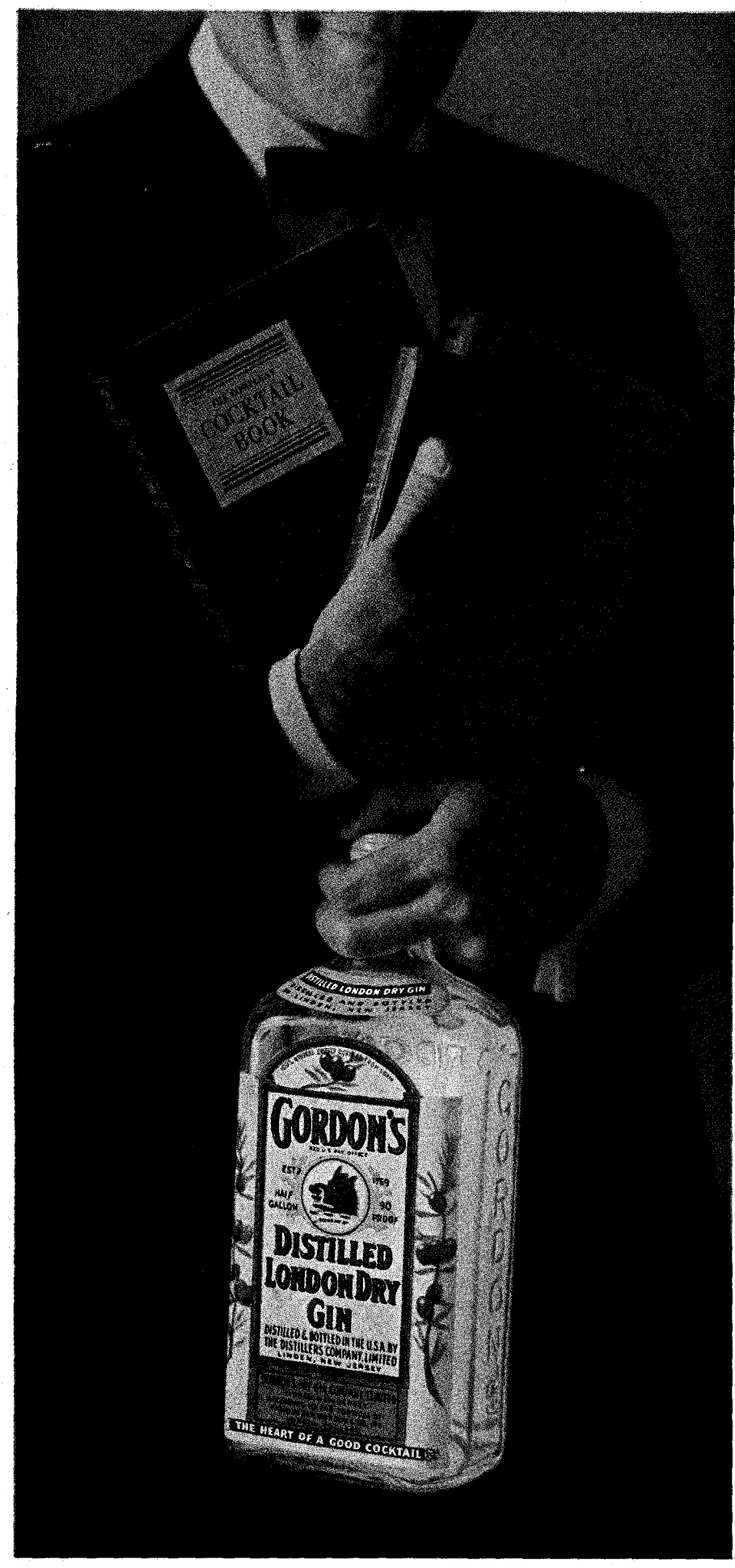
AC SPARK PLUG ✿ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

GREAT FOR KIDS! SEE YOUR AC DEALER FOR YOUR GIANT "TRAPPER" INFLATABLE TOY . . . ONLY $1.25

AC

OIL FILTERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Gordon's Gin comes to you with the best of references . . . Traditional drink recipe books name Gordon's as the original base of many of the world's classic gin drinks. For over 189 years, Gordon's has been recognized as the gin essential to any authentically fine gin creation. Gordon's Gin—first distilled in 1769 according to Gordon's Original English Recipe—is still traditionally distilled for perfect flavor. *There's no Gin like* GORDON'S GIN

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 90 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

(*Continued from Page 104*) don't care about you, and I don't care about me. But you care; I bet you got reasons not to be killed."

Driving through the night, his right hand grabbing the top of the wheel, his elbow casually out the window as he had been instructed, Coombs thought, *Yes, I've got reasons. A wife I've just fought with on the phone, a wife I love—and, Lord, am I sorry I talked to her that way. Three kids, a home, a way of life, friends, a mother who depends on me.*

He had his reasons. As the car ran steadily down the highway on its lonely course, his whole way of life, the thing he had hated in that phone booth and wanted to escape, hit him with a sensual reality. He felt the warmth of his wife, knew the burrowing faces of his girls in his neck and their arms tight around his neck. He remembered their after-bath smell, their happy voices, the tickle of a ponytail. He could feel his four-year-old boy's muscle, hear him say, "Some muscle, huh, dad, huh?"

The sharp, quick scenes rushed on top of one another. His eyes felt the familiar light and shadows of his living room in the evening, then on a Sunday afternoon. In his memory the maple leaves, red and brown, swirled on the front lawn as the children played in the piles of leaves. He remembered yelling angrily at them and felt sad for the things that couldn't be taken back.

Coombs remembered rushing through a dark room to a bedroom when croup struck in the middle of the night, and cuddling the child in the closed bathroom while the steam from the hot shower eased open the swollen throat. He thought of the time he and his wife had talked over coffee half the night, just the two of them in the kitchen. He remembered the trips and the parties and the holidays and the fights and the making up.

"You're sitting there thinking of ways to get me, ways to tip off the cops."

Coombs felt guilty, tired. That was a measure of the difference between them. He'd been daydreaming, he'd been living in the past, not fighting for the present. He was, as his wife said, a romantic. Well, his bluff had been called; this man was too far ahead of him, too tough, too young.

"You've had it soft all your life," March spoke again. "Good home, good kids, good parents that took care of you, plenty of food, no trouble, people that loved you. It isn't good for you; it's made you soft. You've always been soft, and you're soft now. That's the trouble with people. They don't realize how tough you have to be in this world."

Coombs knew March was wrong, but he also knew it was too late to make him believe it. His life had been too warped; he'd traveled the wrong road too long.

Coombs eased off on the gas. He thought of trying to pretend that he had car trouble. That would buy time.

"Now don't try to fake some trouble with the car," March ordered. "I worked as an auto mechanic in the reform school. I know a car backwards and forwards. You won't get away with that." He paused, "And I read the gas gauge. That won't work either."

Another car swung by them. Coombs thought about turning the lights off and on, signaling the man in his rearview mirror. What was SOS? Three dots, three dashes, three dots. March said, "Don't try to signal to another car. I bet you've got a real nice house and a real nice family, and I want to spend a little time in a nice house with a nice family."

Coombs hardened. His family was involved in this; he had to do something. He was on familiar highway now; he was getting too close to home. He'd better circle away. He said, "Here's a short cut. I'm turning off!"

"No, you aren't," March barked. "Turn around. Right here. Right now." He jabbed the gun at Coombs' right arm muscle. "Get back on that highway."

Coombs thought of throwing something out of the window, just dropping a handkerchief, or maybe his wallet. Slowly, painfully, he edged his wallet out of his left hip and up into his hand. March said, "Put that wallet back into your pocket." He jabbed with the gun again, "Now look, dad, you're kinda' getting out of line. Let's get with it."

Each time he tried something, March seemed to sense what was wrong. Coombs started to get a spooky, terrified feeling. This man was way out front. He was too fast, too sharp—too hip, I guess he'd call it. He was the hunted, and Coombs knew what that was from the war.

It wasn't liquor, and it wasn't dope. There was nothing artificial about being high this way. This was the exciting, stimulating terror of playing with death, living right at the edge of life. Test pilots know it, and racing drivers and killers.

They drove through towns, the ladies'-underwear salesman and the killer. Once they passed a police car parked at the corner, but the officers inside were joking with a fat policeman on his beat. Another news broadcast. The score was fifteen. Coombs knew what happened before he said it. March had kidnaped a driver after he escaped from his guards, and killed him when the car ran out of gas.

The truth came through to him. No police were going to help, no sheriff nor anyone else. This was going to be his job. Playing for time, he turned to talk.

They had a weird, wild conversation, the salesman trying to appear friendly, trying to buy time; the kid going along with the gag, but keeping his guard up. They got talking about baseball, and Coombs thought, "Can I take him now? Can I reach out and get that gun?"

The soft voice gave a mocking answer before he made a move. "I looked down the road just then, but you couldn't take me. I got some kind of vision that basketball players have got so they can see out of the sides of their eyes. And I got a quick hand on the trigger."

The kid sounded like a punk, a third-rate villain in a bad movie on late TV. And Coombs supposed it was an imitation of hundreds of movies this kid had seen. Only it was real now; the gun was loaded; the lights wouldn't go on, and they wouldn't shuffle out of the theater with the crowd, savoring the hero's role they'd lived as they watched the screen.

"You know, I think I'm gonna like living in a suburban house for a little while," the soft voice said. "Let's see, it's Friday night now. I'm gonna like next Sunday morning, waffles, a couple of big Sunday papers spread all over the place, wife looking at the ads, kids reading the funnies, talking about a picnic."

The voice was insolent, mocking, cheap. It tarnished the memories, but it was right on the facts. He'd lived that kind of life, and he'd been fed up with it less than an hour ago.

Suddenly the man beside him, catlike, jumped behind the seat. "I still got the gun on you," he said. "There's a roadblock coming up. I can smell it. Good spot for it down here between these mountains. Now listen, there's a quilt back here. I'm gonna have it over my head, and we're going through that roadblock." The voice was confident. "You're not gonna say or tell or do anything. You're not gonna signal. You're gonna play it straight, and I have this gun right here. I'm ready to shoot you through the back of the seat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You think the cops are gonna look around behind you, but you're a fat slob of a salesman type, and you're not gonna look worried. They're gonna see the quilt and the toys in this car, and they aren't gonna think a thing about it. If anything, you're gonna tell them you're bringing home a surprise for your kids, one of those great big Teddy bears, or a tricycle, or something, and you don't want to have them see it. Invite them to look at it; they won't. They're tired; it's the middle of the night. They don't really believe this any more than you did.

"Remember," the gentle voice warned, "if they find out, even if you don't signal them and they find out, I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna shoot right through that seat. I'll also kill some of them. It'll be you that'll really kill them if you tip 'em off. They won't have a chance with me in here. You'd better be on my side; you'd better be anxious they don't find out, if you want to get back to those Sunday-morning waffles."

Coombs drove on with a sinking sense that March was right. They went on around the curve, and there was the roadblock. Coombs felt defeated. The killer seemed to know everything, and he was right—Coombs had to be on his side.

He stopped. "Got a killer in there?" the big state trooper boomed, a long flashlight instead of a gun in his hand.

"Nope, sorry, we don't carry that model in stock," Coombs chuckled. Too heartily? He wondered. "I'm a ladies'-underwear salesman." He lowered his voice and winked, "Wish I had a model back there though, know what I mean, it's a cold, lonely night."

The state trooper laughed and waved him on.

The voice came from under the quilt. "See? We made it."

"That's right, it worked," Coombs said. "But stay down. A car's coming up behind us. It may be a police car. They may suspect something."

Coombs knew this road. There was a cliff on the left in eighty yards, seventy, sixty. Foolishly he remembered it was a place where he'd stopped with the kids to take color snapshots. He put that out of his mind.

The terror started over him, and then it stopped. The decision had been made. He knew there was no turning back. He had to do the state's job. He was the lonely executioner.

The back doors were safety-locked from the outside with a gadget he'd bought so the kids couldn't get them open when they roughhoused in back. March wouldn't know anything about that any more than he knew about waffles and Sunday mornings. He wouldn't have a chance to get out.

Coombs picked his spot between the fifth and sixth lights set out at regular intervals to illuminate the treacherous curve. That would be his target: He'd aim for the fence midway between the tall light columns just as a kicker aims between the goal posts.

Forty yards, thirty, keep the speed even, twenty, keep talking. "Well, I guess you're right. I guess the only thing to do is to bring you home with me. It's a pretty nice home. I'd kinda like to have you in it there. I'm getting a respect for you. You're pretty tough, pretty sharp."

As he talked his hand reached down; it was on the door handle. Ten yards, five, he twisted the wheel, and he kicked himself out, rolling in a ball the way he had been taught to land in the paratroops.

Before he hit the road the shots rang out. March had been fast. Coombs had known it would be close. There was a great splintering as the car hit the fence. It hung teetering on wire and wood railing.

Coombs could see March pushing at the rear doors, yelling, screaming, beating. He couldn't open them.

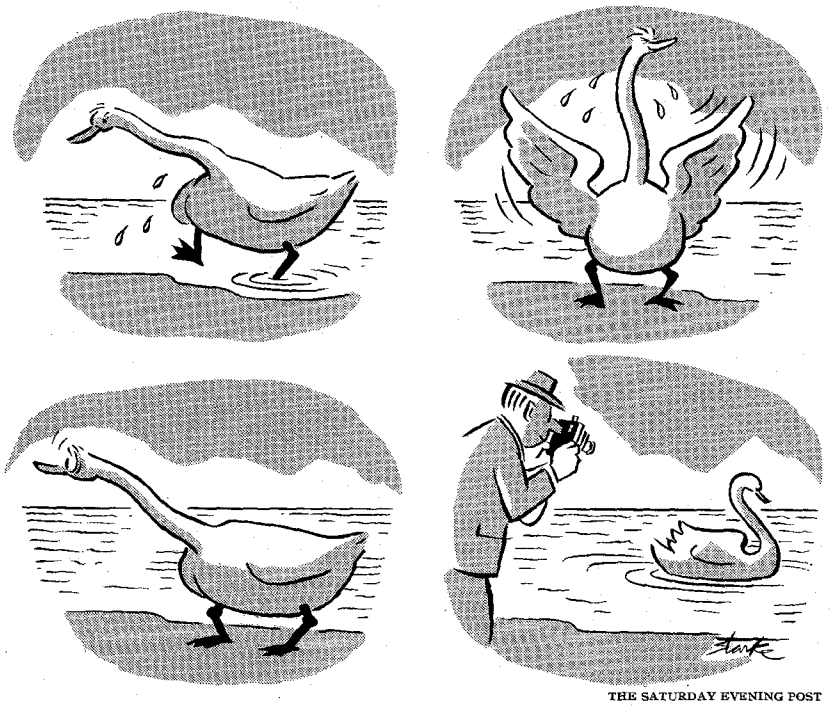
Then he was quiet, and Coombs started running down the road. He looked back and saw March jump into the front seat. That did it. It upset the delicate balance, and the car tumbled over the cliff. There was a long, terrible scream he would never forget, silence, and then the crash. Afterward came the light of the flames.

Coombs sat down, right on the highway. His hands were shaking, and he thought he was going to be sick.

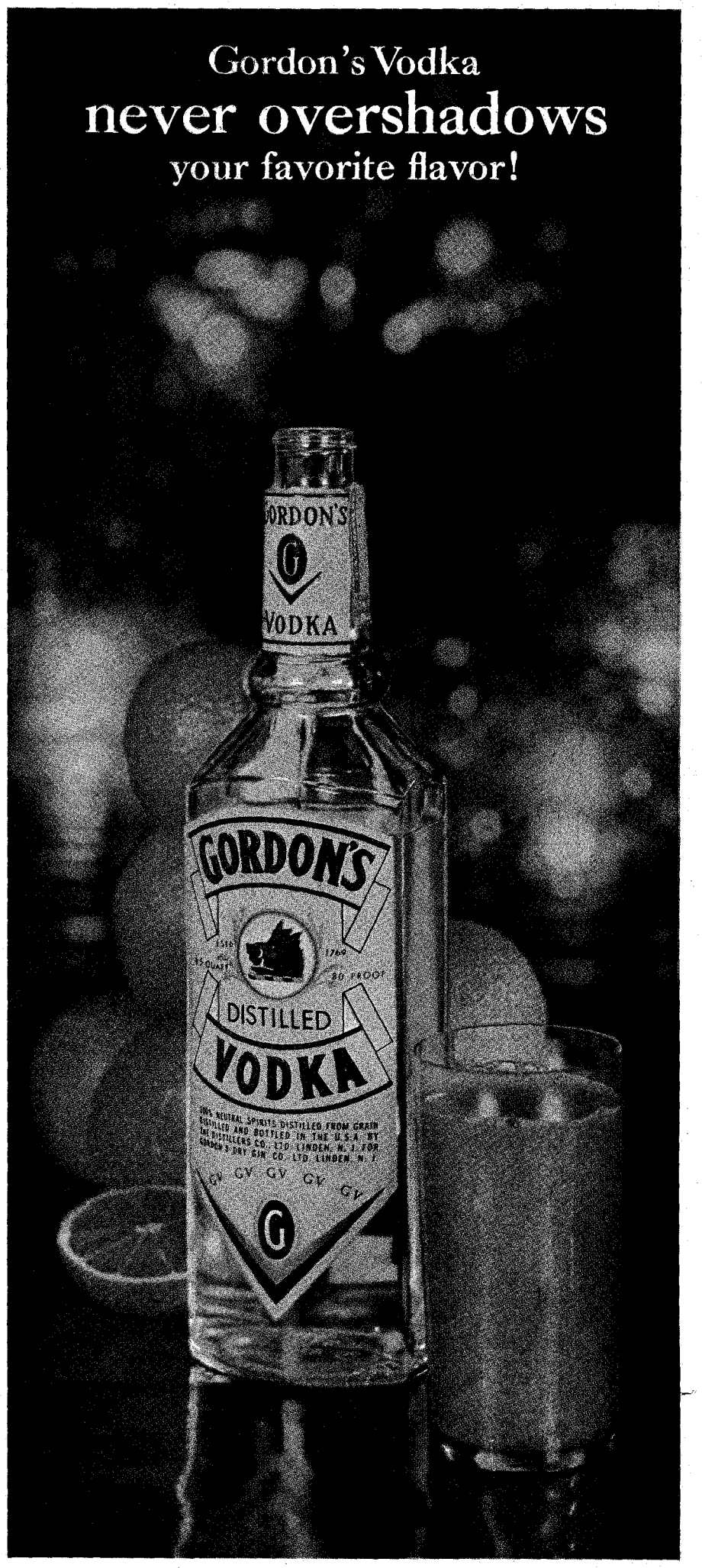
He heard the siren from the direction of the roadblock. They must have heard the shots or the crash. He stood up and waited with his hands on his hips. He'd done what he had to do.

Then he thought to look at the luminous dial on his watch. It still wasn't much more than an hour since he talked to his wife from that roadside telephone booth. He could hear her voice, "What's wrong? What's the matter? Is your stomach all right?"

Coombs grinned as he spoke out loud. "It'll never be the same, honey, but it's all right. And so's your new-model, stay-at-home, unromantic, contented, salesman husband." THE END



Gordon's Vodka
never overshadows
your favorite flavor!



When Gordon's Vodka gets together with your favorite mixer in a drink... you taste only the mixer! That's because Gordon's Vodka is uniquely distilled to an absolutely neutral quality. Mixes so subtly with any flavor—you never know it's there! (Nor does anybody else.)

GORDON'S VODKA

80 AND 100 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Credo of a Storyteller

(Continued from Page 38)

reader the result of his labor and the desire (a harmless one with which the reader is not concerned) to earn his bread and butter. On the whole, he finds it possible to direct his creative faculty into the channels that will enable him to satisfy these modest aims.

At the risk of shocking the reader who thinks the writer's inspiration should be uninfluenced by practical consideration, I must further tell him that writers quite naturally find themselves impelled to write the sort of things for which there is a demand. That is not surprising, for they are not only writers, they are also readers and, as such, members of the public subject to the prevalent climate of opinion. When plays in verse might bring an author fame, if not fortune, it would probably have been difficult to find a young man of literary bent who had not among his papers a tragedy in five acts. I think it would occur to few young men to write one now. Today they write plays in prose, novels and short stories.

The possibility of publication, the exigencies of editors—that is to say, their notion of what their readers want—have a great influence on the kind of work that at a particular time is produced. So, when magazines flourish which have room for stories of considerable length, stories of that length are written; when, on the other hand, newspapers publish fiction, but can give it no more than a small space, stories to fill that space are supplied. There is nothing disgraceful in this. The competent author can write a story in 1500 words as easily as he can write one in 10,000. But he chooses a different story or treats it in a different way.

Guy de Maupassant wrote one of his most celebrated tales, *L'Héritage*, twice over, once in a few hundred words for a newspaper and the second time in several thousand for a magazine. Both are published in a collected edition of his works, and I think no one can read the two versions without admitting that in the first there is not a word too little and in the second not a word too much. The point I want to make is this: the nature of the vehicle whereby the writer approaches his public is one of the conventions he has to accept, and he finds he can do this without any violence to his own inclinations.

Now, at the beginning of the nineteenth century the annuals and keepsakes offered writers a means of introducing themselves to the public by way of the short story, and so, short stories, serving a better purpose than merely to give a fillip to the reader's interest in the course of a long novel, began to be written in greater numbers than ever before. Many hard things have been said of the annual and the lady's book, and harder things still of the magazine which succeeded them in public favor; but it can scarcely be denied that the rich abundance of short stories during the nineteenth century was directly occasioned by the opportunity which these periodicals afforded.

In America they gave rise to a school of writers so brilliant and so fertile that some persons, unacquainted with the history of literature, have claimed that the short story was an American invention. That, of course, is not so; but still, it may very well be admitted that in none of the countries of Europe has this form of fiction been so assiduously cultivated as it has been in the United States; nor have its methods, technique and possibilities been elsewhere so attentively studied.

Now, I should warn the reader that the author, treating of an art he pursues, is biased. He very naturally thinks his own practice best. He writes as he can, and as he must, because he is a certain sort of man; he has his own parts and his own temperament, so that he sees things in a manner peculiar to himself, and gives his vision the form that is forced upon him by nature. He requires a singular vigor of mind to sympathize with work that is antagonistic to his instinctive prepossessions. One should be on one's guard when one reads a novelist's criticisms of other people's novels. He is apt to find that excellent which he himself is aiming at, and likely to see little merit in qualities that he himself lacks.

One of the best books I have read on the novel is by an admirable writer who has never in his life been able to devise a plausible story. I was not surprised to find that he held in small esteem the novelists whose great gift is that they can lend a thrilling verisimilitude to the events they relate. I do not blame him for this. Tolerance is a very good quality in a man; if it were commoner, the world of today would be a more agreeable place to live in than it is; but I am not so sure that it is so good in a writer. For what in the long run has he to give you? Himself. It is well that he should have breadth of vision, for life in all its extent is his province; but he can only see it with his own eyes, apprehend it with his own nerves, his own heart and his own bowels; his knowledge is partial, but it is distinct, because he is himself and not somebody else. His attitude is definite and characteristic. If he really feels that any other point of view is as valid as his own, he will hardly hold his own with energy and is unlikely to present it with force.

It is commendable that a man should see that there are two sides to a question; but the writer, face to face with the art he practices (and his view of life is of course implicit in his art), can only attain this standpoint by an effort of ratiocination; and in his bones he feels that it is not six of one and half a dozen of the other, but twelve on his side and zero on the other. This unreasonableness would be unfortunate if writers were few, or if the influence of one were so great as to compel the rest to conformity; but there are thousands of us. Each one of us has his little communication to make, a restricted one, and from all these communications readers can choose, according to their inclinations, what suits them.

I have said this in order to clear the ground. I like best the sort of story I can write myself. This is the sort of story that many people have written well, but no one more brilliantly than Maupassant; so, to show exactly what its nature is, I cannot do better than discuss one of his most famous productions, The Necklace. One thing you will notice about it is that you can tell it over the dinner table or in a ship's smoking room and hold the attention of your listeners. It relates a curious but not improbable incident. The scene is set before you with brevity, as the medium requires, but with clearness; and the persons concerned, the kind of life they lead and their deterioration, are shown you with just the amount of detail that is needed to make the circumstances of the case plain. You are told everything you need know about them.

In case the reader does not remember the story, I will briefly relate it. Mathilde is the wife of a poor clerk in the Ministry of Education. The minister asks them to an evening party and, having no jewelery of her own, she borrows a diamond necklace from a rich friend of her schooldays. She loses it. It has to be replaced, and for 36,000 francs, an immense sum for them, borrowed at usurious interest, the clerk and his wife buy a necklace exactly like the lost one. To pay their crushing debts they have to live in abject poverty, and when at last they have done so, at the end of ten miserable years, Mathilde tells her rich friend what had happened. "Oh, my poor Mathilde!" says her friend. "But mine was imitation. It was worth at the very most only five hundred francs."

A pernickety critic might object that from its own standpoint The Necklace is not a perfect story, for this kind of narrative should have a beginning, a middle and an end; and when the end is reached the whole story should have been told and you should neither wish nor need to ask a further question. Your crossword is filled up. But in this case Maupassant satisfied himself with an end that was ironic and effective. The practiced reader can hardly fail to ask himself, what next? It is true that the unfortunate couple had lost their youth and most of what makes life pleasant in the dreary years they had passed while saving money to pay for the lost necklace; but when their mistake was discovered and the necklace they had bought returned to them, they would have found themselves in possession of a small fortune. In the aridity of spirit to which their sacrifice had brought them, it might well have seemed a not unsatisfactory compensation. Moreover, if the wretched woman had been sensible enough to go to the friend and tell her of the loss—and no valid reason is given why she shouldn't have—there would have been no story.

It is a tribute to Maupassant's skill that few readers remain so self-possessed that these objections occur to them. Such an author as Maupassant does not copy life; he arranges it in order the better to interest, excite and surprise. He does not aim at a transcription of life, but at a dramatization of it. He is willing to sacrifice plausibility to effect, and the test is whether he can get away with it; if he has so shaped the incidents he describes and the persons concerned in them that you are conscious of the violence he has put on them, he has failed. But that he sometimes fails is no argument against the method.

At some periods readers exact a close adherence to the facts of life as they know them—it is then that realism is in fashion; at others, indifferent to this, they ask for the strange, the unusual, the marvelous; and then, so long as they are held, readers are prepared to exercise a willing suspension of disbelief. Probability is not an entity that is settled once for all; it changes with the inclinations of the time; it is what you can get your readers to swallow. In fact, in all fiction certain improbabilities are accepted without question because they are usual and often necessary to enable the author to get on with his story without delay.

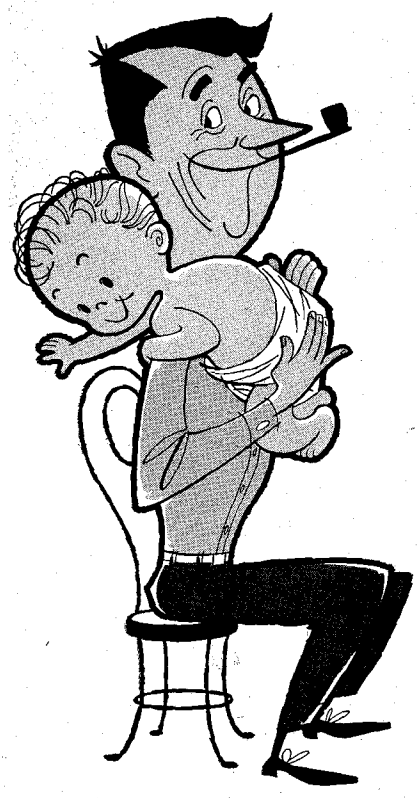
No one has stated the canons of the kind of story which I am now discussing with more precision than Edgar Allan Poe. "A skillful artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to (*Continued on Page 110*)

Curious

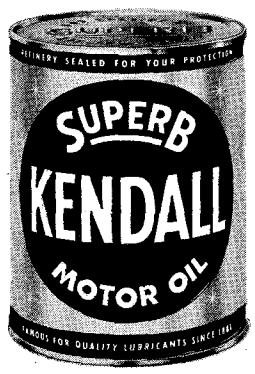
By Richard Armour

At our house ladies always bring
To parties almost everything
They can, by way of bags and wraps
And things they can't hold in their laps.

And not because they need them—no,
But rather so that they can go
Somewhere to leave them, safe and sound,
And get a chance to look around.



QUIETUNE your engine with



Kendall SuperB keeps engines operating as quietly and lively as when new. It reduces wear and need of repair . . . cuts oil and gas consumption. Refined with pride from the choicest Pennsylvania Crude Oil – nature's miracle molecule at its best.

Ask your favorite dealer for it

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

1859 – Celebrating A Century of Oil Industry Progress – 1959

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Born yesterday...

with a financial head start on tomorrow!

Now a single policy insures the entire family — even covers new babies automatically 15 days after they're born — then pays Dad an endowment at 65!

Important addition to any family's security is New York Life's new Family Endowment Plan. Just one policy, one low premium monthly, insures Dad, Mother and children—automatically includes new babies 15 days after they arrive. Then when Dad reaches age 65 and insurance protection ends, the policy pays him its *full face amount* in cash! Or he can choose a regular monthly income for life! So give the whole family a financial jump on tomorrow by asking your New York Life agent about the Family Endowment Plan today. Or write New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. EP-42, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. (In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

New York Life Insurance Company

Nylic

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities • Accident & Sickness Insurance • Pension Plans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 108*) accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be brought out, he then invents such incidents—he then contrives such effects as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tends not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed. . . ."

It is not hard to state what Poe meant by a good short story: it is a piece of fiction, dealing with a single incident, material or spiritual, that can be read at a sitting; it is original, it must sparkle, excite or impress; and it must have unity of effect or impression. It should move in an even line from its exposition to its close. To write a story on the principles he laid down is not so easy as some think. It requires intelligence, not perhaps of a very high order, but of a special kind; it requires a sense of form and no small powers of invention. No one in England has written stories on these lines better than Rudyard Kipling.

Though Rudyard Kipling from very early in his career captured the favor of the great public and held it, cultivated opinion was always somewhat condescending in its appraisal of him. Certain characteristics of his style were irksome to readers of fastidious taste. He was identified with an imperialism which was obnoxious to many sensible persons and which is now a source of mortification. He was a wonderful, varied and original teller of tales. He had his faults, as every writer has; in him, I think, they were due to his environment and upbringing, to traits of character and to the time he lived in. His influence was great on his fellow writers, but perhaps greater on those of his fellow men who lived in one way or another the sort of life he dealt with. When one traveled in the East, it was astonishing how often one came across men who had modeled themselves on the creatures of his invention. I know from my own experience that twenty years after Kipling wrote his first important stories there were men scattered about the outlying parts of the empire who would never have been just what they were except for him. He not only created characters; he molded men. They were brave, decent men who performed the tasks set to them to the best of their ability according to their lights.

What is significant to my present purpose is that in his discovery of what is called the exotic story he opened a new and fruitful field to writers. This is the story the scene of which is set in some country little known to the majority of readers. It deals with the reactions upon the white man of his sojourn in an alien land and the effect which contact with peoples of another race and color has upon him. Subsequent writers have treated this subject in their different ways, but Rudyard Kipling was the first to blaze the trail through this new-found region, and no one has invested it with a more romantic glamour, no one has presented it more vividly and with such a wealth of color.

People grow tired even of good things. They want change. To take an example from another art: domestic architecture during the Georgian era reached a rare perfection; the houses that were built then were good to look at and comfortable to live in. The rooms were spacious, airy and well-proportioned. You would have thought people would be content with such houses forever. But no. The romantic era approached; they wanted the quaint, the fanciful, the picturesque; and architects, nor unwillingly, built them what they wanted.

It is hard to invent such a story as Poe wrote and, as we know, even he, in his small output, more than once repeated himself. There is a good deal of trickiness in a narrative of this kind and when, with the appearance and immediate popularity of the monthly magazine, the demand for such narratives became great, authors were not slow to learn the tricks. In order to make their stories effective, they forced upon them a conventional design and presently deviated so far from plausibility in their delineation of life that their readers rebelled. They grew weary of stories written to a pattern they knew only too well. They protested that in real life things don't happen with this neatness; real life is an affair of broken threads and loose ends; to arrange them into a pattern falsifies. They demanded a greater realism.

Now, to copy life has never been the artist's business. If you look at the paintings and sculpture of the past, you cannot but be surprised to see how little the great artists have occupied themselves with an exact rendering of what they saw before them. People are apt to think that the distortions the plastic artists have imposed upon their materials, best illustrated in the cubists of yesterday, are an invention of our own times. That is not so. They only think that because they have become so used to the distortions of the past that they accept them as literal representations of fact. From the beginnings of Western painting, artists have sacrificed verisimilitude to the effects they wanted. It is the same with fiction.

Not to go far back, take Poe; it is incredible that he should have thought human beings spoke in the way he made his characters speak: if he put into their mouths dialogue that seems to us so unreal, it must be because he thought it suited the kind of story he was telling and helped him to achieve the deliberate purpose which we know he had in view. Artists have only affected naturalism when it was borne in upon them that they had gone so far from life that a return was necessary, and then they have set themselves to copy it as exactly as they could, not as an end in itself, but, perhaps, as a salutary discipline.

In the short story, naturalism in the nineteenth century came into fashion in reaction to a romanticism that had become tedious. One after the other, writers attempted to portray life with unflinching veracity. Writers of this school looked upon life with less partial eyes than those of the generation that had preceded them; they were less sugary and less optimistic, more violent and more direct; their dialogue was more natural, and they chose their characters from a world that since the days of Defoe writers of fiction had somewhat neglected; but they made no innovations in technique. So far as the essentials of the short story are concerned they were content with the old models. The effects they pursued were still those pursued by Edgar Allan Poe; they used the formula he had laid down. Their merit proves its value; their artificiality expresses its weakness.

But there was a country in which the formula had little prevailed. In Russia they had been writing for a couple of generations stories of quite another order; and when the fact forced itself upon the attention both of readers and of authors that the kind of story that had so long found favor was grown tediously mechanical, it was discovered that in that country there was a body of writers who had made of the short story something new. It is singular that it took so long for this variety of the brief narrative to reach the Western World.

When Chekhov died, in 1904, he was regarded by the Russians as the foremost writer of his generation: the Encyclopaedia Britannica in the eleventh edition, published in 1911, had no more to say of him than, "But A. Chekhov showed considerable power in his short stories." Cold praise. It was not till Mrs. Garnett brought out in thirteen little volumes a selection from his enormous output that English readers took an interest in him. Since then the prestige of Russian writers in general, and of Chekhov in particular, has been enormous. It has to a large extent transformed the composition and the appreciation of short stories. Critical readers turn away with indifference from the story which is technically known as "well made," and the writers who produce it still, for the delectation of the great mass of the public, are little considered.

From 1880 to 1885 Chekhov wrote three hundred stories! They were potboilers. The Oxford Dictionary tells us that this is a word applied depreciatively to a work of literature or art executed for the purpose of gaining a livelihood. It is a term that might well be dropped from the vocabulary of the literary journalists. I should say that the young author who discovers that he has a creative urge to write (and how he should have it is a mystery as impenetrable as the origin of sex) may think that it may bring him renown, but very seldom thinks that it may bring him money; and there he is well advised, for in his beginnings it is most unlikely to do so. But when he decides to become a professional writer with the purpose of gaining his livelihood, he cannot be indifferent to the money his talent will procure him. The motive from which he writes is no business of his readers.

Chekhov's early stories were for the most part humorous. He wrote them very easily; he wrote, he said, as a bird sings, and attached no importance to them. It was not till after his first visit to St. Petersburg, when he discovered that he was accepted as a promising and talented author, that he began to take himself seriously. He set himself then to acquire proficiency in his craft. One day a friend found him copying a story by Tolstoi and when asked what he was doing, he replied, "I'm rewriting it."

His friend was shocked that he should take such a liberty with the master's work, whereupon Chekhov explained that he was doing it as an exercise; he had conceived the idea (for all I know, a good one) that by doing this he could learn the methods of the writers he admired and so evolve a manner of his own. It is evident that his labor was not wasted. He learned to compose his stories with consummate skill: The Peasants, for instance, is as elegantly constructed as Flaubert's Madame Bovary. Chekhov trained himself to write simply, clearly and concisely, and we are told that he achieved a style of great beauty. That, we who read him in translation must take on trust, for even in the most accurate translation the tang, the feeling, the euphony of the author's words are lost.

Chekhov was very much concerned with the technique of the short story and he had some uncommonly interesting things to say about it. He claimed that a story should contain nothing that was superfluous. "Everything that has no relation to it must be ruthlessly thrown away," he wrote. "If in the first chapter you say that a gun hung on a wall, in the second or third chapter it must without fail be discharged." That seems sound enough, and sound too is his claim that descriptions of nature should be brief and to the point. He was himself able in a word or two to give the reader a vivid impression of a summer night when the nightingales were singing their heads off, or of the cold brilliance of the boundless steppes under the snows of winter. It was a priceless gift.

To his brother Alexander, also a short-story writer, but a poor one, Chekhov said that an author must never describe emotions that he has not felt himself. That is a hard saying. Surely it is unnecessary to commit a murder in order to describe convincingly enough the emotions that a murderer may feel when he has done so. After all, the writer has imagination, and if he is a good writer he has the power of empathy, which enables him to feel (*Continued on Page 112*)

Please USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER!

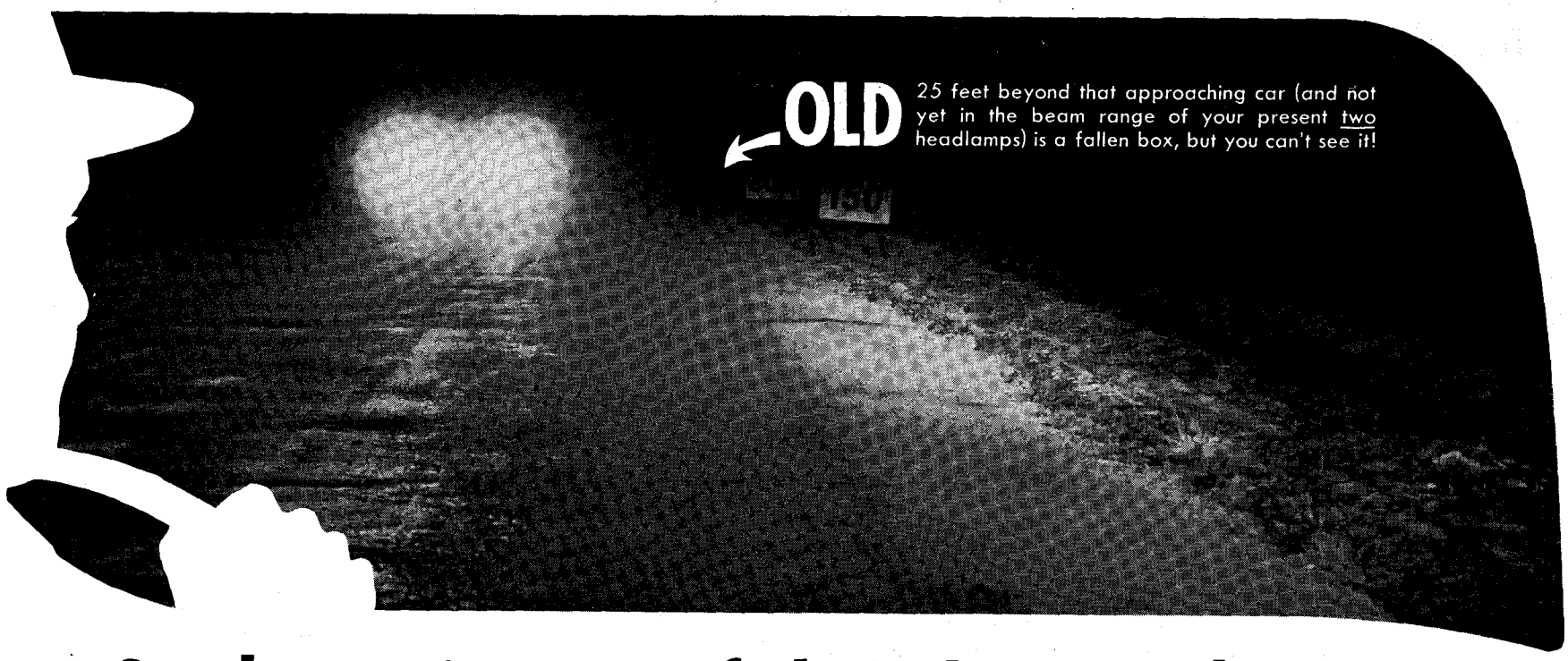
To improve service and speed delivery of mail, the Post Office asks that you always include your postal zone number in your address.

We want to cooperate in every way we can—but we need your help. By giving us your zone number, you'll be assuring speedy delivery of your magazines.

Help yourself to better service. USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER—always!

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


OLD
25 feet beyond that approaching car (and not yet in the beam range of your present two headlamps) is a fallen box, but you can't see it!
150

See better in spite of the other car's lights!

NEW
There's the box 225 ft. ahead! This is how a pair of new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps helps you see better against oncoming cars' lights!
200
150

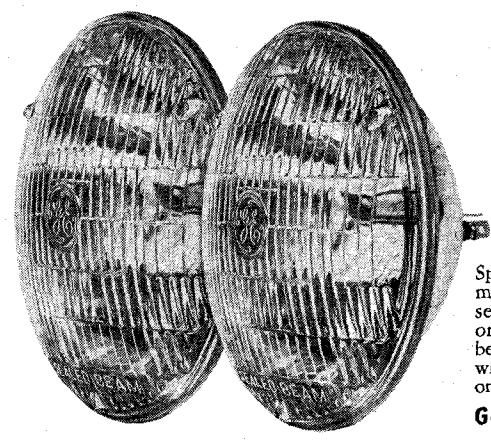
Get NEW G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps with the "built-in spotlight" effect in the low beam

. . . especially designed for all cars with two headlamps

Only the new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps have the low beam filament *optically centered* in the reflector. Because this filament is on-focus, it provides *twice* as much light in the "spotlight" area as any previous headlamp. You get ample light to the sides of the road, with no added drain on the battery.

The additional light enables you to see better beyond the oncoming car in spite of *its* lights—when both cars are from 75 to 200 feet apart. And it helps you recover your vision more quickly after the other car goes by.

See the dramatic difference; get General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps. Have a pair installed and aimed now. General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



Special low beam filament shield lets you see better in fog, rain or snow. The upper beam reaches far and wide for safer driving on the open road.

Get a pair today

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW!
A CASH REGISTER FOR LESS THAN $150.00!

$149.50
Manufacturer's list price. Subject to change.

Here from Smith-Corona is a cash register every business can afford —a full-size machine that gives you features usually found only on models costing many dollars more!

- NON-ADD KEY TO PREVENT ERRORS!
- CASH-PROTECTOR CASH DRAWER LOCK!
- SIX "SPECIAL TRANSACTION" KEYS!
- EVERY TRANSACTION RECORDED ON TAPE!
- REMOVABLE ADDING MACHINE UNIT!

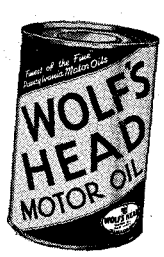
SEE YOUR NEAREST SMITH-CORONA DEALER NOW!

Smith-Corona

TRI-EX REFINED
XXX
Wolf's Head Oil

Outstandingly different

WOLF'S HEAD definitely makes a difference in your car's performance . . . in smoother operation . . . fewer repairs . . . less oil added between regular changes! WOLF'S HEAD, "finest of the fine" premium motor oils, is 100% Pure Pennsylvania . . . the oil with Nature's Miracle Molecule. And it's Tri-Ex refined three important *extra* steps for truly superior performance; scientifically fortified for complete engine protection. Try it — prove the difference yourself.



WOLF'S HEAD
MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.

(*Continued from Page 110*) the feelings of the characters of his invention. But the most drastic demand that Chekhov made was that an author should strike out both the beginning and the end of his stories. That was what he did himself, and so rigorously that his friends used to say that his manuscripts should be snatched away before he had a chance to mutilate them. "Otherwise he will reduce his stories only to this, that they were young, fell in love, married and were unhappy." When this was told to Chekhov, he replied, "But look here, so it does happen in fact."

Chekhov took Maupassant as his model. If he had not told us that himself I would never have believed it, for their aims and methods seem to me entirely different. In general, Maupassant sought to make his stories dramatic and, in order to do this, as I have before said, he was prepared if necessary to sacrifice probability. I am inclined to think that Chekhov deliberately eschewed the dramatic. He dealt with ordinary people leading ordinary lives: "People don't go to the North Pole to fall off icebergs," he wrote in one of his letters. "They go to offices, quarrel with their wives and eat cabbage soup."

One may fairly object to this—that people *do* go to the North Pole, and if they don't fall off icebergs they undergo adventures as perilous, and there is no reason in the world why an author shouldn't write very good stories about them. Obviously it is not enough that people should go to their offices and eat cabbage soup, and I don't believe that Chekhov ever thought it was. In order to make a story, surely they must steal the petty cash at the office or accept bribes, beat or deceive their wives, and when they eat cabbage soup it must be with significance. It then becomes a symbol of a happy domestic life or of the anguish of a frustrated one.

Chekhov could give an extraordinary reality to the events he described. You accept what is told you as you would the account of an event described by a trustworthy reporter. But, of course, Chekhov was not merely a reporter; he observed, selected, guessed and combined. As Koteliansky has put it, "In his wonderful objectivity, standing above personal sorrows and joys, Chekhov knew and saw everything. He could be kind and generous without loving; tender and sympathetic without attachment, a benefactor without expecting gratitude."

But this impassivity of Chekhov's was an outrage to many of his fellow writers and he was savagely attacked. The charge against him was his apparent indifference to the events and social conditions of the time. The demand of the intelligentsia was that a Russian writer was under an obligation to deal with them. Chekhov's reply was that the author's business was to narrate the facts and leave it to his readers to decide what should be done about them. He insisted that the artist should not be called upon to solve narrowly specialized problems.

"For special problems," he said, "we have specialists; it is their business to judge the community, the fate of capitalism, the evil of drunkenness. . . ."

That seems reasonable. But since this is a point of view which just now appears to be somewhat widely discussed in the world of letters, I shall venture to quote some remarks I made several years ago in the course of a lecture I delivered to the National Book League.

One day I read, as was my habit, the page which one of the best of our English weeklies devotes to the consideration of current literature. On this occasion the reviewer began his article on a work of fiction recently published with the words, "Mr. So-and-So is not a mere storyteller." The word 'mere' stuck in my throat and on that day, like Paolo and Francesca on another occasion, I read no further. This particular reviewer is himself a well-known novelist and, though I have not been fortunate enough to have read any of his works, I have no doubt that they are admirable. But from this remark of his I can but conclude that in his opinion a novelist should be something more than a novelist. It is obvious that, though perhaps with some misgiving, he accepts the notion, prevalent among many writers today, that in the troubled state of the world we live in it is frivolous for an author to write novels designed only to enable the reader to pass a few pleasant hours. Such works are, as we know, disparagingly dismissed as "escapist." That, like "pot-boiler," is a word that might well be discarded from the critic's vocabulary.

All art is escapist, Mozart's symphonies as well as Constable's landscapes; and do we read Shakespeare's sonnets or the odes of Keats for anything but the delight they give us? Why should we ask more from the novelist than we ask of the poet, the composer, the painter? In point of fact, there is no such thing as a "mere" story. When he writes a story, the author, sometimes without any more intention than to make it readable, willy-nilly offers a criticism of life. When Rudyard Kipling in his Plain Tales From the Hills wrote of the Indian civilians, the polo-playing officers and their wives, he wrote with the naïve admiration of a young journalist of modest extraction dazzled by what he took for glamour. It is amazing that no one at the time saw what a damning indictment of the paramount power these stories were. You cannot read them now without realizing how inevitable it was that the British sooner or later would be forced to surrender their hold on India. So with Chekhov. Objective as he tried to be, intent only on describing life with truth, you cannot read his stories without its being borne in upon you that the brutality and ignorance he wrote of, the corruption, the miserable poverty of the poor and the insouciance of the rich, must inevitably result in a bloody revolution.

I suppose most people read works of fiction because they have nothing much else to do. They read for pleasure, which is what they should do, but different people look in their reading for different kinds of pleasure. One is the pleasure of recognition. The contemporary readers of Trollope's Barsetshire Chronicles read them with an intimate satisfaction because he portrayed the sort of lives they led themselves. For the most part, his readers belonged to the upper-middle class and they felt at home with the upper-middle class he dealt with. They felt the same pleasant glow of self-complacency as they felt when dear Mr. Browning told them that "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." Time has given these novels the attractiveness of genre. We find them amusing and rather touching (How nice it was to live in a world in which life for the well-to-do was so easy and everything came out all right in the end!), and they have the same sort of charm as those anecdotic pictures of the mid-nineteenth century, with their bearded gentlemen in frock coats and top hats, and their pretty ladies in pokebonnets and crinolines. Other readers seek in their novels strangeness and novelty. The exotic story has always had its votaries. Most people lead prodigiously dull lives, and it is a release from the monotony of existence to be absorbed for a while in a world of hazard and perilous adventure.

> Nowadays the expression, "mother's home cooking," probably means she has bought a sun lamp.
>
> GEORGE HART

Only the very ingenuous can suppose that a work of fiction can give us reliable information on the topics which it is important to us for the conduct of our lives to be apprised of. By the very nature of his creative gifts the novelist is incompetent to deal with such matters; his not to reason why, but to feel, to imagine and to invent. He is biased. The subjects the writer chooses, the characters he creates and his attitude toward them are conditioned by his bias. What he writes is the expression of his personality and the manifestation of his instincts, his emotions, his intuitions and his experience. He loads his dice, sometimes not knowing what he is up to, but sometimes knowing very well; and then he uses such skill as he has to prevent the reader from finding him out. Henry James insisted that the writer of fiction should dramatize. That is a telling, though perhaps not very lucid, way of saying that he must so arrange his facts as to capture and hold his reader's attention.

From prehistoric times men blessed with a creative gift have arisen who have by artistic production added adornment to the grim business of living. As anyone can see for himself by going to Crete, cups, bowls, pitchers have been decorated with patterns—not because it made them more serviceable, but because it made them more pleasing to the eye. Throughout the ages artists have found their complete satisfaction in producing works of art. If the writer of fiction can do that, he has done all that can reasonably be asked of him. It is an abuse to use the novel as a pulpit or a platform.

THE END

For readers who wish to read some of the short-story writers discussed in this article the following editions are recommended:

Maugham, W. Somerset
BEST SHORT STORIES
Modern Library
$1.65

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS
Modern Library
$1.65

Boccaccio, Giovanni
THE DECAMERON
World Publishers
$1.65

Cervantes, Miguel de
EXEMPLARY NOVELS
Yoseloff
$3.95

de Maupassant, Guy
BEST SHORT STORIES
Modern Library
$1.65

Kipling, Rudyard
MAUGHAM'S CHOICE OF KIPLING'S BEST
Doubleday
$3.95

Chekhov, Anton
PORTABLE CHEKHOV
Viking
$1.25

Poe, Edgar Allan
COMPLETE TALES AND POEMS
Modern Library
$2.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROTEIN!

Kellogg's Special K—
more than a flake or a puff—a wonderfully delicious new way to get your protein

If you're like most people, breakfast is usually "gulp and go". You're in too big a hurry to realize how hungry you are. But nutritionists say that breakfast is when you need protein the most.

To solve this problem, Kellogg's got together with two leading universities. The result is Special K—a ready-to-eat, unusually appetizing cereal that helps you get the protein you need. (And that's not all—read the nutrition story on the back of the package.) Special K provides more protein than any other leading cereal—hot or cold.

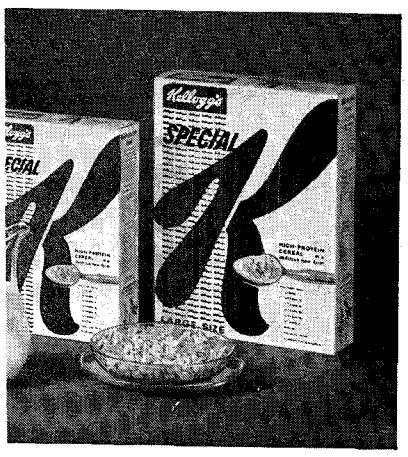
Try Special K for breakfast soon. It's such a pleasant way to get your protein. Millions are making it a healthy habit. We predict you will, too.

Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK

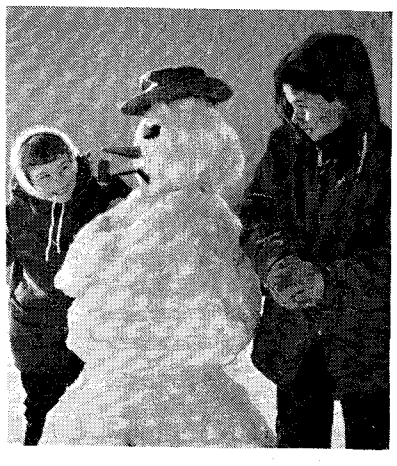
KELLOGG'S SPECIAL K and MILK
—PERFECT PROTEIN PARTNERS

The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of Special K and milk fit together to form a biologically complete protein —the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

© 1959 BY KELLOGG COMPANY



New Large Size Special K joins the familiar regular size on your grocer's shelf. Look for it next time you shop.



Growing-ups use up to twice as much protein (for their size) as their parents. Special K gives them a good start on their daily needs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nesting Instinct

(Continued from Page 30)

This was frustrating to her mother, who was solidly pro-Pete. She had known him all his life; he had a promising future in the business which his family owned. And besides, Mrs. Miller was a cheery, sociable soul, who liked weddings. That is, she liked weddings where nice boys like Pete got nice girls like Winona. Sometimes she was afraid Winona would not catch on until it was too late.

For it was clear that Pete was becoming discouraged. No one could say that he had not tried. He had done the flowers-and-candy bit for years; he had plodded through the World's Best Books because Winona spoke highly of them, and he had bought a red sports car to dazzle her. But that was a device that had backfired. It had not dazzled Winona, but it had caused Eva Pullaski, a curvy girl who lived down the street, to pay Pete a great deal of warm attention.

Pete prepared to take himself off.

"Well, there goes the evening. I guess I'll have to fall back on Plan B. Plan B is where the operative cuts his throat."

"There are days when I could shake her," said Mrs. Miller.

"Here's an interesting bit," said Mr. Miller. "It's about bowerbirds, which are native to Australia and New Guinea, and are related to birds of paradise. Listen to what they do in the spring." He read aloud from the book: "'In the springtime, in order to attract a mate, the male bird builds a bower arched over with twigs, leaves and grass. Some of these are small and tentlike while others are long runways with a height of two or three feet. Outside the bower, the bird clears a space for a garden, a lawn of green moss, and decorates it with berries, colored stones, feathers, leaves and bright flowers ——'"

"Hey!" said Pete. He sat up. "Say!" Then he said, "Good night, all," and vanished.

"Now what?" asked Mr. Miller, surprised by the suddenness of his going.

"He certainly went out of here under a full head of steam," said Mrs. Miller.

Pete dropped in on the Millers the following evening. That is, he burst in like a human exclamation point.

"Guess what! I'm going to build a house!"

"Why, that's splendid!" said Mrs. Miller. "Do you hear that, Winona? Pete is going to build a house."

Winona looked up from her book. "A what?"

"A house! I've bought a lot at Heatherley Heights."

"Pretty expensive out there?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Oh, brother! But it's worth it. Say, I never knew about houses before. I didn't know they could be so interesting."

"Useful, too," said Mr. Miller. "If it weren't for houses, where would we put the mortgage?"

Winona was looking at Pete with interest. "Does this mean that you and Eva Pullaski ——"

Pete exploded like a firecracker. "Will you stop making cracks about Eva Pullaski and me! Eva Pullaski is nothing to me; I wouldn't give her the time of day! Listen, Winona, this house is going to be terrific—fabulous! I've been up all night studying plans. It's going to be a split-level on a well-treed lot."

"Does that mean the trees are on the lot, or the lot is up in the trees?"

"All right, all right; have your fun. But just you wait—you wait right there—you'll see!"

Often during the next weeks Winona looked about the room with the air of one who misses a familiar article of furniture.

"What's happened to Pete these days?"

"He's building a house. He told you about it," said her mother.

"Sure enough, he did." She thought about it for a moment. "Whatever does he want a house for?"

"To live in, I suppose. He'll be getting married one of these days. Even if he doesn't live in it, property out there is a good investment."

Not only was Pete busy building, he was doing some pretty deep thinking. It seemed to him that he had got to the bottom of one of life's mysteries. He mentioned the matter to Mr. Miller.

"Do you ever wonder why they have all these June weddings?"

"Beats me," said Mr. Miller.

"It's a sort of urge like the nesting season in birds. Come the spring, the girl looks round and if she finds a likely-looking nest, that's half the battle. All these new houses are supposed to be ready in May, but they never are, so they have to hold off until June."

"Only one thing wrong with your theory," said Mr. Miller. "The girls get married not only in June but in January, February, March, April, May, July, August, September, October, November and December."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." In other words, if you have a good scheme going for you, the thing to do is to wait for the propitious moment. Especially is this true of the building trades and houses under construction. But did Pete wait patiently for a favorable moment? Not he.

He came banging at the Miller door one raw, wet, windy March day, urging them to come out and inspect his dream house. It was no day to inspect anything, said Mr. Miller, who was lying on the sofa, it was a day not fit for man or beast. Winona toasting before the fire with a good book felt the same way.

But Mrs. Miller was loyal. "On your feet, everyone. Get your galoshes."

They were bundled into Pete's open car and sent hurtling through the wild wet March weather. They stopped before a drowned hillside where someone had built a foundation and stuck in a lot of two-by-fours.

"There she is," said Pete proudly, seeing it not as it was, but as it would look when finished.

"You've been gypped," said Winona. "Let's go home."

"We'll come back when the flood waters have subsided," said Mr. Miller.

"Now, father," said Mrs. Miller.

Pete, bubbling with enthusiasm, showed them over every foot of it, over loose boards and piles of brick.

"Now this is the living room. That big hole over there is where the fireplace will be and this hole here is for the air conditioner. Underneath is the recreation room. Of course it'll look different when the furniture is in."

"Sure hope so," said Mr. Miller morosely. "Right now it's furnished with three feet of mud."

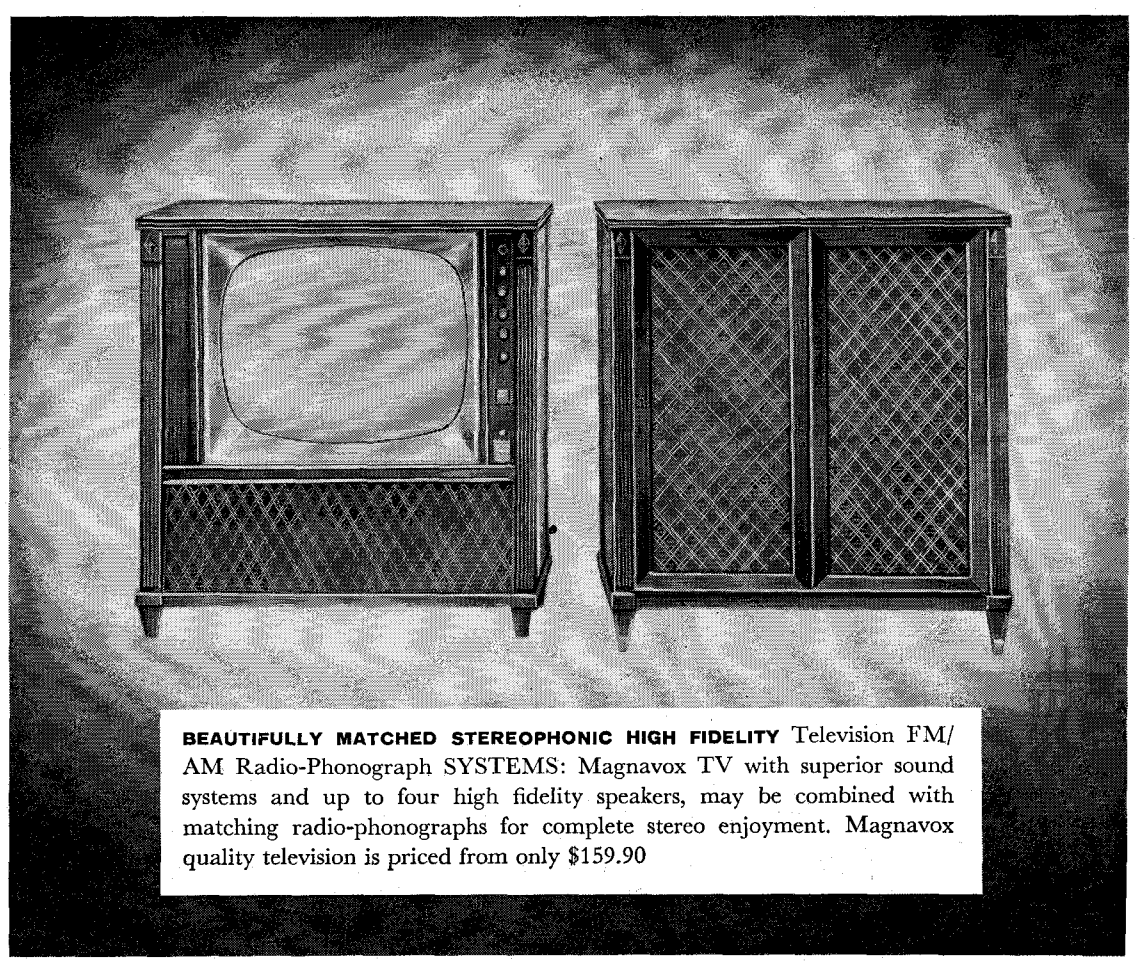
"Notice this trench outside?"

"What do you mean, notice it?" said Winona. "It looks like Lake Erie."

"That's the drainage ditch. We're going to put in weeping tile so the basement will always be dry. . . . Hey!"

Winona had stepped on the end of a loose plank which reared up like a teeter-totter and dropped her overboard. They got her out, minus one shoe.

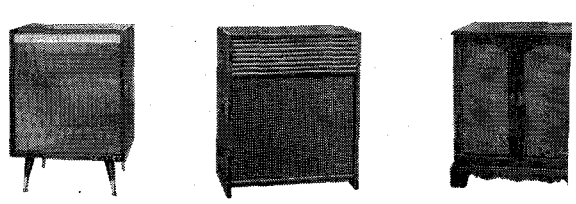
Magnavox



BEAUTIFULLY MATCHED STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY Television FM/AM Radio-Phonograph SYSTEMS: Magnavox TV with superior sound systems and up to four high fidelity speakers, may be combined with matching radio-phonographs for complete stereo enjoyment. Magnavox quality television is priced from only $159.90

. . . the finest costs less than you may think!

The magic of Magnavox stereo has become th music news of the decade! The orchestra, th soloist, seem *right there* in the room! Every rec ord you own will sound better on a magnificen Magnavox. And only Magnavox gives yo stereo so many beautiful ways—in a single cab inet, in two identical cabinets, or combine with TV. Your Magnavox dealer is listed i your yellow pages. Visit him and prove t yourself that Magnavox is truly the finest— your best buy on any basis of comparison.



MAGNAVOX STEREO PHONOGRAPHS will enhance ar room décor. These offer: powerful two-channel ampl fiers, Stereo Diamond Pick-up, record library space ar optional extra FM/AM radio. (1) The three speak Concerto $169.50*(2) The Magnasonic with four speake $189.50* (3) The Berkley in beautiful traditional furr ture, four speakers, $249.50* *Optional identical stereo cha nels—same speakers and cabinets (not shown).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Altogether it was a pretty dismal afternoon.

Pete was a going concern these days, he was really humming. He was finding that there is nothing so interesting, absorbing, rewarding and surprising as building a house. He sat up late thinking up ways to make this house better. This split-level was to be a split-level fit for a queen. A queen by the name of Her Majesty Winona Miller.

The dream house began to look like a house. The roof was on. The plumbers and plasterers were in and out, followed by the painters. It was nearly complete.

There came a fine evening in early June. There was spring in the air. There were boys and girls together wherever you looked, slightly bemused.

"Come out to Heatherley Heights," said Pete to Winona.

"Don't mention that place around here. Father said it gave him the worst cold he ever had."

"The mud is all dried up. Come on, Winona; I have a surprise for you."

They drove out to Heatherley Heights. A handsome split-level house with its windows shining sat on its immaculate greensward. Winona was astonished. She was learning one of life's lessons for young girls, which is, you take a lot of men in overalls and set them messing about with boards and bricks and plaster and you'd be surprised at what comes out. She walked through the pastel-colored bedrooms, the dining room with the glass wall to show off the dishes, the kitchen with red brick and white plaster.

"It's lovely, Pete; it's really lovely."

"I built it for you."

"Me!"

"I'm not very good at telling you how I feel about you. I'm trying to tell you with this."

The house was a very eloquent pleader. After this, she could no longer pretend not to know the strength of his feeling for her.

"I don't know what to say, Pete."

"'Yes' would be nice."

"That's the tough part. I like you better than any boy I know—but it's not one of those deals with fireworks." She looked around. "I rather wish it was."

Eva Pullaski met Pete on the street. "I hear your new house is a knockout."

"It's all right, I guess."

"How about showing me over it?"

"Sure, be glad to. Sometime."

"Sometime about eight o'clock tonight."

That evening Winona had happened to bring home a novel of unrequited love. It was about this young fellow who loved this girl who did not return his affection, and about his sufferings, which were excruciating. It shook Winona; even though she was not in love with him, she did not want Pete to suffer on a scale like that. On impulse she called him on the phone; he was out at Heatherley Heights, his mother said, at the new house.

Winona hopped into her car and drove out.

In the split-level, Pete was explaining the different systems of heating a house—coal, oil, gas, hot water, hot air, electricity—to Eva Pullaski, who did not care much one way or the other. What Eva liked was boys, and she had been alone with this one for an hour and nothing had happened. Evidently he needed stirring. "What's with the main burner, lover boy?"

"Huh?"

She sidled warmly against him. Naturally he kissed her. And naturally, just at that moment Winona walked in the door.

"Aha!" she said and walked out again.

Next evening Pete rang the Miller doorbell.

"This is the Miller residence," said Winona inside the screen door. "Your bowerbird lives down the street."

"Aw, come on, Winona. You know it didn't mean a thing. I was just explaining about heating systems."

"Yes, I could see that."

"You could see other things too," said Pete, nettled, "if you weren't an ice-coated beanpole!"

"Is that so?"

You can generally tell the fellow who's living in the past—he wants more for his money.

CY N. PEACE

"Yes, that's so!"

"If you are looking for father and mother, they're in the living room." She opened the door and, when he came in, she stepped out and closed it.

This was a tactical error, she realized a moment later; he was inside and she was out. She had not planned to go out, but having made a gesture, dignity demanded that she stay out. She went for a walk.

Several days later Winona happened to glance out the back door into the Kuyler yard.

"What's the matter with Pete?" she asked her mother. "He's sitting out there looking as if he hadn't a friend in the world."

"His mother says he mopes round the house. Won't eat a thing."

"I'll go out and cheer him up."

She went out into the back yard and threw an apple core at him. "What's the matter—have you got the blight or something?"

"I'm sorry I called you an ice-coated beanpole."

"Oh, that? Sure I'm a beanpole. Figure like a thermometer. Mother says I'll fill out someday, but not much sign yet. How are things out at the new house?"

"I sold it."

"What!"

"This fellow offered me two thousand dollars more than it cost me, and Eva Pullaski advised me to take it."

She recoiled from him as if he had taken leave of his senses. "That is absolutely the dumbest thing I ever heard of! You build this beautiful house and then you go and sell it on the advice of a bird brain like Eva Pullaski. Listen, any time Eva Pullaski knows enough to come in out of the rain, that's a brain wave."

"But I thought you didn't care about the house ——"

"But you do! Why did you go and sell it when you personally love every board and brick in it? Men!" cried Winona. "Holy mackerel!"

She went into the house pretty indignant.

Pete came over to the Miller house.

"Nobody home but me," said Mr. Miller. "Winona and her mother have gone to the movies."

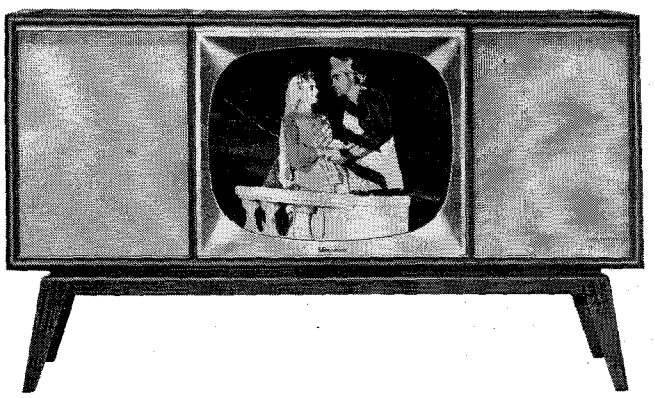
"I know. It's you I came to see. I was hoping you'd give me some advice."

"Glad to. On any particular topic, or just in general?"

"About Winona."

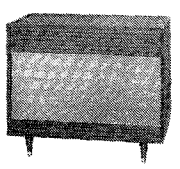
"I was afraid of that. Fathers are remarkably poor sources of advice re their daughters. The general opinion is that when it (*Continued on Page 117*)

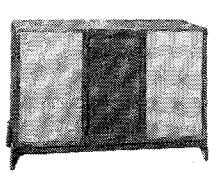
World leader in Stereophonic High Fidelity



ALL-INCLUSIVE STEREO HIGH FIDELITY...24 INCH TV†...FM/AM RADIO...PHONOGRAPH. The magnificent Magnavox Stereo Theatre—two separate sound channels in one beautiful furniture piece. Six speakers, Diamond Stereo Pick-up, precision phonograph, big-picture chromatic TV . . . the *only* all-inclusive stereo home entertainment center . . . $545.00*

†24" diagonal measure





MAGNAVOX ALSO OFFERS YOU a wide variety of self-contained stereo, each with two separate sound channels; record library space, Stereo Diamond Pick-up plus many other quality features. (4) The Stratford, only $269.50* (5) The Stereorama with six speakers including two 15" bass, only $299.50* (also available with optional extra FM/AM radio).

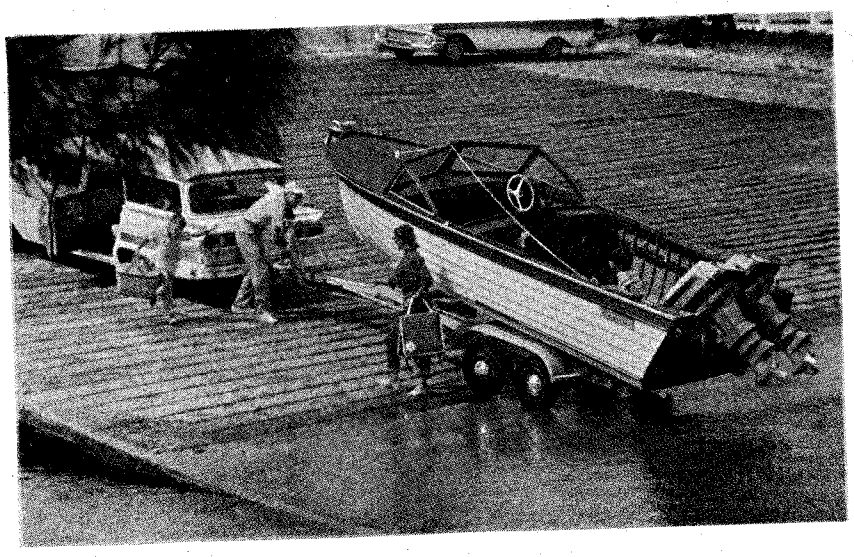
All prices and specifications subject to change. Some prices slightly higher in the Far West and South. *All prices shown are for mahogany. Cherry, American walnut, oak and light Danish walnut are slightly higher. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THE MAGNAVOX IMPERIAL DANISH . . . stereophonic high fidelity FM/AM radio-phonograph—two heavy magnet 15" bass speakers plus two highly efficient exponential treble horns—precision changer—Stereo Diamond Pick-up—record library space. In several styles and fine woods, $575.00*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUCKY FAMILY... wonderful weekends!

make this your "lucky" year... with a '59 Evinrude



Start your boating season today. You'll find no snow drifts in front of your Evinrude dealer's showroom . . . it's Spring, Summer and fun inside! You'll see it in the bright, gleaming hulls that suggest wonderful weekends of adventure to come. You'll sense it in the clean, rakish lines of the new Golden Jubilee Evinrudes . . . finest expression of 50 years of progress!

You'll discover a new kind of power, performance and pleasure that didn't exist before. You'll find the secret of Evinrude's remarkably quiet, smooth, solid power in three revolutionary features . . . now engineered into every Evinrude from 5½ to V-4 50 hp: (1) *sound-sealed quiet;* (2) *cushioned power;* (3) *thermostatic temperature control* . . . a new achievement in high-level, all-climate engine efficiency!

Compare Evinrude's features, performance, value . . . and you'll see why this is your year of all years to own an Evinrude. It's easy to join the fun with a small down payment *now*. See your Evinrude dealer, listed in your phone book under "Outboard Motors." Ask for free 1959 full-color catalog, or write: **EVINRUDE MOTORS,** 4108 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation. In Canada: Mfd. by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

EVINRUDE

50th JUBILEE

QUIET OUTBOARD MOTORS...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 115*) comes to daughters, fathers don't know beans."

"I'm getting pretty desperate. A few days ago when she got mad at me for selling the house, I thought I was making progress. But when I told her I'd got it back again she just said good, that's the stuff, as if it was nothing to her."

"There's something stirring in Winona," said Mr. Miller. "I can tell by the books she brings home from the library. Up till now, it was usually deep stuff, pretty rough going for me. Like that time she took up the quantum theory, my mind was stretched like a rubber band, I figured it was due to snap any time. But look at this week's haul—two love stories and a book on interior decoration. Last week she even brought home a cookbook. Winona, I think, is a good deal like her mother."

"Yeah, I guess so." Pete did not see that this was much help.

"Let me tell you about the summer we got engaged. She was a college graduate, she was a darb at the books, she thought she'd like to go back and take her M.A. Whereas I wanted her to stay home and take an A.M.—that's me."

"What happened?"

"Don't hurry me, boy. I was in quite a state that summer; I tried everything I could think of. I even stopped a runaway horse."

"A horse? I wonder where I ——"

"Never mind. Horses are out. It didn't do me any good; it just ruined a good suit."

"What did it?"

"Something that had nothing to do with me at all. You know, when the girls are standing on one foot, trying to make a decision between marriage and a career, something not very large or important can tip the scales one way or the other. It seems to be the timing that does it."

"What happened?"

"An old aunt of hers died and left her a silver tea service which she had always admired. It seemed to turn her thoughts to a home and settling down. She always denies this, but I used to say that if it weren't for that silver tea service the world would have got another M.A. and I would have lost a missus."

"Has Winona got any old aunts?"

"Two. Both, I am glad to say, in excellent health. . . . I think I hear the girls coming now."

Winona and her mother came in. Mrs. Miller greeted Pete. "For goodness' sake, calm down," she said to Winona. Winona's eyes were bright, she seemed to be walking on air. "She's in a flat spin," said her mother.

"What happened?" asked Pete.

Winona, who had sat down, sprang up again. "Wait till you hear!"

"We're waiting."

"You'll never believe it!"

"Well, give us a chance to try."

"And to think I nearly didn't keep my ticket; the man at the door had to run after me with it. And when they called out my name over the loud-speaker, I just died!" She fell into another chair and died again.

Mr. Miller looked at his wife. "Kindly issue a communiqué."

"She won a set of dishes at the Lyric. Very nice ones too."

"Ninety-six pieces!" cried Winona. "Eight dinner plates, eight bread-and-butter dishes, eight soup bowls, eight dessert dishes, eight cups and saucers, one soup tureen, three platters, one gravy boat, two creams-and-sugars ——"

"Yes, dear, we know," said her mother.

"Pete, it was terrific! It's the first time in my life that I ever won anything. There I was sitting there, not even paying attention ——"

She told it all over again, with details. Some time later when Pete got up to go home, she was surprised.

"So early?"

"It's midnight," said her mother.

"Oh. Well, I'll walk you to the gate, Pete."

She saw him safely down the porch steps. In the most natural way she put her hand within his arm. At the end of the walk she lingered for a moment.

"See you tomorrow night, Pete?"

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And now, for the benefit of those listening in on their car radios, we broadcast the following traffic bulletins. . . ."

"I love your new deep-textured Bigelow, Edith"

Exaggerated? Certainly! You don't actually have to wade through beautiful, deep-textured Bigelow Carpets. However, Bigelows do give you a wonderful cushiony feeling of luxury underfoot. Bigelows create an atmosphere of comfort and well-being that makes life happier and cozier in any home!

People who know... buy **Bigelow**
rugs · carpets · since 1825

WORM Your Dog or Puppy As You *FEED* Him
NEW! **PULVEX WORM CAPS**
It's so easy! Just mix with your pet's regular food. New PULVEX Worm Caps, quickly and safely expels all large roundworms (Ascarids). No starving, struggling, vomiting, or diarrhea. At pet, drug & dept. stores. PULVEX, Chicago 14.

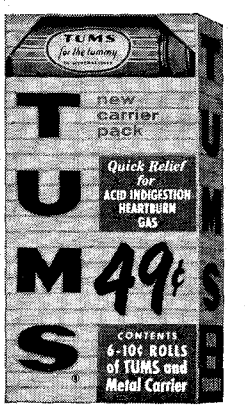
Pick the one with MORE CAPACITY
CAPAC
The MAXIMUM CAPACITY FUEL PUMP
FOR *MAXIMUM* PROTECTION AGAINST VAPOR LOCK
WELLS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • FOND DU LAC, WIS.

NON-SLIP
CAT'S PAW
Soft, resilient HEELS
TWIN-GRIPPER SOLES
At all shoe repairers

MONEY...
In Your Free Time
Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
709 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

GOTTSCHALK'S metal sponges
For 45 years, housewives' favorite for cleaning and scouring utensils, tiles, metal, porcelain and enamelware, floors, woodwork. Efficient, long lasting, harmless to hands and fine finishes. Sold everywhere—demand original Gottschalk's Metal Sponges. Metal Sponge Sales Corp., Phila. 40.

LISTO writes on cellophane
(and everything else!)
It's the miracle marking pencil—big, bright, bold! Refills in look-alive colors, too! Pencil 27¢, Refill 15¢.
AT VARIETY & STATIONERY STORES EVERYWHERE


TUMS
for the tummy
new carrier pack
Quick Relief for ACID INDIGESTION HEARTBURN GAS
TUMS 49¢
CONTENTS 6-10¢ ROLLS of TUMS and Metal Carrier

NEW FROM TUMS
6 ROLL CARRIER PACK
49¢
free metal carrier included

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atom Town Wants to be Free

(Continued from Page 35)

Chattanooga department store, established a branch here in 1950, the manager, Tommy Clines, was baffled for a while. "We thought we knew all there was to know about merchandising," he said, "but our ratios were all wrong for Oak Ridge. We ran completely out of kids' stuff, sold more sports clothes than anywhere we've done business."

In many ways the atmosphere of Oak Ridge brings to mind a huge university campus. The setting is scenic—Black Oak Ridge, from which the community got its name, lies between the Cumberland Mountains to the north and northeast and the misty-peaked Great Smokies to the southeast. The Clinch River meanders around almost three sides of the area. Although built in a crash program, the town was laid out by a well-conceived master plan which made excellent use of the ridge-and-valley terrain. The streets fit the hillsides in graceful curves. Green belts were left to protect the borders of the town, and the schools were surrounded by "pocket areas" of open land.

However, Oak Ridge still is cursed with a drab uniformity in its buildings and homes—a barracks look that reminds the visitor that this town sprang into being as a military project. Most of the homes fall into half a dozen patterns. If a citizen tells you that he lives in a D-2, that means he has a three-bedroom, two-bathroom place, fairly high on the Oak Ridge scale. If a Block Model 16, it's a more modest two-bedroom, one-bathroom dwelling. One scientist who came to work here, whose wife was to join him later, purposely arranged for her to arrive at night and later explained, "I wanted her to meet the people and see that they weren't all alike before she saw that the houses were."

Most Oak Ridgers are aggressively loyal to their town despite its imperfections. An AEC employee with a family of four, ranging from two to twelve years in age, said, "I just hope I never get transferred. Living is fine here. We have the TVA lakes, the Great Smoky Park. Dues at our local golf club are just ten dollars a month. We have wonderful schools for the kids, and in summer there's supervised recreation for them. You can dump your youngsters at the swimming pool all day for just fifteen cents per kid, and the lifeguard is the baby sitter."

In his book, Crack in the Picture Window, author John Keats described Oak Ridge as a "Federally-built slum." After reading the book, Dot DeCamp, a housewife who writes a column, Ridgermarole, for the local newspaper, wrote to Keats, demanding his reasons for such a statement. Keats fired back that he had visited Oak Ridge in 1956 and was depressed by "paint peeling from jerry-built houses and dreadful look-alikeness which was merely reinforced by the often pathetic attempts of the householders to disguise it . . . an institutional atmosphere much like that of . . . a state prison farm . . . a dump."

Dot DeCamp printed the letter, and Oak Ridge blistered, particularly the youngsters who suggested everything from a Hang John Keats Day to sending him to the moon in the first manned Sputnik. Eleven-year-old Roxie Wright clinched the honors with her letter to the editor which philosophized, "Maybe the paint was peeling off our houses, but not our brains. Nowhere in the world could homes have more warmth and love than ours."

The Keats-DeCamp feud pointed up the present ferment in the atom town as it moves toward private ownership. For years Oak Ridge. have lived in Government houses, bought their supplies in Government-concessioned stores, sent their children to Government-run schools, been sick in Government-supported hospitals—and for quite a few years were surrounded by a high, Government-guarded fence. "Even your mother-in-law couldn't come to visit you without a pass," Oak Ridgers recall with a certain regret that those days are gone.

The first step toward normality came on March 19, 1949, when the fences around the town came down and the town was declared an open area. But the Government wasn't quite ready to turn over the controls. There was still a huge amount of construction and reconstruction to be done on the atomic plants. It isn't generally realized that production and research facilities at Oak Ridge have been greatly expanded in the past decade. The original K-25 plant, which proved the gaseous-diffusion method to be most efficient for producing U-235, now looks small in the midst of four additional units, in all covering 600 acres. Also multiplied have been the facilities of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, where 3800 research workers are experimenting in the basic science of atomic energy. The huge Y-12 plant, where the first U-235 was produced by the expensive electromagnetic process, has been converted to isotope production and special AEC programs. Its 14,000 tons of borrowed silver—$300,000,000 worth—used for wiring when copper was scarce, have been returned to the United States Treasury. There are also the agricultural experiment station, operated jointly by AEC and the University of Tennessee; and the Institute of Nuclear Studies, operated by a group of Southern and Southwestern universities.

All together the United States now has an investment of more than $1,400,000,000 in the Oak Ridge complex.

At this stage of Oak Ridge's development, the feelings of the citizens are remarkably similar to those of a colonial country on the eve of its liberation.

"It's about time we became a normal, self-governed community," Oak Ridgers tirelessly repeat to a visiting reporter. "The AEC has been fine to us, but ——"

Oak Ridge's declaration of independence is Public Law 221, which Congress passed in 1955 to permit the AEC to sell its homes and lands to give the town all of the excellent municipal facilities—if the community incorporates and organizes as a city and the transfer can be completed by August 4, 1960. The AEC, with typical Governmental delicacy of phrase, calls the process "the disposal program," which may also reflect a feeling that the Oak Ridgers don't fully appreciate all that Uncle Sam has done for them. The prospective largess is considerable—$35,000,000 worth of streets, sewers, schools, utilities, fire-control equipment, parks and other lands. Another Government goody, just being completed, is an ultra-modern $3,000,000 hospital which the AEC is putting up to replace an ungainly wartime structure. Few communities, the AEC points out, get an opportunity to start life on their own with such a magnificent debt-free plant. The AEC's feelings have been hurt now and then, as when the Oak Ridge folks sang satiric parodies, such as Living in a Government Wonderland.

However, S. R. Sapirie, AEC's Oak Ridge manager of operations, says, "I always keep in mind that it's awfully hard to love your landlord, particularly when he also happens to be your boss."

Both AEC officials and Oak Ridgers agree that plenty of surprises crop up in the process of transferring a city from Government paternalism to do-it-yourself rule. Among other things, they have found that the metamorphosis takes a lot of time. It started back in 1948 when the AEC brought in Fred W. Ford, a booming-voiced New England municipal expert, to head its Oak Ridge Community Affairs Division, with the No. 1 mission of getting the AEC out of the community-management business. At first Ford optimistically believed that the townspeople would be ready to take over in about three years. His first shock came when AEC proposed to take down the fences.

"Lots of people protested," Ford said. "They had grown accustomed to the security of those fences. Some were sure their houses would be burgled and their women raped the moment the gates opened. Of course, nothing happened—this still is one of the most law-abiding places in the country."

One of Ford's first tasks was to pare down the town's annual deficit of $7,000,000—a tab Uncle Sam had been picking up. "Tenants in Government houses were paying flat rates for electricity and water," he said, "and Oak Ridge looked like a Polish cathedral at night. Water use was running three times the normal. Rents were low—only fifty-six dollars a month for a D-type house with everything furnished, including light bulbs, floor wax and grass seed."

Community services tightened under Ford. Meters were installed. "People put their thumb on that switch, turned off that hose," Ford said. Rents were raised to around eighty-five dollars a month for a D house. Such economies brought the city deficit almost to the vanishing point. But they also contributed to a crushing defeat, by four to one, for a proposed city charter in 1954. "The people weren't ready," said Ford. "They wanted to protest the raising of costs and trimming of service."

Town spirit received its greatest boost in the fall of 1956 when the AEC finally began selling houses and building lots to the people. "The place seemed to explode," said Don McKay, publisher of The Oak Ridger, the local newspaper. "As soon as people could buy their own homes, they wanted to get rid of that all-alike look. Some started remodeling before they had title. They have been spending as much as three million a year fixing up their homes." In just two years Oak Ridge jumped from a city of tenants to almost 100 per cent home ownership.

Sam Moorer, a weatherbeaten contractor who came here from Alabama to get in on the remodeling boom, shook his head in wonder while describing it. "It's an amazing face-lifting operation," he said. "Some work has run more than twenty thousand dollars per house—new rooms, basements, patios, new finish. Honestly, some of the houses weren't worth it, but the people liked their view and their neighbors and wanted to stay put."

Buying a home from the AEC involved more than just putting down your money. To avoid a speculative scramble in which long-time residents might find their homes sold out from under them, the AEC worked out an elaborate system of priorities. First choice went to the "legal occupants"—those who had been living in houses assigned them by the AEC. Then came "shutouts"—those who had lost to a senior occupant in a duplex. Any homes left over were available for employees of AEC or its contractors, other residents of Oak Ridge, retired employees, and so on. The paperwork was worth while for those who qualified as buyers. A genuine Oak Ridger was entitled to a 15 per cent (Continued on Page 120)

The Perfect Squelch

Everything ran wild in the hospital while the young Air Force physician was Medical Officer of the Day. From the emergency ward to the maternity delivery room, there was scarcely a quiet moment all night. Next morning, the young physician was exhausted when he turned in his routine report to the colonel who commanded the hospital. To his surprise, the colonel, after glancing at it, called for an explanation.

"See here, lieutenant," he snapped, "can you give me any logical explanation of why Maternity should have required twice the average number of diapers from Supply last night?"

"Only, sir," the lieutenant replied, "that this current crop of babies lacks respect for Government property."

Capt. Allen R. Robertson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science finds Corn Oil rich in "L-plus" factor

SO IMPORTANT TO GOOD HEALTH

...and of all leading U.S. brands only Mazola® is pure Corn Oil

Every day new evidence comes to light emphasizing the benefits of corn oil to nutrition! It is particularly rich in "L-plus" factor . . . a natural combination of substances valuable in nutrition and health. Research findings also show that corn oil in controlled diets is often effective in lowering the cholesterol level of the blood stream. This may be significant because the fatty deposits which are often found in the blood stream of people with coronary heart conditions, contain large amounts of cholesterol.

Nutrition authorities and doctors often recommend that from one-third to one-half of the total fat we eat should be in the form of vegetable oil. Because of its high content of "L-plus" and its other desirable qualities, Mazola is preferred by informed people.

For many years Mazola Corn Oil has been prized for its delicate lightness, flavor and golden goodness. . . . With its exceptional nutritional value now widely recognized, more people than ever before are including Mazola Corn Oil in their daily meals!

* *What is the "L-plus" factor?*

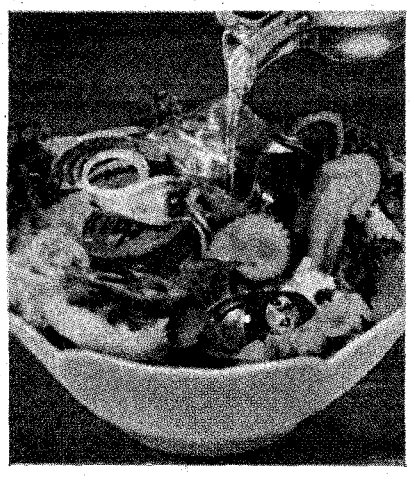
Golden Mazola Corn Oil contains substances called linoleates...important to nutrition and health. Free of cholesterol, Mazola is rich in natural sterol products derived from vegetable sources. We call this combination the "L-plus" factor.

Your body cannot make linoleates, so its supply should be replenished regularly. Of all popular food oils, Mazola Corn Oil is the richest source of the "L-plus" factor.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY

So many wonderful ways to use Mazola Corn Oil!

In frying, Mazola heats quickly *without* smoking, seals *in* food juices and flavors—gives you delicious, digestible golden-brown goodness.



For salads, Mazola Oil is the favorite of millions—it's like "liquid sunshine"—makes the finest, freshest dressings, quickly and easily.

In cooking vegetables, add a tablespoon or two of Mazola. Vegetables will be richer, tastier, and you need less water, thus preserving vitamins.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 118*) discount, plus another 10 per cent off for taking the house "as is." Houses were appraised to set their value. Larger houses sold for $5000 to $6000, smaller ones around $3600.

As citizens became property owners they also gained the good old American privilege of paying property taxes. County taxes were levied by the county, of course. The AEC, still running the municipal facilities, couldn't exactly tax property owners, but it imposed charges so much like taxes that it was hard to tell the difference. The rate was fixed as the average of city taxes paid in two nearby cities, Knoxville and Morristown. Properties were assessed and a city charge of $1.18—later raised to $1.23—was applied per $100 of value.

It is difficult to determine whether the AEC or the citizens are the happier because of this progress. Sam Sapirie, the veteran Government administrator, was candid about his feelings. "We're glad to be getting rid of the town—it's been a headache. You know, our total operations managed from Oak Ridge involve a budget of about half a billion dollars a year, and in the past the AEC manager has had to spend about ninety per cent of his time on community problems, with only ten per cent left for the production job. Now, thank goodness, it's the other way around." Sapirie, incidentally, is a contented citizen of the town he has bossed. He bought and remodeled the home he has lived in since he came here in 1946.

Perhaps the most gratified of all are the officials who have handled the landlord-handyman business for the AEC. When Oak Ridge was being established the Army delegated the housekeeping chores to a specially organized management firm, cryptically named Roane-Anderson Company to disguise its purpose. This firm continued to handle housing and related duties under the AEC until 1954, when it was replaced by a new, streamlined, nonprofit corporation, Management Services, Incorporated, set up by the AEC.

Lyle Worrel, now director of Management Services and formerly assistant general manager of Roane-Anderson, tells of the old days with the relief of an explorer who has come through headhunting country and is surprised that he still has something on which to put his hat. "It wasn't so bad having people phone to call me a penurious, Yankee s.o.b.," he said, "but why did they always have to do it at two or three o'clock in the morning?"

Complaints to M.S.I. sometimes took more than vocal form. One angry housewife deposited three small children, including one with a bottle, on the director's desk and walked out, declaiming that the heat had failed in her house and he could keep the kids until it was fixed. The trouble was nothing more than a blown fuse, so the youngsters were soon back home. Another time, when it was the Government policy to padlock apartments after a deadline for payment of rent, a young woman walked into the director's home one night, put down two suitcases and said, "You locked me out of my apartment, so I have come to spend the night with you." A hurried investigation revealed that she had a responsible job and had forgotten to send in the rent while on a long trip. Her apartment was unlocked immediately.

M.S.I. employees now are enjoying a mild last laugh. Some new homeowners, forgetting that the Government is no longer Mr. Fixit, call in and report that the plumbing is out of order or the roof leaks. The M.S.I. folks would be less than human if they didn't get a kick out of saying, "Sorry, it's all your problem now." They do sympathize with the Oak Ridger who closed the deal for his house one morning, and that night excitedly reported that his grand piano had fallen through the living-room floor. Dry rot. "We had to tell him it was tough, but we couldn't do a thing about it," Worrel said.

To get a family-eye view of life in Oak Ridge I visited the Ted Odells, who are typical citizens in many respects. Ted's full name is Theodore T. Odell, Jr., and he is a thirty-five-year-old Ph.D., a medical biologist engaged in research at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory.

Boyish-looking, blond Ted comes from Geneva, New York, and his wife, Charlotte, from Shrewsbury, Pennsylvania; but if you ask them where they are from, they now say "Oak Ridge." They have three pretty towheaded daughters—Ann, nine; Joan, six; and Judy, three. The Odells met and married at Purdue University, where Ted, a World War II Air Force veteran, was taking advanced work. After Ted received his Ph.D. in 1952, he considered several jobs, but thought the opportunity for research at Oak Ridge was the most challenging.

The Odells were among the first to build a new home in Oak Ridge, a contemporary type on a large lot near the top of the ridge with a magnificent view of the valley and the Great Smokies beyond. The young couple were living in a Government apartment in 1955 when they bought for $300 the lease a friend held on this particular lot—the Government then hadn't begun selling, but was offering fifty-five-year leases. House plans in hand, they sought a construction loan, but the banks didn't like the idea of financing homes built on leased land. A year later the AEC changed policies and permitted lessees to buy land, so the Odells became landowners at a bargain price of $700—but by that time mortgage money was tight. At last they found a building-and-loan association in LaFollette, forty miles away, which would grant a loan. The house was completed in October of 1957.

The Odells' busy lives have to be tightly scheduled. Charlotte is an amateur artist and has taken oil painting at the local art center. She is active in the League of Women Voters and the P.T.A. and teaches Sunday school at the Unitarian Church. Ted is more than active in the church—he is one of its founders and served as treasurer for three years. He reports that fund raising was no picnic as there are no old, rich families in Oak Ridge to make big contributions. Ted goes on lecture tours for the laboratory, and the week before I talked with him he had covered a route to Texas and back, speaking before scientific and medical groups at four different universities on four different days. He is a member of the committee for biology at the high school, part of a plan under which the schools may tap high-powered talent at the laboratory for aid in teaching of science. He is a gardener and likes to experiment with exotic plants, such as lemon and avocado trees raised from seeds found in the garbage. The family's favorite summer sport is camping at Watts Bar Lake, forty miles away, where the Odells own several acres of shore front.

The Odells, with their roots firmly planted in Oak Ridge, are definitely in favor of incorporation for the town, even if it may raise their city "taxes," now only about $190 a year. "We can't think of a better place to live," Ted said. "Wonderful schools and open country for the children—yet most of the advantages of a city."

There is an accent on youth in the Oak Ridge business community too—perhaps because it took brash young men to face the uncertainties of free enterprise in Oak Ridge. When laying out the town, the Government built three widely separated shopping centers, somewhat in Army Post Exchange style. Then it offered to lease store space in these centers to an assortment of merchants.

"It took a lot of guts to open a business here," one of the AEC community-affairs officials told me. "We couldn't tell a prospective merchant much of anything about the town. They would ask what the population was—but that was secret. How big was the payroll? Secret too. Well, what were we manufacturing here? Biggest secret of all. We could only give them strong hints we needed their kind of goods or service here and hope they would come in on a one-year lease with a thirty-day cancellation clause."

The temporary conditions and the aura of secrecy that covered Oak Ridge didn't inspire long-range investment. Thus, when the AEC began its campaign in 1948 to nudge the town out of the Government nest, the business community consisted mostly of small retail stores and service establishments. For "big ticket" items, such as furniture and most makes of autos, Oak Ridgers had to go to Knoxville or other nearby towns.

There wasn't even a daily newspaper, and the AEC believed one was needed to promote town spirit. Various publishers were invited to look over the opportunity Oak Ridge offered. Several inspected the town—and hurriedly left after discovering there weren't enough business establishments to provide a backbone of advertising. Then along came Alfred G. Hill from Wallingford, Pennsylvania, a stocky aggressive publisher who long had specialized in building and rebuilding newspapers. He recognized a potential that others had missed—that as soon as the town opened up, the business community could be expected to expand and diversify.

He also remarked, "I never had seen a place that had a higher quality of people—or so needed a newspaper." He leased space from the AEC in what had been a large steam laundry and brought in the latest type of printing equipment. From the Chester, Pennsylvania, Times—which he was then operating—Hill recruited young Don McKay as publisher and still-younger Dick Smyser as editor of his new Oak Ridger. It was understood that McKay and Smyser were to become full-fledged citizens of Oak Ridge and to run the paper strictly as a local institution. "We had a two-point editorial policy," McKay told me. "Home ownership and self-government."

After taking a heavy loss its first year, The Oak Ridger went into the black in a satisfying way after the fences around the town came down and a steady procession of new businesses began to come in. The business community received another powerful shot of growth hormones in 1956 when the AEC began selling its business buildings.

Today there are about 150 firms in Oak Ridge, just about the usual array you'll find in any small city, and they are competing enthusiastically among themselves and with out-of-town merchants for a share of the $110,000,000 annual payroll at the various AEC plants and laboratories. The old shopping centers seem busy, and a glittering new modernistic spread, housing fifty-five stores and offices, has been built by thirty-six-year-old Guilford Glazer's Oak Ridge Properties, Incorporated. Hopefully called Downtown, this new center sits rather lonesomely out on the flats in this town of majestic distances. Not that it makes much difference businesswise, because Oak Ridge moves on wheels, and Downtown's parking lot for 2000 cars is comfortably filled much of the time.

One thing Oak Ridge thinks it needs is additional industry. The businessmen would like to see a broader base for the development of the town; Ted Odell and other professionals would like to see the future tax load spread around. To date the only non-Government industries are several still-small, home-grown enterprises which capitalize on Oak Ridge's preoccupation with radioactivity. One is a company organized by a local dentist, Dr. Chris Speas, to irradiate garden seeds with (*Continued on Page 122*)

"It's a luxury I seldom permit myself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It was criminal . . . the way my car acted," the judge said, "until I turned the case over to Pennzoil."

The Day the Judge Really Laid Down the Law!

by Stony Jackson

Judge:
Young man, my engine has been guilty on two counts: gasoline-theft and assault by rough-running! So give me Pennzoil with Z-7!

Attendant:
A smart decision, Judge. I've seen Pennzoil solve a lot of cases just like yours.

Judge:
My car's been throwing the book at *me* . . . making me pay for extra gas and oil and tune-up jobs and new plugs. It's criminal!

Attendant:
Pennzoil ends all that extra expense, Judge. Improves gas mileage and cleans your engine so it doesn't foul plugs and run rough. *It's really all you need to know about engines.*

Judge:
I know. That's precisely why I handed down my decision in favor of Pennzoil with Z-7. I've become a "nut" on the subject!

Author's Note:
Pennzoil with Z-7 is refined from pure 100% Pennsylvania grade crude oil, the highest quality oil for engines ever discovered. And the makers of Pennzoil are the largest producers of this oil in the world. No other motor oil will protect your automobile so well. So *ask* for Pennzoil by *name*, wherever you go.

The motor oil that makes people mad . . . if they don't get it!
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages
MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN.
PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW It's Electric
Can-O-Matic™
PORTABLE CAN OPENER

Opens cans automatically! Plug in anywhere. Beautiful, handy. Exclusive retractable legs for opening extra tall cans. Choice of colors. $24.95

Can-O-Mat®
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE

Opens all cans. Wall type. All Chrome $7.95. Also in Copper, and Gay Colors. Others from $3.98.

Ideal Gift

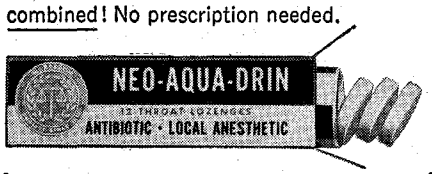
WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG P.

Rival®
RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City 29, Missouri
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

SORE THROAT?

NEO-AQUA-DRIN
QUICK!

Start feeling relief in nine seconds from minor sore throat of colds. One Neo-Aqua-Drin throat lozenge gives you more pain relieving ingredients than the five leading cough drops combined! No prescription needed.



Entertaining?
You'll hear . . .
"Such good taste . . . so color-wise"
When you paint with Kyanize
Kyanize
the good choice in paints

ITCHING ITCHING ITCHING STOPS WITH NEW Wonder Salve
WHITE, GREASELESS, ANTISEPTIC
RESULTS GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK
AT YOUR DRUGGIST OR BY MAIL
DREXEL LABS., DREXEL HILL 12, PA.
$2

(*Continued from Page 120*) cobalt-60 to induce mutations in the resulting plants. These are sold in a surprise package to gardeners who like to experiment.

Then there is a rapidly expanding "mouse factory" in a neighboring valley. It was started by Dr. James Kile, a veterinarian, who won a contract for supplying special strains of inbred mice for use in experiments at Oak Ridge National Laboratory. The business has mushroomed into a supersanitary plant employing ten people, where 50,000 mice live in scientific comfort and turn out 4000 to 5000 offspring weekly for laboratory use all over the country. No visitors allowed; Kile can't afford to have unsanitary humans tracking in all kinds of germs to his clean, healthy mice.

And, largest of the new local industries is Abbott Laboratories' branch where radioactive materials, such as iodine 31, cobalt 60, phosphorus 32, fresh from the eerie blue glow of the Oak Ridge atomic pile are processed and packaged for medical use and shipped to all parts of the world. The Abbott plant now has thirty-five employees. Much of the processing is done by remote control. Operators shielded by lead barriers view their work by mirrors and deftly handle flasks and test tubes with electrically driven "slave" hands of steel and rubber.

Now you might wonder, as I did, why the AEC didn't turn the community government over to the Oak Ridgers long ago and have done with it. But it isn't quite that simple. It happens that back in 1943, when the War Department was hurriedly condemning and buying the 58,000 acres for the whole Oak Ridge setup, the Tennessee legislature, tired of losing lands from its tax rolls, refused to cede sovereignty to the Federal Government. Thus Oak Ridge did not become a Federal reservation but simply a Government-owned area. The people living there are subject to the laws of Tennessee and specifically to the county courts—as the county governments are called—made up of elected squires. As the AEC hasn't had sovereign power, it has had to make complicated arrangements for civic administration. Police protection was—and still is—arranged by providing the sheriffs of Anderson and Roane counties with funds to hire the necessary deputy sheriffs for duty in Oak Ridge. They can enforce only state laws and county ordinances—speed zones, for example, have to be established by a state proclamation. Naturally, Oak Ridgers would be happier if they made and enforced their own ordinances. They gripe in particular that while they vote wet on liquor option, their wishes count for nothing in the face of the county bone-dry vote.

The school system also is operated by remote control, but manages to reflect the egghead tendencies of the community. Teachers must meet high standards. Youngsters of all mental capacities are encouraged to develop their abilities to the full. There are special programs to permit gifted children to proceed at their own best and often astonishing paces. Athletics aren't neglected—even the junior high schools have coaches. The Oak Ridge High School football team—the Wildcats—won the Tennessee state championship last fall.

Yet, in legal terms, the schools don't belong to Oak Ridge at all. The Federal Government owns the modern $9,300,000 educational plant, consisting of eight elementary schools, two junior highs, and one $3,500,000 high school. The teachers, recruited from twenty-eight states, are hired by the Anderson County Board of Education through a contract with the AEC, which sets the standards and foots the bills. The superintendent of schools, Dr. L. P. Cushman, is hired by the AEC. He consults not only with the AEC and Anderson County but also with an Oak Ridge Advisory Board of Education, twelve P.T.A.'s and a Parents' Advisory Council. "I'm probably the most advised school superintendent in the United States," he says.

Because of these and other peculiar civic arrangements, Oak Ridgers face some tough problems. If the community does not incorporate, it will become a charterless settlement, dependent on the counties—largely Anderson—for its law and public administration. The AEC has hinted as strongly as murky governmentese permits that Oak Ridge then would be up a well-known creek without a paddle. The various Federal goodies, such as schools, streets, sewers, waterworks, public buildings, would then go to the county, or, in the case of gas and electric utilities, might be sold to private interests or special districts.

If such comes to pass it is quite possible that Oak Ridgers, despite their high I.Q.'s, might get some painful lessons in practical politics from native practitioners of the art. The native population might take a certain pleasure in demonstrating where the power lies. By its own hill-country tradition, Anderson County as a whole votes a Republican ticket, while Oak Ridge has a liberal Democratic majority. There is some feeling in the hills around that Oak Ridgers are pampered squatters.

"I imagine the people in the county will be glad to see these Oak Ridgers start paying their own way for a change," one Roane Countian summed it up. The Oak Ridgers, for their part, point out that they now pay county and state taxes and the equivalent of city taxes, but still don't share—as a chartered town would—in proceeds of state sales taxes, auto licenses, and taxes on beer and gasoline.

The biggest single question is whether or not Oak Ridge, on its own, can afford to live in the civic style to which Uncle Sam accustomed it, particularly where the schools are concerned. The AEC estimates that as a city, operating on its present levels, with present tax rates, Oak Ridge would fall short of paying its way by about $1,000,000 a year. Under P.L. 221, the AEC is pledged to continue assistance for at least ten years to an incorporated Oak Ridge. The Oak Ridgers wish the Government would be more specific about how much it is prepared to throw into the kitty, pointing out that their main industry, the Federal atomic plants, pay no taxes.

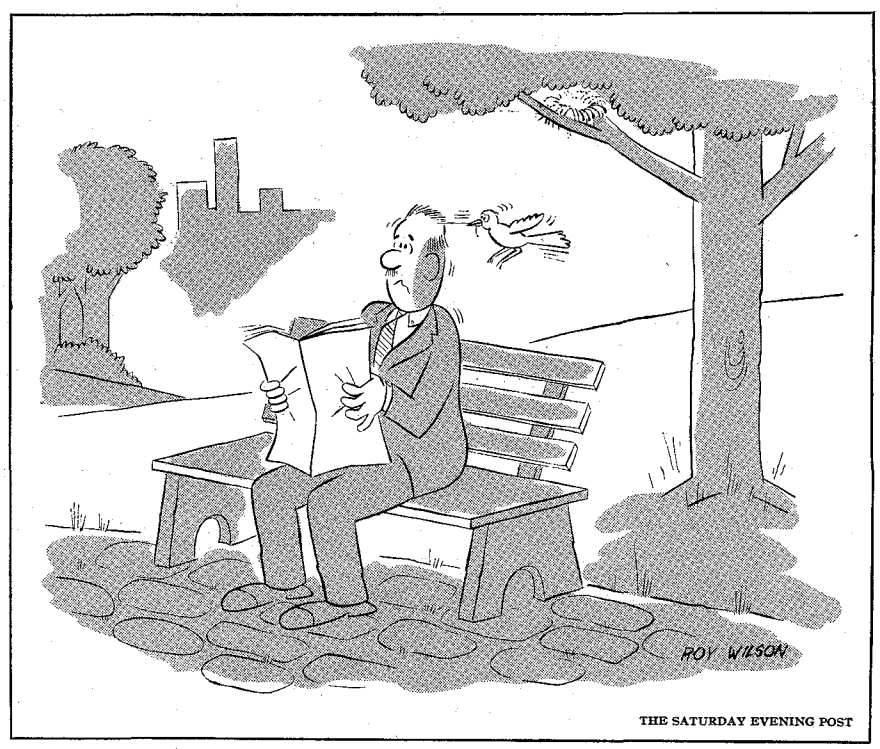
The AEC has prepared a seedbed for self-government that seems to be sprouting nicely. The official location is a glossy new glass-and-tile municipal building near Downtown. Here the jovial "mayor," as his friends wishfully call him, holds forth. He is ebullient A. K. Bissell, graying, balding and informal ("call me Al"), whose paying job is that of accountant with Union Carbide and who serves for free as president of the elected Advisory Town Council. Note the "advisory." As yet the council has no legal powers, but is an agency-in-training, financed by the AEC. Its main job right now is promoting and planning for the day Oak Ridge incorporates. "Mayor" Bissell puts in most of his evenings meeting with various civic groups to drum up support and develop plans toward the day when the question of incorporation comes to a vote. He has a professional city manager and town planner on his staff.

"The so-called disposal plan has deep meaning for people, such as myself, who have made our homes here and have our future here," says Bissell. "Now we have an unusual opportunity. We're starting with a clean page—no political machines, no debts to the past, a young population, plenty of room to grow. It's up to us to start right."

One of the most persistent advocates of incorporation is the League of Women Voters, a young, attractive and prolific organization. "Our vice president just had twins," I was proudly informed by Mrs. Grace Tench, the president, and herself the pretty mother of two school-age children. "Self-government has been our main project since the league was founded here twelve years ago. No community should be under the thumb of a Government agency. If we incorporate, it may be necessary to cut some of our city services—or raise taxes—but at least it will be up to the people to make the decisions." The league has marshaled its arguments and is prodding all of the many organizations in Oak Ridge to get out the vote for incorporation—"even the African Violet Club."

Personally, I predict that when Oak Ridge marches to the polls—the Beagle Club shoulder to shoulder with the Chamber of Commerce, the Coon Hunters, the Art Centerists, the P.T.A. and yes, the African Violet Club—it will cast a happy ballot for self-government.

THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL STEEL

Now you can have a modern building in beautiful factory-applied color—a major new advance in pre-engineered buildings brought to you by National Steel through its Stran-Steel Division.

Now for that new store, manufacturing plant, warehouse or farm structure, you can select a fine building of steel, with the special elegance of one or more lustrous Stran-Satin colors: blue, green, rose, bronze, white or gray. Additional cost of Stran-Satin color? Usually less than one cent per dollar of building cost.

Yes, National Steel adds the magic of color to the standout features and functions that have already made Stran-Steel buildings a mainstay of commerce, industry and agriculture. For here are easily insulated buildings that cost less to heat or cool, stay thoroughly comfortable in temperature extremes. Buildings whose strong steel frames make it possible for you to have completely usable space free of posts and columns. Smart looking buildings that are low in first cost and low in maintenance cost, too, because they're made of steel.

Pre-engineered buildings in factory-applied colors* are typical of the continuing advances in steel and products of steel with which National serves American industry through its six major divisions: Great Lakes Steel Corporation, Weirton Steel Company, Stran-Steel Corporation, Enamelstrip Corporation, The Hanna Furnace Corporation, National Steel Products Company.

**For descriptive literature, write Stran-Steel Corporation, Detroit 29, Michigan.*

NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION, GRANT BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

NATIONAL STEEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rascals Who Impersonate Me

(Continued from Page 31)

the good name of whoever he pretended to be. So he asserted.

Maybe in his case it was so. But that innocent impersonator almost certainly gave less-innocent ideas to other travelers. His confession had not long been in print when I received a letter that read about like this:

Dear, dear Philip: How wonderful it was to get to know you so well on that lovely unforgettable trip from the West Coast! I never realized that an ordinary parlor car could be the bower of romance! But I am growing terribly worried about your failure to keep your date with me here in Amberville. You promised to come out to New Jersey last weekend! Of course, I realize you are dreadfully in demand and you said you had a great many conferences scheduled with editors and publishers. But I'm sure you'll soon find an opportunity to renew the wonderful relationship begun with

YOUR VERY LOVING ELLEN.

Enclosed in that missive were two snapshots of the lady I've here designated as Ellen.

She was a most attractive young woman. One of the photographs was signed, "Your me, with love." The other stated in a neat, feminine hand, "Me—two years ago—just after my divorce." The notepaper on which she'd written was expensive and tasteful.

Her letter was forwarded to me in Southern Florida, where I'd been continuously for many months with my wife and my daughter.

Suppose a letter like that came to you? Would you simply chortle over Ellen's gullibility? Simply toss it and the snapshots into the wastebasket? If you did, you'd be foolish. For you should be aware that your impersonator might very well, after a cautious telephone call, revisit Ellen in New Jersey. After another "lovely, unforgettable" interlude, he might depart with her jewelry or, perhaps, a considerable sum obtained by cashing, at her bank and with her endorsement, a large but worthless check. Those are common acts of impersonators—a fact which, by the time Ellen's letter had been forwarded to me, I knew only too well.

So I set myself to the painful task of letting Ellen down as easily as I could by writing to her. After gently informing her that she'd been deceived and cautioning her about such deceivers, I added firm proof that the "I" writing this letter was the actual Philip Wylie. That's necessary, for the dupes of impostors are often very hard to undeceive.

I told Ellen that by telephoning my literary representative or my lawyer in New York City, she would find that I had not traveled to or from the West Coast for several years. Then, to try to make my letter a shade less distressing, I wrote that she was far from being the only person who'd been similarly deceived.

Even so, I mailed my letter to Ellen unhappily. I was not in the least surprised when she did not trouble herself to thank me for putting her straight.

Only once, in fact, has anybody taken in by an impostor of mine reacted with an approximation of good humor. That was a gentleman who wrote me twenty typewritten pages to explain in dramatic detail how he had been responsible for the introduction of a false Philip Wylie, not only to his country-club set but to the entire book-reading population of a large, Middle Western city.

Again, to save embarrassment, let's give the author of that amazing letter another name and let's change the city. Call him Mr. Smith of Kansas City. The rest of what follows is true. It is also a classic illustration of a quality possessed by persons who pretend to be somebody they are not—a quality I almost envy. Call it brass, call it gall or call it insane self-confidence, it's a characteristic I lack. I am, in fact, rather shy. I rarely strike up conversations with strangers. In all the many times I used to travel back and forth alone between Manhattan and Hollywood, I never made the feeblest sort of pass at a fair stranger, like Ellen. And I would probably collapse before I reached the bank teller's grille in an effort to cash a bad check. Like the late Robert Benchley, I am somewhat afraid of banks. Not so, impostors. Nothing daunts them—and here's proof.

Mr. Smith met the man who pretended to be me, in the intermission of a concert in Kansas City. The man had, under his arm, a copy of Finnley Wren, one of my novels. He was, I am glad to report, good-looking and amiable, according to Mr. Smith. And the fact that Smith had read and enjoyed Finnley Wren led to conversation. The two men went on for a drink together after the concert and discussed my writing. In the course of that talk, the stranger admitted with seeming reluctance that he was Philip Wylie, author of the book he carried.

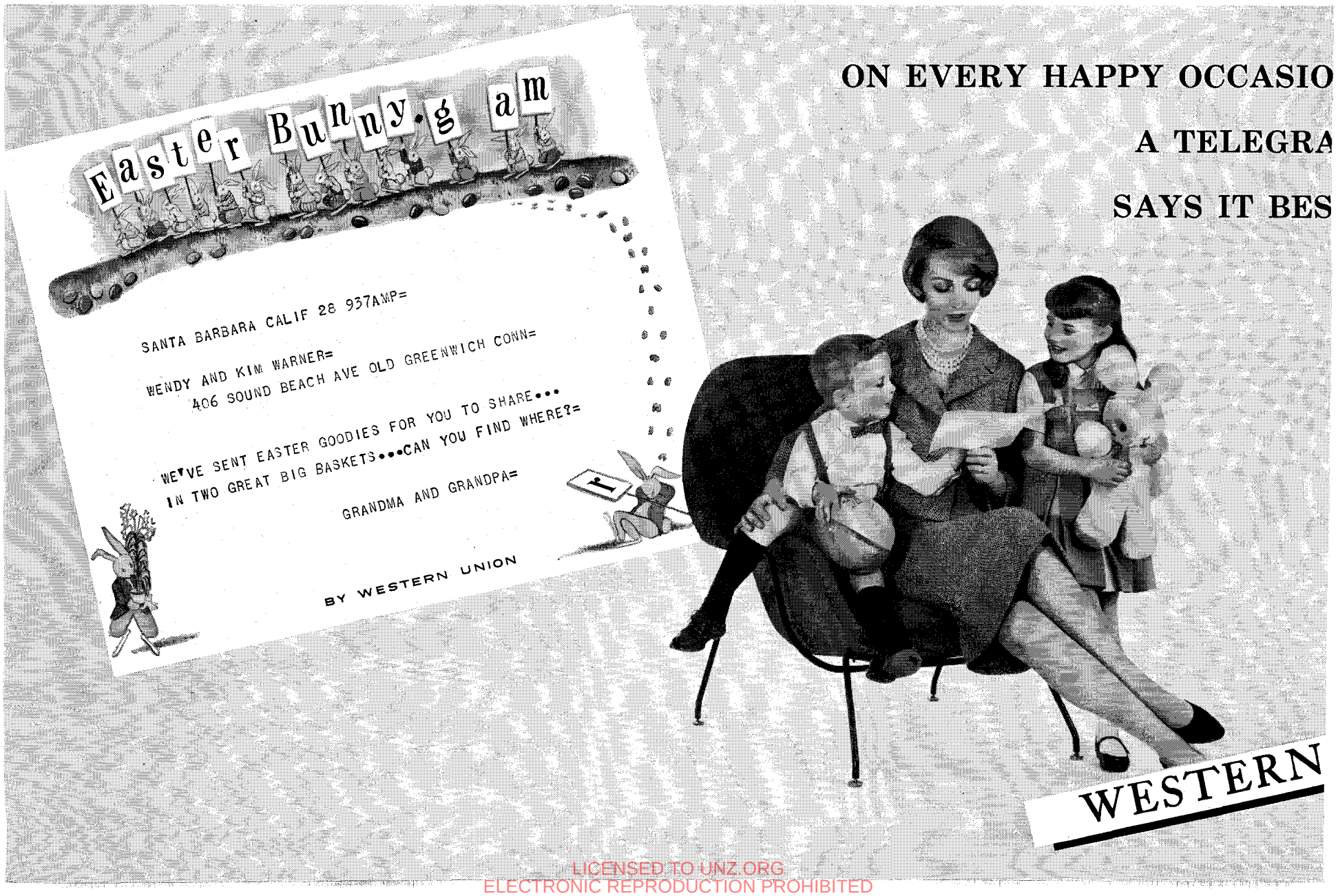
Mr. Smith was elated, he said, to find himself in the company of one of his favorite writers. He learned that this phony Philip Wylie was staying at a local hotel and planned to leave Kansas City in a day or two. Mr. Smith found, however, that his new friend was more or less at loose ends; his plans were flexible. So he didn't object greatly when Mr. Smith drove him downtown, took him and his luggage to the country club—which had "hotel" accommodations—and set him up there as a guest. It was understood that the bogus author would remain for a week or so in this happy situation and that Mr. Smith would be glad to take care of little things like chits signed for meals, bar bills, and so on.

As "Philip Wylie" stretched his happy stay in Kansas City, Mr. Smith moved him to a suite in a downtown hotel so he would be even more comfortable and arranged credit for him, not only at the hotel but at clothiers, florists and the like.

The shrewd reader will by now have seen that Mr. Smith was a man of means—and that he was also a man who took considerable pride in being able to play host to a gentleman whom his friends and acquaintances regarded as a celebrity. And now the incredible part of this account begins.

In the actual city where this impersonation took place live several men who attended Princeton when I did. Among them are some who were well known to me in those student days. I was then—and am now—a man five feet, ten and a half inches, and weigh about 150 pounds, having medium-dark-brown hair and brown eyes. But Mr. Smith's Philip Wylie was about five-six. He had straight, sandy hair, and his eyes were blue. The risk that he would encounter one of my former classmates—who would instantly recognize that after maturity people do not change their height or the hue of their eyes—seems to me to have been both great and dangerous.

It did not bother my impostor. He gave several lectures. One Sunday he even


Easter Bunny gram
SANTA BARBARA CALIF 28 937AMP=
WENDY AND KIM WARNER=
406 SOUND BEACH AVE OLD GREENWICH CONN=
WE'VE SENT EASTER GOODIES FOR YOU TO SHARE...
IN TWO GREAT BIG BASKETS...CAN YOU FIND WHERE?=
GRANDMA AND GRANDPA=
BY WESTERN UNION
ON EVERY HAPPY OCCASIO
A TELEGRA
SAYS IT BES
WESTERN
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preached a sermon at a Unitarian Church. His boldest stroke, however, was to permit the largest bookstore in the city to hold a "Philip Wylie book-autographing party," which was advertised in the city newspapers long before the event!

For very nearly a month that particular impostor got away with his masquerade. He was wined, dined, feted and listened to respectfully whenever he addressed a luncheon club or ascended a lecture platform. He played golf at the country club, not terribly well—and in this one respect he did resemble me. For all I know, he won—and later broke—the hearts of some other Ellens. Mr. Smith didn't go into that side of his guest's life any deeper than to note that the man "had a great deal of charm for the ladies."

During that month, unaware of his success in Kansas City, the real author was living, as usual, in Southern Florida, hard at work on a book. And my Middle Western impersonator might have spent an incalculably longer period among his overgenerous admirers had it not been for a slight mistake—one which had nothing to do with false identity.

On a warm spring afternoon he appeared on the streets of a city suburb wearing shorts. At that time shorts were rarely worn by men in the United States. The wife of the minister of some very strict sect spotted the man in shorts and phoned the police, accusing him of "indecent exposure."

A cruise car picked up the man and started for the station. However, the police officers did not feel that their prisoner was guilty of any serious crime, and when he asked them to allow him to go into a Western Union office to "wire his publishers about his arrest," so that they would be ready to supply bail if needed, the police consented.

They did not even bother to accompany their man into the telegraph office, which had doors on two streets. My brazen impostor entered one door and went out by the other. He was never again seen by the police, by Mr. Smith or by anybody else who had made his acquaintance in Kansas City. He left behind memories of many a good time, many an interesting talk—and an immense pile of unpaid bills. And it was only then that Mr. Smith investigated, learned he'd been "had," paid up the bills—and wrote that letter to me!

So far as I—or the police or the FBI—know, that particular man has never again, anywhere, attempted to impersonate me or anybody else. He was probably an amateur who took advantage of the interested excitement of Mr. Smith.

A great many people, it would seem, are tempted on the spur of the moment to pretend to be somebody else. Even one's friends may try it! Being your friends, they know a good deal about you, and with such knowledge they can make an impersonation exceedingly plausible. I had such a friend once. He was about my height, had eyes as brown as mine, and, though his hair was lighter and we did not look alike, he managed to be me quite successfully—again, where a young lady was concerned.

At the time, I was living in Madison, Connecticut. I had been at my typewriter for an hour or two one day when the phone rang and, since my wife was playing with my daughter in the yard, I answered it.

"Is this Philip Wylie?"

I said it was.

"This is Vivian." The voice was breathless.

"Vivian? Vivian who?" I could not remember knowing any Vivian. The voice—young, husky, expectant—was unfamiliar.

"Vivian!" it repeated. "Vivian McCumber! I'm down here at the station in Guilford with my luggage!"

"But I don't know you, Vivian."

"Don't *know* me!" There was in her tone now a wrath that only gradually, and after much dialogue, became uncertainty. "You do so know me! After all those evenings out at Far Rockaway! And you told me any time I made a visit to my aunt in Hartford to come to Guilford and phone, and you'd drive me to your place in Madison! I'm here—at the station!"

I won't try further to recall the exact words of the ensuing discussion, which was almost as painful to me as it was to Vivian. But I was able to figure out what had brought the by-then-tearful young woman on such a humiliating errand.

Some months before, there had been published in a now defunct pulp magazine aimed at a young-women audience an article called, Don'ts—for the Girl I Marry. I had written the article. But inasmuch as I was already married, the editor had suggested I sign it with a nom de plume. I chose the name Ralph Overton. Later she had asked me to supply the photograph of some man who was nice-looking and about my age to run with the assumed name of the author. I'd asked a friend to let me use his picture, and he'd willingly consented to appear as Ralph Overton.

The article created a furor among the readers. Its real author received several bushels of mail. Most of the unmarried ladies were offended by my list of "Don'ts" for prospective wives. Some, however, were delighted—and not only expressed themselves as in complete agreement with my rather exacting negatives but went on to say that they would make exactly the sort of wives I had implied as ideal. Of these, several enclosed snapshots, some of which were very candid. Vivian McCumber was one such.

Swamped with mail, I enlisted friends to help me sort it for form-letter replies. One of the sorters, one evening, was the same friend whose picture had been published as Ralph Overton.

But how was I to know that my friend, beguiled by Vivian's portrait, had sneaked that letter from the hundreds we were sorting and subsequently phoned Vivian, who'd helpfully supplied her Brooklyn number? How was I to know he had made a date with her and told her, truthfully, of course, that Ralph Overton was really a writer whose name is mine—or that my friend then claimed to be I? Vivian, who apparently lived up to the promise of the snapshot, was thereafter courted by my pal, masquerading as Philip Wylie.

I put most of that puzzle together and finally convinced her that she was, at last, talking to the actual author of that article. Vivian naturally wanted to know if I could tell her who had played such a trick on her. At the time, I wasn't sure; I merely suspected. All I could tell her

Straight Goods

Though my lady demands
The straight, narrow gown,
If it fits when she stands,
It won't sitting down!

Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

nnygrams for the youngsters . . .
etings to the grownups . . . add a
cial warmth to Easter Day. When-
r you want to say it with meaning,
message they'll keep is the one
telegraph. So convenient—just
Western Union and charge it.

EASTER GREETINGS
SANTA BARBARA CALIF 28 939AMP=
MR AND MRS PHILIP R WARNER=
406 SOUND BEACH AVE OLD GREENWICH CONN=
HAPPY EASTER FROM THE GALLIVANTING WARNERS• HAWAII
WONDERFUL• NOW SOAKING UP SOME CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE•
HOME FRIDAY WITH YOUR EASTER BASKETS• LOVE=
MOM AND DAD=
BY WESTERN UNION

UNION

P.S. and for the perfect gift—
a Telegraphic Money Order

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was that I'd try to ascertain. Eventually I convinced her that the only thing for her to do was to remain at the Guilford railroad station until, in another hour or so, a train would come along which would take her back to New York.

The next time I saw the man who'd allowed me to use his picture I asked him about the matter. Rather uneasily he confessed. I told him about Vivian's attempt to visit me, and he was exceedingly embarrassed. He called Vivian to apologize—and was cut off when she'd finished telling him off.

Another impostor, a professional, gave me a decade of intermittent dilemma—as well as one moment, at least, of welcome revenge. That gentleman, all those years, was trailed by the FBI, for I was only one of several semirenowned Americans whom he impersonated; and he carried on his games of confidence in many cities and states, making him a legal target for Federal agents.

His existence became known to me when my literary representative in New York wrote to me in Florida that a large carton of books, purchased in Cincinnati, had been sent to me in care of a national magazine and forwarded by the magazine to him. He had paid the express charges. But he asked doubtfully if I actually had ordered books in that city to be forwarded to the magazine. I wrote back that of course I hadn't and, as he'd suspected, a new impostor must be at work.

The books kept coming—cartons of them—from all over the United States. Harold Ober, my literary agent, kept sending them back, express collect, not to the magazines but to the bookstores that had shipped them. And he soon learned my impostor's operating method from the aggrieved and swindled stores.

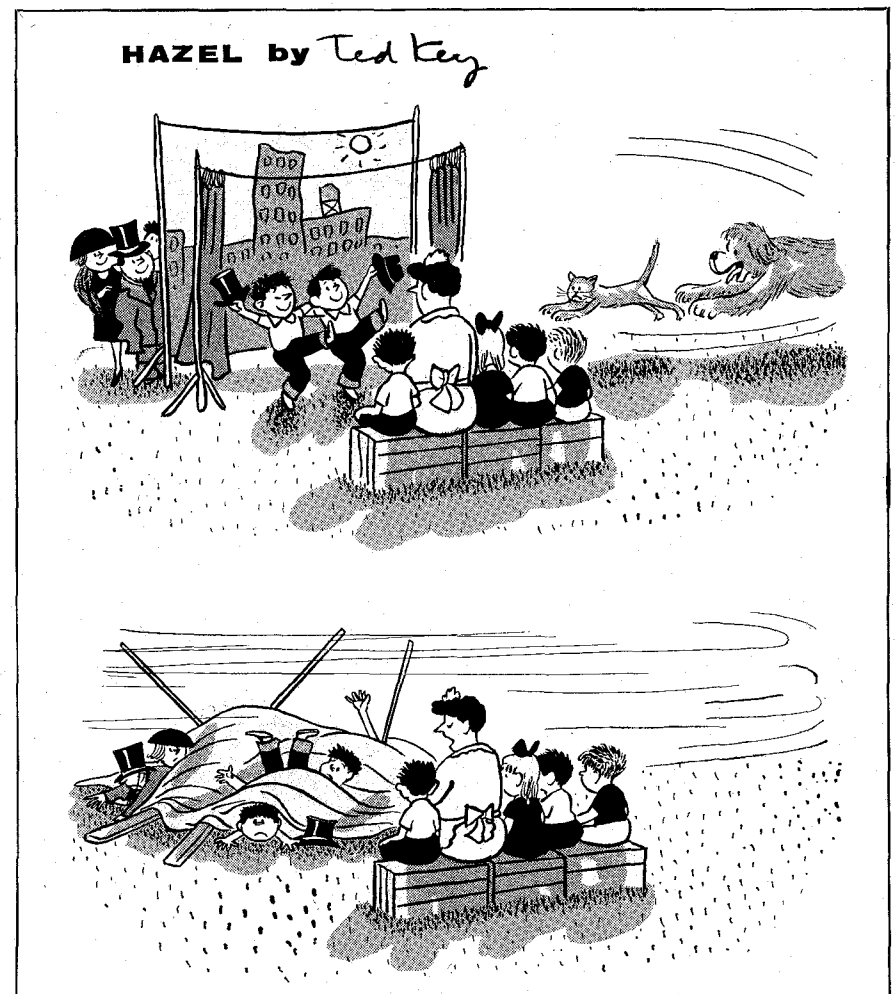
The man would saunter into a bookshop. He would browse. He would eventually engage a clerk in literary chitchat. He would, as they talked, begin to select numerous books for purchase. The clerk's interest would rise, and the man would finally introduce himself—as Philip Wylie. There would follow a great deal of talk about his writing, his life and his habits. The impersonator—whose real name finally proved to be Peters—had gone to great pains to learn about me.

Once he had established his "identity" and been introduced to other clerks and the store manager, he would really pitch in and buy books. Old and rare editions, as well as dozens of the newest novels and leading works of nonfiction. He would then say that he was on a leisurely trip to Hollywood to write for one of the motion-picture companies—something I often did at that time, though never in a leisurely way—and he would explain that, since he was moving to a new home in Florida, he'd like the books sent to such-and-such a magazine, naming a national publication for which I frequently did—and do—write.

He was by then in solid with the store and its management—and ready for his final gimmick. To pay for the books—by then, two or three hundred dollars' worth—he would offer a check. It was a check on the Estate of Edna Edwards Wylie. That was the name of my mother, who died when I was five years old—and left no estate. But the printed check and my mother's printed name looked very convincing. I've seen some of those checks, and they were made out on a check-writing machine for an amount which the swindler said was a "quarterly payment from the estate." That amount was always for about $200 more than the value of the ordered books. Mr. Peters—alias me—would ask for the change in cash and get it.

Then he'd walk out—not even quickly.

When I first heard of his con game, it seemed to me that whoever was impersonating me went to a lot of trouble for a rather small return. But eventually I was to learn that Mr. Peters, during his years of wide and rapid travel, impersonated not only me but about a dozen other men of modest prominence and various occupations. For all of them, he had printed checks, and about all of them he had considerable knowledge. So I came to realize that, even though he passed only ten or twelve such checks a week—paying hotel bills with them, buying merchandise other than books—he was probably netting $1000 a week!



"That's show business."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

During Mr. Peters' active years, he gave me that opportunity for a riposte mentioned earlier. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, where I was working one winter, the writers' building became so crowded that several of us were assigned offices off the Culver City lot, in hastily purchased bungalows. Across the street from them, a huge, steel-frame building was under construction. The clangor, not surprisingly, disturbed our efforts to compose screen plays. We complained to the studio manager. His futile reaction was to erect an enormous billboard beside our quarters. It said, QUIET. AUTHORS AT WORK.

The sign did nothing to tranquilize the construction workers, but it did a great deal to amuse our fellow movie workers. We demanded that the sign come down. No use. We requested to be moved to quieter surroundings. In vain. The studio manager did not care much for writers. I, especially, protested so vehemently that he came to loathe me.

Late one afternoon, he phoned me at my apartment. With the greatest glee and unction he commanded, "Come to my office at once!"

Since it was past working time and Culver City was miles away, I said, "Sorry. Tomorrow."

He screamed back gloatingly, "Come now! Fast! The FBI is waiting for you in my office!"

I thought over my imperfect past. I hadn't kidnaped anybody, joined gangsters or cheated on my taxes. I was jarred, but not panicked. "If the FBI wants to see me," I answered, "tell 'em to come here, to my place."

"It's the FBI!" he thundered. "You come to *them*, not ——!" There was a pause. Then his voice came again, chastened. "The FBI man says he will come to your place."

What the gentleman from the FBI wanted of me was this. He had several hundred photographs of men who might be that impersonator of me. I was asked to look slowly through the collection on the chance that I might recognize one of the faces. I didn't. But the best part of that session came the next day.

Oozing unction, trying to hide his burning curiosity, the studio manager called at my sonorous bungalow office to try to find out what the FBI had wanted that made its representative come willingly to me, not vice versa. All he got from me was this: "Just asked me to give them a little help. Confidential matter."

The writer-hating manager was awed. And I soon had a quiet office.

Mr. Peters was finally trapped—not by the FBI, but mainly by Stanley Rinehart, my publisher. Hearing me complain one day of the crates and cartons of books that kept coming, Stan had an idea. He took advertising space in a publishers' trade journal that reaches every bookstore, and there he printed a warning about my impostor. It suggested that any bookstore where I was not personally known should call him by phone, collect, if anybody claiming to be I bought books and offered a check as payment.

The busy Mr. Peters didn't read trade magazines. Some while after the warning appeared, a bookstore in San Francisco called Stan Rinehart in New York. "A man who says he's Philip Wylie is in our store right now, picking out a large selection of expensive books."

Stan knew I was in Miami. But he asked, "What does the guy look like?"

"Blond. Blue eyes. Light hair. Crew cut. About five-seven ——"

"Call the cops!" Stan interrupted.

Thus was Peters apprehended, and soon his various other impostures were confessed. His story was published in a national magazine while he was serving a long prison term. I then received from Cleveland, Ohio, further information concerning him.

Mr. Peters' family had belonged to my father's church in Cleveland, and Mr. Peters had actually known me when I was about six years old and he was a few years older. Naturally he'd changed by the time the FBI showed me those photographs—if, indeed, his mug was among them at all. But he'd remembered my mother's full name from boyhood.

Toward the climax of those uncomfortable years in which I constantly wondered what my unknown impostor would do next in my name, I had one very startling experience. My wife, Ricky, and I went from Miami to Baltimore for a stay of some months. After we'd settled in an apartment, Ricky went out one day to establish relations with the department stores and I walked to a nearby bookstore to buy some books. I picked out more than I wanted to carry. So I asked one of the clerks to deliver my order—giving my name and starting to give my address.

Suddenly the man's face paled. "Just a minute," he said. "Pardon me." He hurried to the rear of the store. For a moment I was puzzled. Then I remembered Stan Rinehart's ad. In alarm I rushed after the salesman and found him whispering feverishly to a colleague.

"Look," I said nervously, "I *am* Philip Wylie. I'm going to pay for these books in cash." I whipped out my bill clip. "Furthermore ——"

Beating my way back to the contemporary-novels section, I hunted for one of my books on the back jacket of which was a large and recent photograph of me. Luckily that novel was in stock. I held up the book so they could compare. But it was the proffered cash, rather than the photograph, which convinced them.

"We were just going to call the cops and have you arrested," the clerk said, wiping his sweat-beaded forehead.

I nodded—and mopped my own.

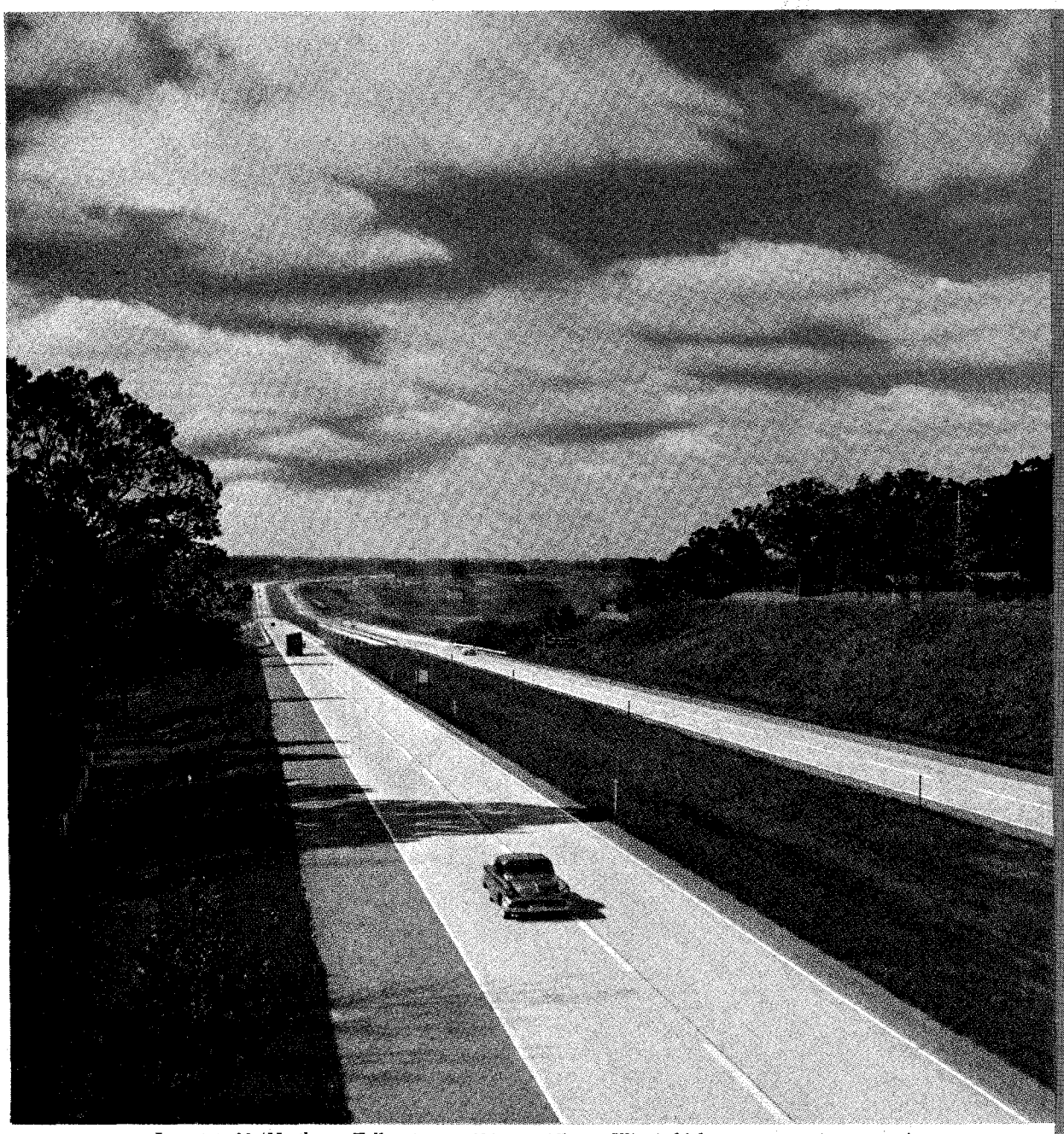
Newspapers and magazines have often told the stories of men like Mr. Peters. I do not recall, however, that I have read anything about the anxious vicissitudes of the victims of impersonators. Their lives, as I have shown, contain a variety of surprises. For whenever such a victim becomes aware that somewhere somebody is pretending to be he, then he will begin to turn upon the spit of worry.

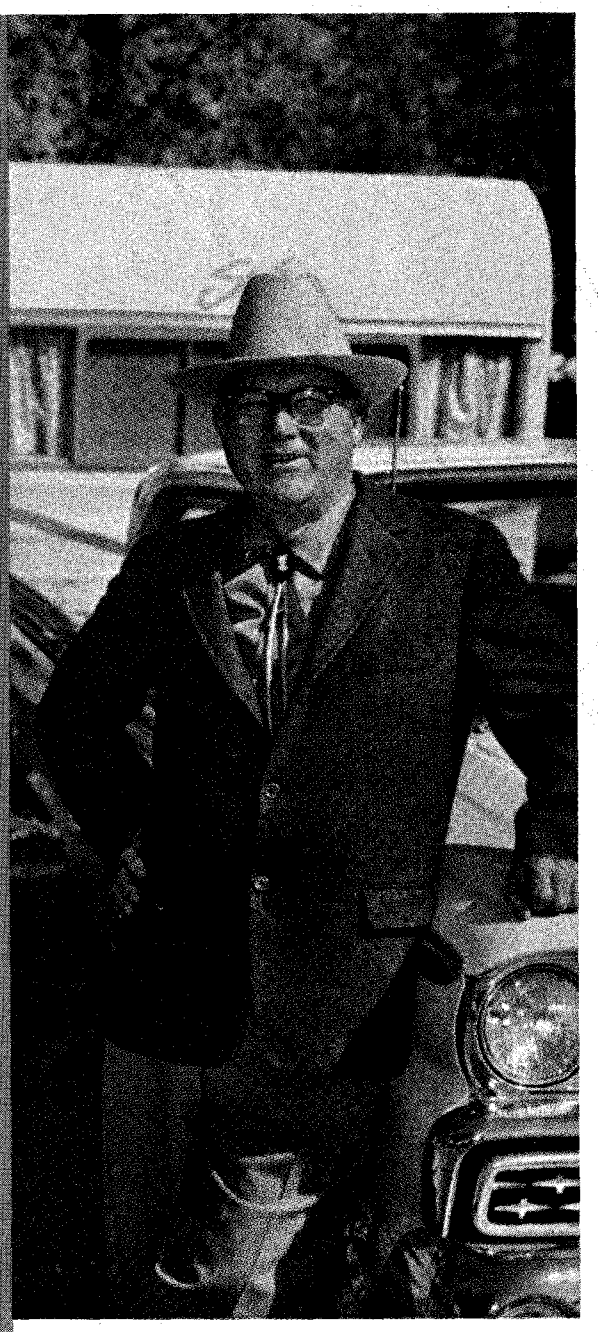
What by-product of the prankster's or the unknown criminal's antics will come to roost with him? And how many people will go on through all their lives believing they "know him well"—when they have known only a masquerader?

I disagree with the man who confessed in a magazine article that he often impersonated others as an innocent, time-passing game. He misrepresents the people impersonated. And his sport can lead to a circumstance I have myself encountered—one in which somebody just introduced to me announced, "Why, I know Philip Wylie well. This is somebody else!" Well, can you prove offhand and beyond doubt that you are you? Nobody can. Hence, if you've had an impostor, you may wind up, any day, highly embarrassed and innocent—but in the clink!

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

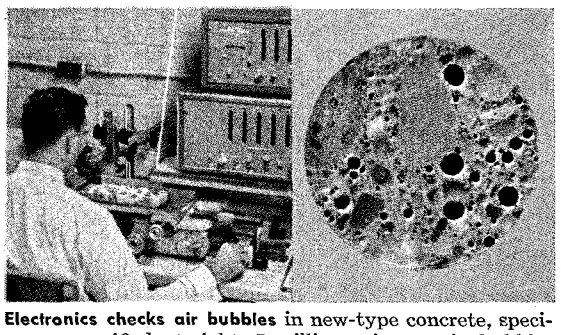




Interstate 90 (Northwest Tollway) near Chicago. All new Illinois highways are new-type concrete

"'Case of the smooth, quiet ride' —that's what I'd title my travels on new-type concrete!"

Says **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER,** distinguished writer of mystery stories, creator of famed lawyer-detective Perry Mason



Electronics checks air bubbles in new-type concrete, specimen magnified at right. 5 million microscopic bubbles ("air entrainment") per cubic inch give freezing moisture room to expand without damaging pavement.

NEW-TYPE Concrete

"When I hit the road, I really appreciate new-type concrete—especially when I've got one of my office-house trailers in tow. This concrete's *flat* . . . unruffled as a millpond on a windless day. Never jiggles or sways you. And no thumps. We're getting thousands of miles of it on our Interstate System, and that's good."

Highways are happy ways when they're of new-type concrete. This modern pavement's a special pleasure to drive . . . so smooth-riding and solid . . . so restfully quiet. Gives you that wonderful "this-is-fun" feeling.

No waves and dips on new-type concrete. You ride the flattest pavement there is. It's sound-conditioned, too—there's never a thump. Laid continuously, it has only tiny, sawed-in cushion spaces you can't *hear* or *feel*. Expect new-type concrete to *stay* flat and quiet for *50 years and longer*—for specially designed subbases help keep it that way.

Even freezing and de-icers won't roughen this surface. To prevent this, highway engineers use a unique process called "air entrainment" that puts billions of tiny protective bubbles into the concrete.

There's driving safety here, too—in concrete's grainy surface that gives you dependable skid resistance—in its light color that lets you see and be seen better at night.

Concrete also goes easy on your tax dollar. First cost is moderate and maintenance expense will be as much as 60% lower than for asphalt.

All things considered, it's no wonder you see so much of the new Interstate System being paved with new-type concrete.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How I use **Murine to soothe my eyes** and so relax tension"

CANDY JONES

President of the Conover Career Girl Course, Inc., New York City.

"I've discovered this refreshing idea to help me during a busy day," says Candy Jones. "I rest my eyes with Murine. Just two drops of Murine in each eye soothes and comforts and helps relax tension." Use Murine to refresh *your* eyes *anytime* they have that tired feeling from close work, dust or glare. Murine cleanses gently as it soothes and comforts. Makes your eyes feel so *good*.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES*

The Murine Co., Inc.
Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg.
U.S. Pat. Off.

Keeping Posted

Author in a Hurry

Will Cook zips past cameraman in his trusty 166.

Will Cook, whose first Post serial is progressing on page 44, says he can't sit still long enough to have his picture taken; so you see an indistinct photo of him moving very fast in a California sports-car race. Cook's grand passion is propelling his Alfa Romeo Veloce in every Class G contest within a hundred miles of Vallejo, his home town. He learned about the sale of his serial just before he took off for a race at Tracy, and the exhilarating news so befuddled him that he couldn't concentrate during practice runs on the track. Result: when the race started, he soon whooshed right off the track on one of the turns and had to let everybody else pass before he returned to business. Somehow this clarified his mind, and after ten furious laps he won second place.

Most of Cook's writing has a basic theme: the compromises a man makes with his personal integrity and moral values, and the effect this has on him. "I intend to pursue this theme for the next twenty years." He is "permanently married" and has a fourteen-year-old son taller than he is.

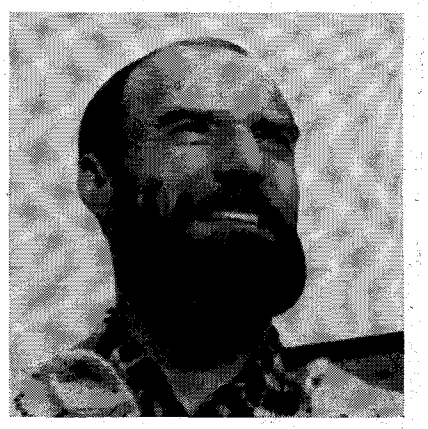
In the Post, in the News

New Television: Janet Gaynor, winner of the first motion-picture Oscar in 1928, stars in Flying Wife, **Robert Craig's** Post story (Aug. 16, 1958), which the CBS General Electric Theater has scheduled for April fifth.

New Books: The Pane of Glass (Harper) by **John Bartlow Martin** evolved from a Post series, INSIDE THE ASYLUM (Oct., Nov. 1956), which won for Martin both the Sigma Delta Chi and the Benjamin Franklin literary awards. Dr. Daniel Blain, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, calls the book "a great achievement, a singular service to the mentally ill and all who work in their behalf."

The Post Reader of Civil War Stories (Doubleday), edited by Gordon Carroll, features such authors as **Faulkner, Marquand, Hergesheimer, Bellah and Benét.**

New Movie: The Mouse That Roared, about to be released by Columbia, originated as **Leonard Wibberly's** hilarious serial, THE DAY NEW YORK WAS INVADED (Dec. 1954—Jan. 1955 Post).



Leonard Wibberly.

Tales of the Authors

Mildred Alberg, Alfred Drake discuss new script at Sardi's.

Mildred Alberg (page 28), producer of TV's Hallmark Hall of Fame, and her actor husband, Somer Alberg, once tried terrace gardening way up in the sky in Manhattan. Since the terrace was open to the wind from its three most rugged directions, things didn't germinate too lushly. They had pretty good strawberry and tomato crops and they finally discovered a flowering vine called silver lace, which for some reason grew like mad all over their parapets. Mainly their results were typified by their corn crop—one ear of corn, length three inches. They solved their problem the obvious way: "a tiny summer place in the country."

Free-lancer **Don Murray** (page 37) says he's always being asked, "How do you force yourself to sit down at the typewriter and go to work?" Murray and family occupy a fifteen-room house in Glen Ridge, New Jersey; he has put on a new roof, removed a ninety-foot porch, painted the house and landscaped the premises. "I have two choices—work or go bankrupt. I choose to work."

While doing some research in Washington recently, **Demaree Bess** (page 36) called on Sen. T. E. Martin of Iowa and was astonished to find he was the Martin who beat Bess by one vote for the 1916 senior-class president at the University of Iowa. "Inspired by that political success," says Bess, "Martin has now been in Congress for twenty years." Bess gave up politics, never again ran for any office, and "turned in desperation to writing." If he had won that election by one vote, would he now be Senator Bess? "Heaven forbid!" says he.

NEXT WEEK'S POST: "Who Will be the Democrats' Candidate?" Stewart Alsop sticks out his neck to pick a likely winner.

Printed in U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED